The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 25. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1871—WITH SUPPLEMENT. NO. 63.

EPISCOPALIANISM.

Proceedings of the General Convention at Baltimore.

Report of the [illegible] Committee—Strong Opposition to Ritualism.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 7.—The Triennial Convention was occupied till a late hour before adjournment with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] members of the Church who have died since the last meeting.

[illegible]

[To the Associated Press.]

BALTIMORE, Oct. 7.—At the opening of the Episcopal Convention to-day, a resolution of respect to the memory of Hon. I. N. Cunningham was passed, and appropriate eulogies delivered. Tributes were paid to the late Revs. Christopher P. Gladsden and Herman Cope. Numerous eulogies were pronounced on the late Jackson [illegible]. Tributes were also paid to Milo Mahon, [illegible] Murray, and Wm. M. Taylor.

A message was received from the House of Bishops, transmitting the following report on the conformity of the ritual:

[illegible]

Accompanying the foregoing report are the following resolutions from the House of Bishops:

[illegible]

The proceedings then adjourned till Monday, at 10 o'clock a. m.

NEW YORK.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE BANK STATEMENT.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—The bank statement to-day is unfavorable, notwithstanding it was shown that the banks are still clearing their liabilities. An analysis shows that the banks lost $2,536,400 in their total reserve during the past week, with a reduction in their total liabilities of $1,560,000. They now hold in gold, legal tenders, and 5 per cent certificates [illegible] $1,081,800 above the legal requirement. Last week they so held $2,094,850. The loans have been reduced $3,199,500, and now [illegible]. The following are the [illegible].

[illegible]

grave, this morning, that the Directors of the Bank of England had a special meeting and advanced the minimum discount rate to 5 per cent yesterday. The previous rate was 4 per cent. This extraordinary action was thought here to indicate that the financial outlook in London is regarded with apprehension by those who have the best means of judging the immediate future. The London money market is reported active, at 5½ per cent. All classes of securities in London that are lower to-day, although the decline is less [illegible] [illegible]. It was, however, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] United States bonds fell this morning to [illegible], against [illegible] per cent yesterday afternoon. The effect here was to advance the rates of sterling exchange to 109 for 60-day bills, and 110 for short sight. The market for securities were also slightly depressed, and it is admitted on all sides that no serious disturbance can occur in the London market without more or less unsettling affairs here—particularly as a large amount of foreign capital and credit are now employed here.

THE MONEY MARKET

showed great ease, and closed at 5 to 6 per cent on call. Commercial paper is quoted at 7 and 9 per cent for prime acceptances. But little currency has been sent to the West during the past week; the shipments have been nearly all to the South.

GOLD

was strong, opening at 114½, declined to 114⅛, and advancing to 115, which was the closing quotation. The rates paid for borrowing to-day were 1-32, 1-64, and flat, and for carrying, 3, 5, 6, 7, 5, and 6 per cent. The specie shipments abroad for the week were $560,337.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

stiffened on the London advices, but closed at 108¾ for prime bankers' 60-day sterling, and 109¾ for sight.

THE GOVERNMENT BOND MARKET

was quiet and steady at the close. The last quotations for Pacific Railroad securities were: Central Pacific, 100¾ to 101¼; Union Pacific gold bonds, 88¾ to 89¼; stocks, [illegible]; income, 79¼ to 79½; land grants, 73 to 73½.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE

was almost deserted to-day, the bulk of brokers and speculators being away to attend the opening of the Jerome Park Races. The market was dull and prices lower, and in many cases there was not enough business to establish quotations.

BREADSTUFFS.

There were only limited offerings of the low grades in the flour market. These were steadier. Other grades were unchanged. The demand was in part speculative, though mainly for the British Provinces and the Eastern States. At the close the market for low grades was firmer, with a fair demand in part speculative. Holders of wheat were firmer, under the more favorable private advices from Liverpool. The offerings of spring were moderate. At the close amber and white winter were strong, with a more general demand, the inquiry being in part speculative. Spring was higher, but quiet. Corn was less active, though quite firm. At the close the demand was in part speculative, though mainly for local trade.

[To the Associated Press.]

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATIONS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—The *World* says, in regard to the representation from New York to Democratic conventions, that hereafter conventions will know nothing of Tammany or anti-Tammany, but deal only with separate Assembly Districts. Not only Tammany, but all successors of Tammany, and all similar oligarchical organizations, are thus abolished.

IN THE VIELE DIVORCE CASE

a compromise has been effected, withdrawing mutual charges and dividing the children.

BUILDING FRAUD.

The *Times* says Masterson, the contractor, who built Tammany Hall, swears that he would be willing to do the work performed by Garvey for $50,000; that the repairs could not have possibly amounted to the original cost.

OBITUARY.

Hon. Elijah F. Purdy, one of the oldest and most prominent Democrats of this State, died this morning.

GREELEY ON THE TAMMANY THIEVES.

Horace Greeley, in reviewing the situation, states: "That A. Oakey Hall has embezzled public money and converted it to his own use, is not yet proved. Still, for signing bills fraudulent and false, I think he ought to resign. I have seen no evidence that Peter B. Sweeney is a public plunderer; ditto, rather more so, as to Judge Hilton. My judgment as to Tweed is very different. I cannot but believe that a good share of the millions paid out of the treasury on his order, on immensely exaggerated or utterly fraudulent bills of Ingersoll, Garvey, Keyser, Schuyler, Smith, and others, have wound their devious way into his pocket, and been applied to defray his enormous expenditures at Albany, in this city, and elsewhere, and add block after block to his ever-growing landed possessions."

THE CASE OF EVANS,

the Pennsylvania claims agent, came up again in the Superior Court to-day. The decision is to be rendered on Tuesday next.

KEYSER'S CONFESSION.

The confession and restitution, last night, by Keyser, is deemed a most important step. It was wholly unexpected, and as a means of enabling the Committee of Seventy to obtain other proof, is regarded as the most promising occurrence that has yet happened. His admission is that in seven years' employment by the city he has received three quarters of a million dollars, for which he has done little work, but declares that his signature of many vouchers for exorbitant sums has been forged. In many instances he has been compelled to assign his claims before he could receive pay. This confession will probably secure him immunity from punishment. Others of the implicated tradesmen are expected to take a like course.

THE WORK OF THE COMMITTEE.

The committee, following out their determination for the prosecution of the thieves, demand that the Governor forthwith order the Attorney General to commence the required proceedings. They will employ counsel to assist in this work.

WATSON'S WORK.

The late County Auditor, Watson, is supposed to be the person who altered the Keyser vouchers. The bills of Davidson & Co. were also altered. The firm are said to have been but a small proportion of the amount charged them.

THE GRAND JURY.

The opinion is gaining ground that Judge Barnard will dismiss the present grand jury. Unless this is done, the proceedings against the perpetrators of the frauds will result in nothing. Besides the fact that the grand jury is packed, one of the officials upon whom devolves the prosecution of the suits is under Tammany influence. Evidence of the most startling character is accumulating, but the Committee of Seventy find difficulties in their way. The parties giving evidence expect it will cost them their salaries, and desire to be provided with other situations. This the committee hesitated to do.

A "HERALD" PROPOSITION.

The *Herald* says it will advance the City Treasury $100,000 towards carrying on the government until the taxes come in.

TWEED

says there is a discrepancy between the statement of Comptroller Green as to the financial condition of the Department of Public Works and his own; that there shall be no stoppage of the works of the department. He intends to take care of his department, and will individually pay his men rather than see them suffer. He does not regard the Rochester Convention as either a triumph or defeat of Tammany. He supports the ticket, and thinks the city trouble an issue in itself.

THE CASE OF INGERSOLL.

The counsel for Ingersoll, who was to be examined to-day concerning his claims against the city, has asked a delay on account of the absence of associate counsel. The opposing counsel wanted to proceed.

Millinery.

In another column will be found the announcement of the opening of one of the leading custom millinery establishments in the city. A visit to Hopson & Co., No. 74 State street, will be rewarded in viewing one of the most complete stocks of millinery goods, all of which have been purchased direct from the importers or manufacturers. This stock consists, of course, of everything that ladies may require. The ribbon, flower, and ornamental departments are excessively beautiful. All those who require a large stock to select from, with the advantage of wholesale prices, should attend the great display opening at Hopson & Co.'s, No. 74 State street, on Friday next, Oct. 13.

Pure Tea and Coffee.

The people of Chicago should feel thankful that there is a house in the city that deals in a pure natural leaf tea, and perfectly pure coffees of all grades, ground fresh when ordered, in any quantity. Lyman & Silliman, at the Japan Tea House, No. 111 South Clark street, are gaining a reputation for themselves by selling pure goods, that will do them great credit and gain for them the confidence of the people. They invite all to call and examine, and get samples for trials.

Questions for the Prudent.

Are your bonds and notes safe?
Are your deeds and mortgages safe?
Are your policies; your will; your money; your plate; your diamonds, safe?
Are you safe in keeping valuables at home, or in any exposed place, instead of depositing them with Thos. B. Bryan & Co., in their Fidelity Safe Depository.

Real Estate Auction.

We would call the attention of our readers to the auction sale by T. S. Fitch & Co., on Wednesday next, of unimproved real estate in the vicinity of the South Parks, as advertised in another column of this paper. They will also sell an elegant residence, with large grounds, at Woodlawn Station, and opposite the park. Those desiring to reap handsome returns from investments will do well to attend this sale.

Nothing New Under the Sun

Does not apply always, for Garland, Holmes & Co. are just in receipt, at their warerooms, Nos. 50 and 52 North Canal street, of several new varieties of carriages, of very fine design and workmanship. They are the exclusive agents for the sale of Hall & Bartlett's celebrated work, and are bound to keep in advance of the public wants in style of vehicles.

Winter Excursion to California.

In compliance with numerous applications of ladies and gentlemen desirous of spending the winter in California, W. H. Francis will take another excursion party to San Francisco and San Diego, leaving Chicago about the 11th of November. Those wishing to join the party will please apply immediately to W. H. Francis, No. 118 LaSalle street.

Wax Flowers.

Mrs. M. E. Sweetland is still at No. 21 Washington street, where she will be happy to receive her friends and patrons. Lessons given in fruit and flowers singly, or in classes, or at residence when desired. Natural flowers preserved in the best manner by Mrs. O. F. Richards, late of Buffalo, N. Y. Orders will receive prompt attention.

Battle of Gettysburg.

The Academy of Design have secured this picture for a few days longer. We are glad of this, for there are some thousands in this city who would be glad to see this most wonderful work. Let them lose no time in doing so, for the picture will never be here again. Those who want to see how our boys did it should go at once.

Girls, Look Here.

If you are keeping company with a nice young man, by all means advise him to go to the auction sale at Butters' rooms, Nos. 5, 7, 9, and 11 Randolph street, on Wednesday next, at 10 o'clock p. m., and secure one or more good lots for a home. He had better invest in good real estate than in cigars, treats, theatres, &c. Remember, and make a start up the hill of prosperity. Terms on Norwood property only $10 cash, and $10 a month afterwards without interest. Buy lots at your own figures.

Life Insurance.

The success of the National Life Insurance Company, of Chicago, is something gratifying to the people of the West, and proves conclusively that the public fully appreciate the [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible]

several companies have sprung up since the National commenced its career, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] but, owing to [illegible] [illegible], have failed to make that success of which the Directors of the National feel proud.

The Furniture Question.

What a mistake has the public been regarding the manufactures for furniture that is sold in the market. Most dealers advertise themselves manufacturers. Furniture is made principally by Germans, Norwegians, and Swedes, who sell to the retailers, and by them the goods are finished and offered to the public as their own manufacture. Colby & Wirts, Nos. 43 and 45 Dearborn street, who occupy the entire building, sell furniture on commission at private sale through the week, and by auction every Friday, every quality of goods that are offered by the trade, and at prices ranging from 25 to 50 per cent less than regular dealers have to charge the same price to cover their expenses, which in some cases are enormous, and the public have to pay the extra price. One of our prominent houses was complaining of one of the largest manufacturers in the West, for the reason that they made Colby & Wirts their agents, and they sold their goods at auction for profits, thus debarring this firm from realizing the full retail profits. The proprietors made this reply, that Colby & Wirts sell larger quantities of their goods than any other house, and they should give them the preference. Is time the public will understand the difference between paying exorbitant prices at these high-toned places and buying of manufacturers' agents.

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull.

Several of our city papers have contained premature announcements of lectures to be given by Mrs. Woodhull in this city. She will not be here until October 22 and 23, when she is to give two lectures at Farwell Hall. After her great lectures at Cooper Institute, New York, and the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and at Boston, she only came West to Chicago, where, on two days' notice, there assembled an audience of 4,000 [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] to hear her. She then returned to New York. Her subjects in Chicago are announced to be, "The Great Political Issue," and "A Part of the Social Problem."

Magnetic Waters of Spring Lake, Michigan.

The waters of this spring are said to contain a combination of iron and magnetism, and of chlorides, bicarbonates, and sulphates, more efficacious than that of any other spring yet discovered. They are found, it is asserted, to be a complete alterative, not moving the bowels directly, but conferring a permanent benefit by bringing the digestive organs into healthy action after a few days' use. Circulars descriptive of the Spring Lake magnetic water and its uses may be had of the Chicago agents, Buck & Raynor, Clark street, opposite Court House, and State street, corner Madison.

The Double Dome Furnace.

It is the duty of every housekeeper who is interested in the subject of heating to examine the Double Dome Furnace. It is the latest achievement in furnace architecture. There is no sheet iron to burn or rust out, being made wholly of heavy cast iron. It is the only base-heating furnace ever made, and the fire and heating capacity is under perfect control. It is meeting with large sales, and the manufacturers claim it to be the only furnace which has never had a failure. Maclean & Collins, No. 56 State street, are the agents for the entire West.

Dry Goods at Auction.

Chambers' auction sale, on Madison street, opposite Farwell Hall, of a large stock of foreign and domestic dry goods, has been carried on now for some time with steady success. On yesterday fifteen thousand dollars' worth of a new portion of the stock was "opened up," and will be "knocked down" the coming week. The surprising feature of these sales has been that the goods have gone at prices that have surprised the buyers themselves. The goods offered for sale are all of fine quality, and beyond cavil worth more than any of them have been sold for.

A Golden Opportunity.

Attention is called to the advertisement in another column of forty acres of land for sale in San Diego. The agent has no hesitation in pronouncing it the best bargain ever offered in San Diego lands. For special reasons it must be sold, and at such a price as will secure an immediate purchaser. It is beautifully located close to the business centre of San Diego, and must soon be immensely valuable; the title is perfect. Apply to W. H. Francis, San Diego Land Agent, No. 118 LaSalle street.

M. C. Eames is the authorized carrier of THE TRIBUNE in the city. With a well-organized corps of carriers he is able to GUARANTEE a prompt and early delivery of THE TRIBUNE, both DAILY and Sunday. Orders for subscription should be left at THE TRIBUNE Counting Room, or directed to M. C. Eames, Room 39 Reynolds' Block.

MARRIED.

McGRATH—WHARTON—In this city, on the 5th inst., by Rev. F. W. Gavin, Mr. James McGrath and Miss Annie Wharton, both of Calvary Cemetery Station, Cook County. No cards.

ELLSTON—STEVENS—At Quinn's Chapel, in this city, on Tuesday evening, October 3, by the Rev. W. T. Stevens, Mr. Frank Ellston, of Davenport, Iowa, and Miss Lottie F. Stevens, of this city.

ALLEN—CRUM—On Thursday, October 5, in the Christian Church at Mattoon, Ill., by Rev. J. M. Streeter, Mr. D. M. Allen, of Chicago, and Miss Mary A. Crum, of Mattoon.

New York papers please copy.

DIED.

QUINN—In this city, October 7, at his residence, No. [illegible] Augusta-st., Martin Quinn, aged 65 years.

Funeral from his late residence, to Calvary Cemetery, Monday, the 9th inst. Train leaves [illegible] at 1 o'clock p. m. Friends are invited to attend.

SULLIVAN—In this city, October 7, Michael Sullivan, aged 62 years.

Funeral Monday, October 9, at his late residence, No. 1 [illegible]. Remains go to Calvary Cemetery.

BECKWITH—In Chicago, Ill., on the 19th of September, Mrs. Hannah Beckwith, aged 73 years.

[illegible]

"She has gone, and like a star
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are."
—*Chicago American.*

BOARD WANTED.

BOARD—ON SOUTH SIDE, SOUTH OF SIXTEENTH-ST., and near the lake, for gentleman and wife, with child 2 years old. Unfurnished rooms, with table board. References furnished. Address B 25, Tribune office.

BOARD—BY GENTLEMAN, WIFE, AND DAUGHTER about 19 years old; rooms furnished or unfurnished; south of Twenty-second-st. preferred. Address 258 South Water-st.

BOARD—FOR SELF AND WIFE. REQUIRE A nicely furnished room, with good board, at a reasonable price. Prefer an agreeable private family. Address, with terms and location, EXPRESS, care of Carrier No. 4.

BOARD—OR SUITE OF ROOMS, FOR GENTLEMAN and wife, within one mile of Illinois Central Depot. Private family preferred. Address BOOKKEEPER, 91 Michigan-av.

BOARD—AND RESPECTABLE LODGING BY A young clerk near the city. Breakfast at 6 a. m.; dinner at 12 m. Address D 124, Tribune office.

BOARD—IN A PRIVATE FAMILY. REFERENCE given. Address Y 97, Tribune office.

BOARD—BY FOUR GENTLEMEN IN WEST Division, west of Halsted, Washington to Adams, inclusive. Address, stating terms, Y 118, Tribune office.

BOARD—BY A YOUNG LADY PIANIST AND vocalist, a place to board in a private family, where she can teach music for a part, or whole, of her board; South Side preferred. Good references given. Address M 124, Tribune office.

BOARD—AND FURNISHED ROOM FOR MAN, wife, and child 4 years old. North Side preferred. Address O 22, Tribune office.

BOARD—IN EXCHANGE FOR FIRST-CLASS dentistry. References. Address W 25, Tribune office.

BOARD—BY A GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE, in a private family, where there are no other boarders. A house with an elderly widow lady preferred. Address O 21, Tribune office.

BOARD—WITH SUITE OF FRONT ROOMS, UNfurnished, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] gentleman, wife and child, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] south of Twenty-fourth-st.; a good home desired. Will be permanent, if suited. Dinner at half past 12. Terms not to exceed $60 per month. Address, with terms and location, S 21, Tribune office.

BOARD—BY TWO GENTLEMEN AND THEIR wives (no children), in a private family, on West Side. Could furnish one suite of rooms, if necessary. Address, stating terms, location, etc., S 134, Tribune office.

BOARD—AND PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS for gentleman and wife in a pleasant family, on South or West Side; South Side in the vicinity of Twenty-second-st. preferred. Address, stating location and terms, L 50, Tribune office.

BOARD—AN UNFURNISHED ROOM FOR SELF and wife, in a first-class boarding house or private family, on North Side, West [illegible] south of Ontario and east of Clark-sts. Terms not to exceed $16 per week. Permanent if suited. Address B D, P. O. Box 768.

BOARD—AND ROOM—BY A LADY—WITHIN easy walking distance of the Swedish Movement Cure, corner Wabash-av. and Monroe-st. Terms must be moderate; $7 per week. References exchanged. Address Y 124, Tribune office.

BOARD—A SUITE OF UNFURNISHED ROOMS, except carpets, with board for gentleman, wife, and child; south of Eighteenth-st. preferred. Address Box 60, Carrier No. 5.

BOARD—FOR ONE OF FIELD, LEITER & CO.'S cash boys, 13 years old, in a quiet Christian family West Side. Address Y 86, Tribune office.

BOARD—FOR 3, 4 OR 5 PERSONS. NORTH OF Eldridge-court preferred; [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] stating price [illegible], must be very moderate, R Y, care of Carrier No. 21.

BOARD—BY GENT AND WIFE, SOUTH SIDE, private family only; furnished or unfurnished room. Must be first-class. No boarding house need answer. Address B 31, Tribune office.

BOARD—FURNISHED ROOMS, WITH BOARD, by two young married couples. West Side and private family preferred. Address, with particulars, R 8, Tribune office.

BOARD—FIRST-CLASS BOARD AND A COMfortably furnished room, by a gentleman and his wife, within 20 minutes' walk of Court House. The comforts of a well-to-do house required. Address, at once, Box O 21, Tribune office.

BOARD—IN A PRIVATE FAMILY, BY THE Head Assistant of [illegible] School, within easy walking distance from the school. Address Miss E. E. [illegible].

BOARD—GOOD AND CHEAP BOARD WITH A private family or in a pleasant boarding house, by a young man, a salesman in a large retail dry goods house. Best references required and given. Address A 37, Tribune office.

BOARD—UNFURNISHED FRONT ROOMS, WITH pleasant board, for gentleman and wife. Location [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Address W 43, Tribune office.

BOARD—BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN A PRIVATE family. Address A 8, Tribune office.

BOARD—A YOUNG MAN ATTENDING SCHOOL desires a place to board where he can compensate for it by doing chores morning and evening. Apply at the Store, 300 West Madison-st.

BOARD—FOR GENTLEMAN AND WIFE ON North Side, within walking distance of Clark-st. bridge; will not pay over $12. Address F A M, care [illegible].

BOARD—BY A GENTLEMAN AND WIFE IN A private family, or where there are but few other boarders, where the comforts of a home may be found for the winter. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] on one of the leading avenues [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Address B 125, Tribune office.

JEWELRY.

Fine Watches,
JEWELRY,
SILVER & PLATED WARE

BOARDING AND LODGING.

9 EIGHTEENTH-ST.—A GENTLEMAN AND wife, or two single gentlemen, can find pleasant room, with gas, in a private family. References exchanged.

11 SOUTH SHELDON-ST.—TO RENT, WITH first-class board, a suite of unfurnished rooms, suitable for gentleman and lady; house has all modern improvements; terms reasonable to permanent parties.

12 ELDRIDGE-COURT.—A LARGE FURNISHED room, with first-class board, suitable for a gentleman and wife, or two gentlemen. Reference required.

13 ADAMS-ST.—REOPENED AS A BOARDING house; one single room, large front room, for gentleman and wife, or party of four gentlemen. Table first-class.

13 TWENTY-EIGHTH-ST.—BOARD FOR A married couple, with a furnished front room, at reasonable rate.

14 BISHOP-COURT.—ONE SUITE OF UNFURNISHED rooms and one furnished room, with board; fine location on West Side, 1½ blocks east of Union Park, between Madison and Washington-sts.; terms reasonable.

16 SANGAMON-ST., BETWEEN LAKE AND Randolph.—Comforts of a home for three gentlemen in a small private family. Large dry room, nearly furnished. Good board. Terms moderate.

18 THIRD-AV.—FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED rooms, with first-class board. The rooms are large, pleasant and coloured, with this cottage, and all the modern improvements, in very desirable locality, and convenient to business, only two blocks from the Post-Office.

19 PARK-AV.—FURNISHED ROOMS TO RENT, with or without meals, for gentlemen or family, good references required.

20 EAST ADAMS-ST.—FURNISHED ROOMS, with board, for gentleman and wife, or single gentlemen. Day boarders.

2 ELDRIDGE-COURT.—SINGLE AND DOUBLE rooms to rent, with or without board.

22 ABERDEEN-ST.—FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED suites of rooms; also single rooms for gentlemen; house first-class in all its appointments.

23 PINE-ST.—BOARD FOR GENTLEMAN AND wife and two gentlemen; pleasant house; location good. 11 Pine-st., corner of Illinois, three blocks from the lake.

28 EAST-AV., NORTH-ST.—VERY HANDSOME board, suitable for lady and gentleman; also, rooms for single gentlemen. Reference exchanged.

30 ABERDEEN-ST.—TWO FURNISHED FRONT parlors to suit in first-class board, for gentleman and wife, or two single gentlemen. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. References exchanged.

36 RUSH-ST.—ROOMS FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, with excellent board.

40 SOUTH FRANKLIN-ST., BETWEEN LAKE and Randolph.—First-class board, $5 to $6 per week. Day board $4.

41 PINE-ST., CORNER OF INDIANA.—ON 1 gentleman can be accommodated with pleasant front rooms, with or without board, in a private family, where there is no other boarders. City references exchanged.

45 HUBBARD-COURT.—TWO FRONT ROOMS, pleasantly located, furnished or unfurnished, to rent, with board, if desired.

47 CONGRESS-ST., NEAR WABASH-AV., ABOUT seven minutes' walk from Court House.—Pleasant front room, with board, for two.

48 SOUTH SANGAMON-ST., NEAR WASHINGTON-st.—Three rooms to rent, with board, in first-class locality.

48 SOUTH CARPENTER-ST.—NEAR WASHINGTON, pleasant room with first-class board, suitable for two gents; location desirable, with modern improvements; also, two day boarders wanted. Terms reasonable.

50 SOUTH MAY-ST., BETWEEN MADISON AND Washington.—A very pleasant room with board, gas, &c.; privilege of bath, suitable for gentleman and wife or two gentlemen. Terms moderate.

52 JACKSON-ST.—DESIRABLE ROOMS, WITH board; house newly furnished. Accommodation for a few boarders.

55 ABERDEEN-ST.—TWO SINGLE GENTLEMEN can obtain good board and pleasantly furnished rooms in a small family. References required.

67 TWENTY-THIRD-ST.—EAST OF PRAIRIE.—Large pleasant room, furnished, in private family and fine location; house all modern improvements.

71 NORTH GREEN-ST.—WANTED, TWO GENTLEMEN, with wives, or single gentlemen, to occupy a nice parlor, with grate, and front parlor nicely furnished, and first-class board; terms reasonable.

79 SOUTH MORGAN-ST.—BOARD, WITH NICEly furnished rooms, en suite, single, or separate, front or back; location and house first-class, half block from cars.

83 HOYNE-ST.—PLEASANT FRONT ROOM, furnished or unfurnished, with board for gentleman and wife, in a private family.

83 SOUTH MORGAN-ST.—NICELY FURNISHED single rooms for gentlemen; house warmed by furnace; board and accommodations first-class.

87 SOUTH MARKET-ST., BETWEEN MADISON and Monroe.—Good boarding house; first-class board, with rooms, $4 to $5 per week, or with use of piano.

91 SANGAMON-ST.—A QUIET HOME FOR A few Christian young men.

95 NORTH WELLS-ST.—NEW BOARDING HOUSE, first-class board and lodging, with all the comforts of a home, at from $4 to $6 per week.

103 EAST ADAMS-ST.—A PLEASANT ROOM with board; also, a few day boarders wanted; a minute's walk from Post-Office.

113 MICHIGAN-AV.—TO RENT—FURNISHED rooms, with board, suitable for single gentlemen.

110 MICHIGAN-AV.—FOR A GENTLEMAN and wife or two gentlemen, a large front parlor on first floor; modern improvements. Day boarders a specialty.

123 SOUTH HALSTED-ST.—A LARGE FRONT room, gas and closet; also one small room to rent, with board; pleasant location; terms reasonable.

124 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—VERY DESIRABLE rooms at [illegible], at a moderate price, for single gentlemen, or gentleman and wife.

124 STATE-ST.—PLEASANT BEDROOMS AND PARlors at reasonable prices; board $5.

133 NORTH SANGAMON-ST.—FOUR OR FIVE boarders wanted, with rooms and board for $4 per week.

138 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—A WIDOW HAS furnished rooms to let; boarding by the day or week.

142 WEST ADAMS-ST.—HOUSE JUST OPENED; good board, with well-furnished front rooms and gas.

142 WABASH-AV.—A PLEASANT FURNISHED single room, for one gentleman. Also one gent to room with another. Day boarders accommodated.

143 ADAMS-ST.—NEW BOARDING HOUSE. Good board at $5 a week. Also, some day boarders wanted at $4 per week.

145 ABERDEEN-ST.—TO RENT, PLEASANT front room for two gentlemen, furnished or not, with or without board, in a private family.

150 WEST ADAMS-ST.—TWO OR THREE NICE rooms, furnished or unfurnished, with or without board. All modern conveniences in house.

156 WEST LAKE-ST.—ELEGANT NEW MARBLE front building, just opened, corner Union-st. Randolph cars but one block distant.

156 WEST ADAMS-ST.—A HANDSOMELY FURnished front room, single or en suite, for gent and wife or two single gents, with board. Also side room.

157 WABASH-AV.—LARGE FRONT PARLOR and other choice rooms, with board; house contains all modern improvements. Day boarders taken.

165 MICHIGAN-AV.—FRONT ROOM, WITH fine view of the lake, and marble mantel to rent, with first-class board, to two gentlemen; also, room for two ladies.

167 WABASH-AV.—A FURNISHED ROOM TO rent, with board, on reasonable terms. Day board $4 per week.

172 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—FRONT ROOMS with board; also, a few day boarders can be accommodated.

175 WABASH-AV.—TO RENT, WITH BOARD, one large second-story front room; also, one large back room, with bath room attached, gas and closets. A few day boarders can be accommodated.

176 AND 177 WEST LAKE-ST.—THE CHEAPEST and best board can be had.

179 PARK-AV.—TWO FURNISHED ROOMS, with board for four young gentlemen, private family; references exchanged. Call at the premises.

187 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—ONE LARGE parlor, suitable for two young ladies whose business keeps them day times; also room for one gentleman with good board.

187 WABASH-AV.—A SUITE OF FURNISHED rooms to rent, with board.

193 WABASH-AV.—TO RENT, WITH OR WITHout board, en suite or singly, pleasant furnished rooms; small family. References required.

201 WASHINGTON-ST.—FRONT ROOMS, EN suite or single; house has modern improvements.

213 EAST MADISON-ST., TWO BLOCKS FROM Court House.—A desirable suit of rooms, suitable for gentleman and wife or single gentlemen, with first-class board. Terms moderate. Call for 3 days.

214 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—TWO FRONT rooms furnished, to rent, with or without board; small private family; no other boarders.

214 OHIO-ST.—TO RENT, WITH BOARD, A cosy front room, furnished; water and closets in room; nice locality; use of bath-room, etc.

215 EAST INDIANA-ST.—ONE NICE DOUBLE room for two gentlemen, with board; also, room for one gentleman. Reference required.

218 WEST MADISON-ST.—BOARD AND A comfortable home for the winter; large front room; references required; terms reasonable.

220 WEST LAKE-ST.—GOOD BOARD AT $4.50; lady boarders, $3.50.

224 WEST MADISON-ST.—A FINELY FURnished room, with board and use of bath, for two gentlemen; also three or four day boarders accommodated.

226 WEST MONROE-ST.—A PLEASANT SUITE front rooms, furnished or unfurnished, to rent with board in a private family.

229 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—FURNISHED rooms to rent, with board, suitable for gentleman and wife or two single gentlemen. House with all modern improvements.

231 WABASH-AV.—ROOMS, SINGLE OR double, for gentlemen and wives or single gentlemen, with board. Day board reasonable.

238 SOUTH GREEN-ST.—FRONT ROOM, WITH board, for two gentlemen, furnished or unfurnished. Terms moderate.

252 NORTH LASALLE-ST.—HANDSOMELY furnished front room to rent, with the best of board; private family.

241 OHIO-ST.—BOARD AND ROOM, OR rooms en suite, for gentleman and wife or two gentlemen; pleasant locality; terms reasonable; private family.

244 WABASH-AV.—SPLENDIDLY FURNISHED front rooms for gentleman and wife, or two single gentlemen, with first-class board.

247 WEST MONROE-ST.—WELL FURNISHED rooms to rent on easy terms.

252 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—TWO VERY DEsirable furnished rooms, private family, with or without board.

255 WEST MADISON-ST.—DESIRABLE AND pleasant rooms at reasonable prices.

262 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—FURNISHED parlor rooms, with board, suitable for gentleman and wife, or two gentlemen, to rent.

266 WABASH-AV.—FRONT ROOMS FURnished, single or en suite, to rent, with board, suitable for gentleman and wife or two single gentlemen.

276 WEST RANDOLPH-ST.—A GENTLEMAN and wife or two single gentlemen can be furnished with first-class board.

281 MICHIGAN-AV.—ELEGANT FURNISHED rooms to let, with board; best of references given and required.

284 WABASH-AV.—ROOM SUITABLE FOR gentleman and wife or two single gentlemen, with bath room adjoining.

287 ILLINOIS-ST.—A HANDSOMELY FURnished room to rent with board to a couple of single gentlemen, 5 minutes' walk from Court House. Terms moderate.

296 WABASH-AV.—FRONT PARLOR, FURnished or unfurnished, with board. Every attention paid the excellence of the table. References exchanged.

300 WABASH-AV.—TO RENT, WITH BOARD, a suite of front rooms.

311 WEST JACKSON-ST.—TWO YOUNG MEN CAN get pleasant front room, with board, in a private family.

320 WABASH-AV.—A LARGE AND HANDsomely furnished front parlor, with closet, to rent, with board; also handsomely furnished front and back room, second story.

336 WEST ADAMS-ST.—CAN ACCOMMODATE a few more boarders with nicely furnished rooms and first-class board; private family; terms reasonable.

341 WABASH-AV.—PLEASANT ROOMS, SINGLE or en suite, to rent, with good board.

346 NORTH STATE-ST.—OR ADDRESS [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]; in brick block; gas, hot and cold water in rooms; bath room; use of piano, and best of board; splendid view of the lake; good references required.

361 SUPERIOR-ST., BETWEEN RUSH AND Pine.—Several furnished rooms, with board. House has modern improvements. Wanted, a few table boarders.

363 WEST LAKE-ST.—A NICE FRONT PARlor, carpeted, for two, with or without board.

366 OHIO-ST.—FURNISHED ROOMS AND day boarders. [illegible] [illegible], $11 to $13. Fine view of the lake.

374 MICHIGAN-AV.—ONE LARGE AND ONE small room, with first-class board, to desirable parties only.

382 WEST MADISON-ST., CORNER CENTRE-av.—[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

384 MICHIGAN-AV.—HANDSOMELY FURnished rooms to rent, with first-class board, [illegible].

BOARDING AND LODGING.

472 WABASH-AV.—PLEASANT ROOMS TO rent, with board, single or en suite, to gentlemen and wives or single gentlemen; dinner at 6 o'clock. References exchanged.

494 WABASH-AV.—SECOND-STORY FRONT room, with alcove, furnished or unfurnished. Also, a single room, with first-class table and board. References required.

503 WABASH-AV.—HANDSOMELY FURNISHED front room, with board, for single gentlemen.

506 WABASH-AV.—A SUITE OF DESIRABLE rooms, with board; also single room, with hot and cold water.

546 WEST MADISON-ST.—NICELY FURNISHED front room, with board, suitable for gentleman and wife or single gentlemen; also nicely furnished room; house has all modern conveniences.

566 MICHIGAN-AV.—A LARGE FRONT AND rear room on second floor, for gent and wife or two gents, each with board.

605 MICHIGAN-AV.—ELEGANT BACK PARlor unfurnished, and one room furnished on second floor, with board. Also barn in rear to rent.

609 WABASH-AV.—VERY DESIRABLE ROOMS, furnished, with board. Also day boarding.

609 WABASH-AV.—BOARD AND FURNISHED rooms for gentleman and wife or single gentlemen.

659 WABASH-AV.—DESIRABLE FURNISHED rooms, with board; also one very large unfurnished room; hot and cold water. References required.

665 WABASH-AV.—PLEASANT ROOMS, FURnished and unfurnished, for gentlemen and wives, and single gentlemen, with board and home comforts.

675 WABASH-AV.—TO RENT, A FRONT SUITE of rooms, one single room, with first-class board.

696 WABASH-AV.—PLEASANT ROOMS TO rent, furnished or unfurnished, with or without board, or with breakfast and supper. Terms moderate. All cars to rent.

752 WABASH-AV.—LARGE FURNISHED ROOM, with bay window, for two gentlemen, or gentleman and wife, private family, bath, &c., terms reasonable.

845 PRAIRIE-AV., NEAR SIXTEENTH-ST.—Large suite, with board, the finest location in the city, with home comforts.

922 MICHIGAN-AV.—TWO OR THREE NICELY furnished rooms, with good board, for gents or gents and wives; also a few day boarders. Terms moderate. Table first-class.

935 STATE-ST.—BOARDERS CAN BE ACcommodated with pleasant rooms and good board; also, a few day boarders; either day or week board.

1006 INDIANA-AV.—TWO FRONT ROOMS, with closets, bath-room, etc., with board, in a private family. References required.

1052 MICHIGAN-AV.—A HANDSOME SUITE of front rooms, furnished or unfurnished, with board in a private family; house with modern improvements; also barn to rent.

1061 INDIANA-AV.—A NICELY FURNISHED room, with board, with closet, suitable for gentleman and wife, or two gents. Also one double and one single room for single gentlemen, all on second floor. Bath room and all conveniences on same floor. Terms moderate; small family; location very desirable, convenient to stages and cars.

1074½ WABASH-AV., NORTH OF TWENTIETH-st.—To a pleasant party, for the winter, with board, a suite of front rooms, furnished or unfurnished, as desired; no other boarders; house modern; terms moderate.

1109 INDIANA-AV.—BOARDING IN PRIVATE family for gentleman and wife, or two single gentlemen; furnished back parlor on first floor, with use of front parlor; house has modern improvements.

1234 INDIANA-AV., JUST SOUTH OF TWENTY-fifth-st.—A pleasant, neatly furnished room, with board; private family; terms $9 per week for one, $12 for two.

A YOUNG LADY (TEACHER PREFERRED) CAN have good board and a comfortable room, in a private family on the West Side, at reasonable price; near street cars, and not far from High School. Address X 21, Tribune office.

FURNISHED EXTENSION ROOM, AND BEDroom adjoining on first floor, with first-class board, in private family on Michigan-av., near Twenty-second-st., to gentleman and wife; $25 per week to the right parties. Address, for three days, P 136, Tribune office.

I WILL RENT, WITH BOARD, TWO HANDSOME, furnished suites of rooms to gent and wife, or two gents; strictly private family; very desirable location. Address I 131, Tribune office.

MADISON HOUSE, 131 AND 133 WEST MADISON-st.—Newly furnished rooms and first-class board, with rooms, from $5.50 to $6.50. Day board, $4. Transient, $1.50.

MICHIGAN-AV., NEAR TWELFTH-ST.—A large pleasant room, overlooking the lake, suitable for two gentlemen, to rent with good board. Address D 135, Tribune office.

MICHIGAN-AV.—NEAR HUBBARD COURT—TO rent, with first-class board, a furnished front room, to two gentlemen; terms, $12. Address X 139, Tribune office.

MICHIGAN-AV.—A LITTLE SOUTH OF HARrison-st. To rent, with board and the refinements of a home, a very pleasant front room. Can give and should have good references; terms reasonable. Please address N 133, Tribune office.

MICHIGAN-AV., NORTH OF CONGRESS-ST.—Very desirable rooms with first-class board, for a family or gentlemen. References required. Address M 31, Tribune office.

ONE LARGE ALCOVE ROOM, FOR GENTLEMEN only, with board. For particulars call at 50 South Water-st., Room 4.

PLEASANT FRONT ROOM, WITH BOARD, FOR two; private family, South Side, east of State; modern conveniences; moderate price. Address P. O. Box 773.

PRAIRIE-AV., NEAR TWENTY-FIFTH-ST.—To rent—A suite of pleasant rooms, furnished or unfurnished, with board. Address A 31, Tribune office.

SOUTH SIDE, NEAR BUSINESS.—HANDSOME front rooms to rent, with first-class board; all modern conveniences; terms reasonable. Address Q 111, Tribune office.

WEST SIDE.—A CHOICE FRONT SUITE, FURnished or unfurnished, en suite or separate, for a family, or gentleman, with board, in a private family. Best references, and first-class in every respect. Address N 100, Tribune office.

WEST SIDE.—PLEASANT UNFURNISHED rooms, in a small private family. Address L 25, Tribune office.

WABASH-AV., NORTH OF TWELFTH-ST.—A private family would take three or four gentlemen, with board; references exchanged. Address Z 25, Tribune office.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—ON WABASH-AV., MONROE OR DEARborn-sts., a set of artificial upper teeth. The finder will be rewarded by leaving the same at 5½ South Clark-st.

LOST—ON TUESDAY EVENING, 3D INSTANT, a black pocketbook containing a small amount of money and emerald ring. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it at 19 South Morgan-st., or this office.

LOST—AN ONYX AND GOLD EARRING DROP on South or North Side, Thursday evening. The finder will receive a suitable reward on returning it to 105 Michigan-av.

LOST—A GOLD EAR-RING. THE FINDER WILL be liberally rewarded by leaving it at 463 Prairie-av., or 25 and 27 Lake-st.

LOST—AT THE DOOR OF McVICKER'S THEATRE, on the evening of Oct. 5, $25. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning it to X, Tribune office.

LOST—A LARGE LEATHER POCKETBOOK, containing $77, on Lake-st., between Lincoln and Robey. The finder will be rewarded by returning to R. C. [illegible], Lake-st.

LOST—ON WABASH-AV., BETWEEN EIGHteenth and Twenty-third-sts., a pocket cigar case containing $26 and one cigar. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning it to 22 Wabash-av.

LOST—$5 REWARD—A GOLD PIN ABOUT 1 inch square, with a cluster of garnets; each end an enamel flower, and marked "Harbor" over the centre. The above reward will be paid to the person who leaves the same at 179 Lake-st.

FOUND—ON THE CORNER OF WEST RANDOLPH and Sangamon-sts., a portmonnaie. The owner can have the same by calling at Room 15, Nos. 71 and 73 LaSalle-st.

THE PERSON WHO TOOK FROM THE DETROIT train a small yellow leather satchel, marked "March" on the bottom, can return the papers and things of no value to him, to the St. James Hotel, and no questions asked.

$10 REWARD—LOST, ON LAST EVENING, near or on Adams-st. bridge, a gold cross with a large single pearl in the centre. The above reward will be paid, and no questions asked, on the return of the property to No. 218 Monroe-st. HATTIE DOUGLASS.

BUSINESS EXCHANGE.

MECHANICS' & MANUFACTURERS' BUSINESS EXCHANGE,

130 LaSalle-st.

At a meeting of the members of the MECHANICS' AND MANUFACTURERS' BUSINESS EXCHANGE, October 5, the following named officers were elected for the ensuing year:

FOR PRESIDENT,
The Hon. JAMES CLARK, of the Utica Cement Company.
VICE PRESIDENT,
Col. H. W. FARRAR, of the Chicago Evening Journal.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
Capt. THAD. ROBERTS.

This is an Institution recently established in this city for the convenience of business men, in imitation of similar institutions already flourishing in many other cities of the Union.

Although but a short time in existence it has received the adhesion of over 200 members, whose names are appended. Every person is requested to call and examine into the workings of the institution.

[illegible]

SUBSCRIPTION LIST STILL OPEN.

All the daily papers on file [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

MILLINERY GOODS.

GRAND FINAL OPENING
PARIS BONNETS
And Round Hats,
AT
WEBSTER'S,
ON
Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday,
October 10, 11, and 12.

We intend this shall be the most elaborate opening ever given in this city.

84 WABASH-AV.

THE FIRST OPENING
OF THE
NEW MILLINERY STORE
OF
F. PERSON,
Corner Wabash-av. and Washington-st.,
WILL OCCUR ON
WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, & FRIDAY,
October 11, 12, and 13, 1871.

Where Miss H. M. Brewer and her corps of assistants will be pleased to show the ladies the choicest and most select stock of

NEW YORK AND PARIS
MILLINERY to be seen in the city.

Among the numerous novelties will be found some elegant Point Lace Sets, Kid Gloves, Feathers, Flowers, &c., &c.

OPENING!
FALL AND WINTER
MILLINERY,
Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 10 and 11,
79 Lake-st., up stairs.
E. J. TURNER.

MRS. STOUGHTON,
297 WABASH-AV.,
WILL OPEN HER IMPORTATION OF
PARIS MILLINERY,
FOR THE
FALL AND WINTER SEASON,
On Thursday, Oct. 12, 1871.

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE
BEDDING, ETC.
Immense Stock and Finest Assortment in the West
OF
Parlor, Drawing-Room, Library, Dining-Room, Chamber, and Office
FURNITURE!
At lower prices than can be found in any responsible house in Chicago. We particularly invite all parties buying furniture to call and examine our stock, prices, and styles before purchasing elsewhere.
GILBERT & SAMPSON,
Furniture Dealers and Manufacturers,
113 and 115 State-st.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.
Wm. W. STRONG,
208 Randolph-st.

WEATHER GUARD.

PROCLAMATION
BY THE
PRESIDENT
Of the Weather Guard Co.
FOR
GALLANTRY IN THE FIELD
Of their services, and particularly for their protection to the houses of our citizens in the Winter.
To the WEATHER GUARD CO.,
81 Dearborn-st.

PIANOS.

A FRAUD
AND GROSS DECEPTION

We have just learned is attempted at this time to be perpetrated upon Piano buyers by[illegible] of a respectable Auction House of this city of worthless Pianos upon which is placed the name of

STINEWAY,

The perpetrators hoping to escape legal responsibility by thus misspelling MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS' name. Piano buyers will do well to look out for this and similar attempts of imposition, [illegible] of course only entirely worthless Pianos would be offered under such false pretences.

SMITH & NIXON,
Gen. Northwestern Agents for Steinway & Sons' Pianos.

VOCAL INSTRUCTION.

MAD. ANNA ACKERMAN JAWORSKA,
(Late Prima Donna of the Imperial Italian Opera, St. Petersburg, Russia.)

Has removed to Music Rooms Nos. 10 and 11 Jenks' Building, 10 Madison-st., east of Clifton House, where she will receive her former pupils, and those who desire to perfect themselves in the art of singing.

Terms (two in a class) - - - $30 each.
Private Instruction, - - - $50 per pupil.
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

WEATHER GUARD.

REWARD
Every man according to his work. Try ours.
WEATHER GUARD CO.,
81 Dearborn-st.

MACKEREL.

ON MONDAY
We will receive 1,000 [illegible] of these delicious, fat, new No. 1 Mackerel, the consignment of an A 1 [illegible] house, fully warranted, and sold at $[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] per pound.
WM. H. SQUIRE,
147 South Water-st.

MONEY LOAN OFFICE.

LIPMAN'S
Money Loan Office,
136 South Clark-st.,
COR. MADISON.

$50,000 TO LOAN
ON ALL
GOODS OF VALUE.

FOR SALE,
250 Gold and Silver Watches, made by celebrated English, Swiss, and American makers. Fine stock of
Genuine Diamonds,
Set in Pins, Rings, and Full Sets, Opera, and Vest Chains, Gold, Coral and Pearl Sets of Jewelry, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Musical Instruments, Opera and Field Glasses, Seal and Plain Rings, Overcoats, Furs, and other goods, all of which will be sold 25 per cent less than store prices.
All goods warranted as represented.

DENTISTRY.

C. H. THAYER,
Dentist,
OFFERS DURING THE
Month of October,
TO DO WORK FOR JUST
50 PER CENT LESS
Than the same quality of work can be obtained elsewhere in the city. I mean what I say. Call and see.
ROOM 6, 66 MADISON-ST.

D. M. TOWNER & CO.,
DENTISTS,
155 & 157 SOUTH CLARK-ST.,
181 & 183 WEST MADISON-ST.,
CHICAGO.

VITALIZED AIR
GIVEN IN EXTRACTING TEETH.
NO PAIN. NO DANGER.

LIST OF PRICES.

Extracting Teeth, each	50
Artificial Sets, Gum Teeth	$15.00
Pure Gold Fillings	$2.00 to $4.00
Silver, Tin or Cement	$1.00 to $2.00

TEETH EXTRACTED AND NEW ONES SET SAME DAY.

REMOVAL.

REMOVAL.
OFFICE AND SALESROOM OF
GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
REMOVED TO 2 WASHINGTON-ST.

CANARY BIRDS.

CANARY BIRDS.
F. HABELD, just arrived from Germany, has imported 1,020 of the best Canary Birds, all good singers. Call at 165 Kinzie-st., Charles Praeger's Hotel.

REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUBURBS!

The delightful Indian Summer weather which we may expect for many weeks affords an excellent opportunity for viewing the attractions of that remarkable suburban village NORWOOD PARK, which has sprung up like magic, six miles from the city limits, on the Wisconsin Division of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. Though the growth has scarcely commenced, it is already a delightful place of residence, having churches, schools, stores, parks, a hotel, and an artesian well in progress, and other concomitants of the town, with the quiet and health of the country. Lots are still sold at the remarkably low rate of $4 to $15 per foot, and those who invest now are sure of a handsome profit. NORWOOD PARK ASSOCIATION, Office 126 Dearborn-st.

ELEGANT SUBURBAN RESIDENCE
AT WOODLAWN,
And OPPOSITE the SOUTH PARK,
AT AUCTION,
On WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11, 1871.
At Real Estate Salesrooms, 155 and 156 Dearborn-st., at 3 o'clock p. m.

House nearly new, containing 10 rooms, closets, water, &c. A good barn and all the requisite conveniences for a good house.
Lot 180x[illegible], enclosed by a good fence and board walk.
For terms and particulars apply to
T. S. FITCH & CO., 155 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE.

Choice 40 acres on Sixty-third-st., near Western-av. subdivided in blocks and lots; streets thrown up and sidewalks at a great bargain, and very easy terms. House and lot taken in part payment. Address E H, Tribune office.

NEW BOOKS.

STAR STUDIES.
By E. COLBERT,
Of THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

Tells all that is known about Star Chemistry, and the conditions of existence on Planets and Stars.
120 pages, paper, 50 cents. By all Booksellers.

PRINTING.

GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT.

We desire to call the attention of the dancing public to our superior facilities for furnishing them with FIRST-CLASS INVITATIONS, ORDERS OF DANCING and ADMISSION CARDS, all in the highest style of the art. A. C. KELLOGG & CO.,
41 West Washington-st., corner Clinton.

LOOKING GLASSES, ETC.

R. B. APPLEBY,
109 & 111 Wabash-av.,
Manufacturer and Dealer in ORNAMENTAL, GILT, and WALNUT
Looking Glasses,
Base Tables, and Bouquet Stands.
CORRESPONDING SETS MADE TO ORDER.
Work first-class and prices low.

SHADE TREES.

Park and Street Improvement.
Silver Maple, beautiful, fast growing, easily transplanted. Delivered on car at [illegible].
[illegible]
Address F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington, Ill.

STOVES.

STOVES, FURNACES, ETC.

King of Base-Burning
STOVES.

PREPARE TO START YOUR FIRES

It is the coming cold season, you want to obtain plenty of heat with little coal, and to know that the burning is a handsome stove from October to May, buy

ILLUMINATOR, FOR 1871,

A first-class base-burning and base-heating stove, embracing more valuable features than can be found in any other stove in the market. See it before you buy. Send for circular.
TILLOTSON BROS., 54 State-st.

POPULAR STOVES
ORIENTAL "Base-Burners,"
ORIENTAL "Furnaces,"
ORIENTAL "Parlor Heaters,"
STEWART'S "Oval Parlor,"
STEWART'S "Oven Parlor,"
STEWART'S "Base-Burner."

These and other first-class Stoves in our assortment we are offering as low as inferior goods can be bought. Fire Irons and Standards, Coal Vases, Fire Guards.

DALTON & CO.,
71 LAKE-ST.

THE
EMPIRE
GAS BURNER
Stoves and Furnaces,
UNEQUALLED IN MARKET, ARE SOLD AT
LEAVENWORTH'S, 176 Lake-st.

THE
CUSHING HEATER CO.'S
Christmas Fireside.
Heaters, Furnaces and Stoves
Call and see. CUSHING HEATER CO.
E. K. JONES, Business Manager. 186 Randolph-st.

MANSARD COOK!
Best Cook Stove in the World. First Premium at N. Y. State Fair.
KEYSER STOVE WORKS,
182 LAKE-ST.

DAKOTA STOVE.
SAVES 25 PER CENT in cost of fuel over any other Stove in the market. Agency, 129 South Halsted-st.

CROCKERY, ETC.

CHEAP AT RETAIL.
China, Glass,
AND
PLATED GOODS.
A RICH AND WELL-SELECTED STOCK.
Plain, Gilt, and Decorated China Dinner Sets.
Plain, Gilt, and Decorated China Tea Sets.
Plain, Gilt, and Decorated China Toilet Sets.
China and Bohemian Glass Vases, Buff Sets and Colognes, Lava, Parian, and Bisquit Figures and Busts; and all kinds cut and pressed Table Glassware.
Silver-Plated Goods and Cutlery
IN GREAT VARIETY.
Complete stock of English Light Stoneware, "Versailles and Moselle" shapes, a good imitation of and at about half cost of French China.
F. & E. JAEGER,
73 WABASH-AV.

RESIDENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Humboldt Park
RESIDENCE ASSOCIATION
Office, 36 LaSalle-st.,
(Basement of Greenebaum's Bank Build'g.)

Organized under the general law of the State, approved March 25, 1869, is ready to receive subscriptions to the capital stock of the Association.

The object of the Corporation is to purchase 40 acres of residence ground east of and fronting on Humboldt Park, immediately north of Division-st., to subdivide the same into building lots, to be sold on terms which will prove quite profitable to stockholders.

Mr. HENRY GREENEBAUM has consented to act as Trustee of the Association, and, by his direction, we invite all those who may desire to become shareholders to call at our office for full particulars.

Printed pamphlets on hand, giving detailed information of this enterprise, which is endorsed by some of the best men in this city.
CHARLES PROBST & CO., Secretary.

TO RENT.

TO RENT, CHEAP.

Store and Basement, also floors above, in the new marble-front building, 157 State-st. Each floor will be rented separately, if desired.
YOUNG & VEASY,
No. 2 Metropolitan Block.

HALL TO RENT.

Arrangements can now be made for the season, or for single nights, for the use of
PHŒNIX HALL,
Corner State Harrison-st., and with which are connected a handsome Stage, Dressing Rooms, etc. In point of elegance and comfort for dancing parties, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Apply to D. M. LINDAUER, 27 Lake-st.; or E. LICHTENSTEIN, 233 Lake-st.

TO RENT, ON SOUTH SIDE.

A Furnished House of ten (10) rooms, with bath-room, water closet, hot and cold water, &c. Immediate possession given. Location desirable, and rent moderate. For particulars inquire at No. 10 Cottage Grove-av., for two days.

GENERAL NOTICES.

TO COMMERCIAL COLLEGE MEN.

The proprietor of a well-established Business College in an enterprising interior city of Michigan, whose time is engrossed by attention to other duties, is desirous of correspondence with a view to securing a good teacher of penmanship and bookkeeping. No money payment required in advance, and with the proper person, terms which cannot fail to be satisfactory will be made, and a rare opportunity afforded for establishment in business. Address, with references, immediately, DAVID GREEN, Room 8, 124 Madison-st., Chicago.

ON MONDAY
We receive 20,000 pounds of choice new Buffalo, Whitefish, and other wild game, new and nice, from the prairie and canned splendidly. Money loaned on shipments. WM. H. SQUIRE, 147 South Water-st.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I will open a new Laundry on NEXT WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT. 11, at No. [illegible] South Halsted-st., corner Monroe, where I will be happy to solicit all orders. Work done up in best manner [illegible].
S. WILSON, Proprietor.

Notice to Shippers to Colorado.

I will take five or six thousand pounds of freight, to make up a car load, to Denver, at low rate. Car will go on Monday or Tuesday. Apply to
C. S. PRATT,
111 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

SHIRTS.

SHIRTS.
English Cheviot Shirts, 20 different patterns, to order or from stock, $3.50 each.
HARRIS, No. 112 Randolph-st.

FISH.

MACKINAW
Fresh Whitefish!
5,000
To arrive MONDAY MORNING, per Propeller S. F. HALE. For sale in large or small lots by
E. B. BROMILOW & CO.,
Wholesale Fish Dealers, 194 Washington-st.

BUTTER.

ON MONDAY
We will receive three 60 packages fine Butter, at from 25 to 35 cents per pound.
WM. H. SQUIRE,
147 South Water-st.

PICTURE FRAMES, ETC.

OPENING OF MILLINERY
AT
74 STATE-ST.,
BY
HOPSON & CO.

This well-known establishment EVERY DEPARTMENT the largest and most varied assortment of goods, [illegible] in the city. Hopson & Co. [illegible] OPENING display on Friday, O[illegible]

BANK STATEMENTS.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
GERMAN NATIONAL BANK
OF CHICAGO,
At the Close of Business, October 2, 1871.

[illegible]

I, Herman Schaffner, Cashier of the German National Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.
HERMAN SCHAFFNER, Cashier.
Correct—Attest: Aug. Bauer, S. F. Leopold, A. Schall, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK
OF CHICAGO,
At the Close of Business, October 2, 1871.

[illegible]

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
OF CHICAGO,
On the Morning of October 2, 1871.

[illegible]

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
COOK COUNTY NATIONAL BANK
OF CHICAGO,
State of Illinois, at the Close of Business, Oct. 2, 1871.

[illegible]

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The directors of the CHICAGO FIREMAN'S INSURANCE COMPANY have this day declared a quarterly dividend, No. 34, of FIVE PER CENT, payable on demand.
Oct. 2, 1871.

[illegible]

FIRST [illegible]
U. S. [illegible]

[illegible]

BROMO [illegible]
Non-Poisonous

COFFEE
32,000 [illegible]
155,000 [illegible]

MERIDEN [illegible]

FOREIGN [illegible]
HENRY [illegible]

TO CO[illegible]

...the wards now represented by the plunderers proceed at once to induce some respectable citizens to become candidates, whether nominated by a caucus or not. Let Democrats and Republicans, who are alike oppressed by a dishonest Council, unite and elect in each ward some respectable citizen, who will not hold the office for the money he can make out of it, but for the public good.

SHALL WE HAVE A PUBLIC LIBRARY?

We published, yesterday morning, in our columns of local intelligence, a brief note from Mr. Edwin Lee Brown, which will bear repeating in a more conspicuous place, lest it should have escaped the attention of some of our readers. It is as follows:

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: The lot of land, about 180x180 feet, on the northeast corner of Dearborn and Adams streets, advertised for sale at auction on Tuesday next, is, perhaps, the best location in this city for a public library. Having no interest in, or near, this land, and not even having the honor of an acquaintance with its owner, I trust I may not be misunderstood in stating that I should be most happy to be one of one hundred citizens who shall purchase this land, and thereon erect a suitable building, and present it to the city of Chicago for a free public library. Cannot this thing be done? Respectfully, EDWIN LEE BROWN.

CHICAGO, Oct. 6, 1871.

There are in Chicago about 350,000 people, one-fifth of whom, at least, or 70,000, we assume, are grown men. How many of them are men of wealth we do not know; but it is no violent assumption to suppose that they number several thousands. Of these thousands it needs only that ninety-nine individuals should come forward, as generous and as public-spirited as Mr. Brown, to put upon a sure foundation an institution which Chicago needs above all things else. Three thousand dollars each from one hundred men of substance, who can easily afford such a gift for a great public benefaction, and who should not hesitate for a moment to make it, would be three hundred thousand dollars. For one-half that sum [illegible] the lot proposed by Mr. Brown, or some other equally suitable, could, no doubt, be purchased, and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars still be left to be expended on a Library Building. The Cincinnati Library Building now in process of erection, and which is to be mainly of iron and fire-proof, is contracted for at about $132,000, and, excepting some faults in its arrangement, will undoubtedly be one of the best buildings of its kind in this country. The sum we have named, therefore, will be amply sufficient for the erection of such a building as we want, and it is only needed that ninety-nine men from the thousands among us who can amply afford the outlay, and who should be glad of the opportunity to make it, should unite with Mr. Brown in this public enterprise. Or the number of benefactors may be enlarged and the cost to each individual lessened, including thus a larger class who will be glad to be counted in as among the benefactors to the city and its people. The scheme we believe to be perfectly feasible, needing only that a few energetic men should take hold of it in earnest and assume the duty of making it successful. Mr. Brown's proposition should not wait a day for prompt substantial responses from men enough to secure its immediate and certain success. In this, as in so many other things, it is the first step which is most difficult, but that made, the rest is easy. Whether the number of men and women enlisted in the enterprise shall be one hundred or two hundred, or whether the sum to be raised shall be $300,000 or $500,000, are details which will naturally and easily be evolved when a few shall take hold of the matter with an earnest determination that it shall succeed.

The question of a library, to be open to every man, woman, and child in this community, is secondary to a building; but we believe the library will follow surely and inevitably when the place is made for it. With a place secured for the books, the books will fall with certainty into their places. The Historical Library and the Young Men's Library, as they now are, are of comparatively little public benefit, of feeble growth, and maintaining their existence with difficulty. We presume that those who control them would very gladly see them made the nucleus of a great public library, belonging to the people, supported by the people, and kept alive and flourishing for the benefit of the people. No better disposition—none so good—could be made of them, and the very purpose of their existence would be at once answered, could they be transferred to a building erected to contain a great public library belonging to the city. We ought, every one of us, to regard it as a personal humiliation that Chicago is, in this matter, so far behind other great cities, nor should we be content or quiet till the stigma of intellectual poverty is wiped away. Not only are we far behind cities of our own grade, but there are many towns at the East, and some at the West, far inferior in population and wealth, which can point with pride to provisions for the education of the people through libraries, of which we are disgracefully destitute. We need first the evidence of a consciousness of our poverty, and that we can only live by the will and determination to suffer it no longer and a practical effort for its removal. That being done, and a building erected through the private beneficence of our wealthy citizens, we can ask with some grace, and with the certainty of being listened to, for an annual appropriation from the city, when enabled to do so by Legislative act, to gradually fill the empty shelves with books. Mr. Brown comes forward with a practical proposition. Who follows? Do we want a library for the free use of the people? Or are we content to be a bookless people? Are we enlightened enough to know the value of intellectual culture, and liberal enough to give of our abundance to secure it for all? The question has reached that point of a direct personal appeal to the best hundred or two men among us, and it is to be hoped that we shall not be many days without a reply that shall show that Chicago in this matter, as in others, does not mean to lag behind other enlightened communities.

CITY AFFAIRS IN BRIEF.

Suicide Frustrated.

Joseph Robinson, of No. 111 Main street, Bridgeport, attempted to commit suicide on Friday night. He had been drinking to excess for several days, and was somewhat depressed in spirits. Calling at the drug store No. 653 Archer avenue, he purchased two grains of strychnine, stating that he desired to kill rats. Upon reaching his home he swallowed the poison, and told his wife what he had done. She called in Dr. Bidwell, who prescribed an antidote. Robinson, however, refused to take it, and would have died had not Sergeant Stoel came in and, by persuasion and threats, induced him to drink it. Last evening he was out of danger and doing well.

Accidents.

A lad named James McGran, while picking up wood on the railroad track, near the corner of Hubbard and Kinzie streets, yesterday morning, was run over by a car and badly injured. [illegible] He was taken to his home, No. 8 Hubbard street, and attended by Dr. Young, who thought amputation would be necessary.

—Michael Farley, aged 13 years, while riding on a freight car on the Northwestern Railroad track, yesterday, had one of his feet crushed. [illegible] He was taken to his parents' home, No. 27 Kinzie street, and received medical attention.

—Yesterday morning a Miss Adams, who lives on Congress street, near State, fell down stairs, and sustained serious injuries.

Obituary.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

THE LAST TRAGEDY.

Second Day of the Inquisition by the Coroner.

The Death of Mr. Edsall Still Shrouded in Mystery.

Servants, Physicians, Detectives, and Friends of Deceased Plied with Questions.

The Theory of Self-Destruction by Suicide Abandoned.

Disagreement of the Coroner's Jury in Their Verdict.

The Properties and Characteristics of Chloral Hydrate.

The death of Barton Edsall continues to be the uppermost subject of interest in the city, and opinion seems to be quite as much divided as ever in regard to the cause. A very careful investigation has been made into the circumstances, the hearing of the testimony has occupied the greater part of two days, and the jury, composed of men who may be accepted as fair representatives of the intelligence of the community, have been unable to agree upon any satisfactory solution of the mystery. The facts elicited from the witnesses examined yesterday appeared sufficient, in the minds of the jury, to overthrow the theory of suicide, and this negative result was about all that was reached.

A good many theories were advanced by witnesses who had no facts to offer, and these were patiently listened to. The testimony of experts in the matter of pistols was also received with due consideration. At the close of the examination we are informed that the jury were divided upon the question as follows: The suicide theory having been unanimously abandoned, there remained only two theories on which to base a decision—wilful murder, and accidental shooting. It is understood that eight members of the jury arrived at the conviction that the deceased was shot by a burglar, while four believed that Mr. Edsall had shot himself accidentally.

It will be remembered that the police, who usually arrive at their conclusions very promptly and unhesitatingly, upon the first examination made by them, were strongly in favor of the idea that Mr. Edsall had committed suicide. They appear now to have modified their view so far as to dismiss suicide and admit in place of it the supposition of accidental shooting, and this view they insist upon with their usual persistence. A great many persons, however, and particularly all the friends and acquaintances of Mr. Edsall's family, have from the first regarded the affair as a murder done by a burglar, and nothing that appeared in the testimony yesterday seems to have shaken their convictions. As it is all a matter of supposition at present, one is just as plausible as another. The burglar theory may be stated as follows:

The burglar may be easily supposed to have effected an entrance through the front door, by means of a key to the night latch, the other lock not being turned, as frequently happened, according to Mrs. Edsall's testimony. Burglars do not always go to work with jimmies and nippers. Mr. Edsall, hearing some noise in the hall, rushes down stairs, pistol in hand. The robber, about to ascend, perhaps, to where the silver is generally kept, hearing the step, retreats to the vestibule door. Mr. Edsall sees the figure, and fires from the lower step of the stairway, the bullet piercing the inner door. The burglar then opens the outer door, and Mr. Edsall attempts to fire twice again, the pistol these times only snapping. The burglar, sure of receiving another shot, turns round, fires at Mr. Edsall, with fatal effect, and, rushing down the front steps, disappears, perhaps, through the vacant lot next to the house. This theory is supported by the condition of the pistol of Mr. Edsall. There are seven chambers in the cylinder. Chamber No. 1 was, according to the evidence, emptied by Mr. Edsall some time previously, in firing at a rat. The cartridge in chamber No. 2 shows no mark of the hammer. Chamber No. 3 is emptied. Chambers Nos. 4 and 5 have been snapped by the hammer, missing fire. The ordinary indentation is visible on the two latter cartridges. The question naturally arises, had Mr. Edsall discharged chamber No. 1 when he hit the inner door, how did he come to miss one cartridge, fire the next one into his own head, and then snapped the two succeeding cartridges in chambers 4 and 5? If, on the other hand, the first shot fired was from chamber No. 3, the rest is perfectly consistent on the theory that the other shot was fired by the burglar. The pistol was certainly fired in the hall, and the fact was not discovered till yesterday by the police. The deceased, however, was presumably familiar with the weapon, having been in the habit of carrying it constantly, and of using it occasionally.

Such are some of the views advanced by those who incline to the belief that a murder has been committed.

If there was any new light shed upon the subject by the testimony taken yesterday, it was that which developed the belief that Mr. Edsall died from the accidental discharge of his own pistol. The idea of suicide having been thrown overboard this was the only alternative in the case. Any number of supposable contingencies may be brought forward to account for the accident. All the members of the police force who were at all interested in the proceedings, seemed to be unanimously in favor of the latter theory. It is quite beyond their experience that a burglar could have entered the house and not left behind him any trace of his operations. Ergo, no burglar was there.

It may be proper to state a fact which did not come out at the investigation, and which may have some weight. Mrs. Strong, who resides in the adjoining house, stated to several friends that on the night of the murder she was awakened by noises in the back yard, and had the impression at the time that there were burglars attempting to make an entrance.

THE INQUEST WAS RESUMED yesterday at the Coroner's office at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The hearing of the testimony occupied the greater part of the day. The following is a full report of the proceedings:

TESTIMONY OF MARGARET GREEN.

The following is the testimony of Margaret Green, for three years employed as a servant in the family of Mr. Edsall. This witness gave her evidence on Friday, but owing to the crowded state of our columns we were unable to print it yesterday. It is now given because it throws considerable light upon the condition of the front doors both before and after the discovery of the tragedy:

Q. Will you state to these gentlemen what occurred? A. I was sound asleep, and heard the report of a pistol, and then another one, and then I heard a heavy fall; and I jumped out of bed and heard Mrs. Edsall exclaim "Mr. Edsall is shot."

Q. You say you heard Mrs. Edsall say Mr. Edsall was shot? A. Yes, sir.

Q. That is when you went for the Doctor? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Were both doors open? A. Yes, sir, when I came down stairs.

Q. Did you hear any sound of people running away? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you see the policeman as he came in? A. Yes, sir; he came across to me as I was ringing Dr. Bogue's bell. I hollered to him that Mr. Edsall was shot. He made for the house here as fast as he was able. That was all I saw in the street.

Q. You say that you are positive the door was not open when you went to bed? A. These doors here? Yes, sir, I am positive of that.

Q. Do you think they were not locked? A. I did not try.

Q. Well, one locks without a key, don't it? A. Yes sir; the inside door, and I am certain it was closed.

Q. Was that before Mrs. Edsall went down stairs? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You heard a heavy fall? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Where is your sleeping room? A. It is above Mrs. Edsall's in the upper story.

Q. State what then occurred. A. I called Maria, and said, "Mr. Edsall is shot." She also jumped out of bed.

Q. When the shot was heard? A. I cannot say exactly when she jumped out.

Q. Did she jump up? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you both come down? A. I rushed down stairs and she followed after me. When I got down to the door I cannot remember whether Mrs. Edsall was with Mr. Edsall or lighting the hall gas; I can't remember distinctly I was so bewildered.

Q. Had Mr. and Mrs. Edsall gone up to bed before you went to bed? A. Yes, sir; they went to bed—I was the last that went up—I locked the doors.

Q. In going to bed you go up the front stairs—there is only one way up. A. Yes, sir.

Q. What was the condition of the front door vestibule? A. I did not notice. I did not look at the doors. There was one night I found the outside doors open, but that was all the time. I always secure the basement doors.

Q. What time did you go to bed? A. It was between 10 and 11 o'clock; I can't tell the time.

Q. Did you have any friends visiting you? A. Yes, sir; I had a gentleman who spent the evening with me.

Q. More than one? A. No, sir; just one.

Q. If the vestibule door had been open when you went to bed, you would have noticed it? A. Yes, sir; because it was light, and I could see the gas shining in.

Q. What time did that gentleman leave? A. He left, sir, between 10 and 11, before I went up. My comrade went up a few minutes before me, and I stayed speaking to him before I went up.

Q. Who locked that door afterward? Do you know? Was it locked afterward? Who shut it? A. I shut it when I went out in the morning. Mrs. Edsall hollered to close the door, and keep people out. The other was closed, but whether it was locked or not I can't tell.

Q. Well, if the inside one is closed, that locks it? A. Yes, sir; it does.

Q. Where was Mrs. Edsall at the time she made that remark that Mr. Edsall was shot? A. I think it was in her mother's room, because it was from her room she spoke.

Q. Did you hear her mother answer? A. Well, I don't remember her answering; I can't remember.

Q. Did Mr. Edsall shoot a rat within a few days? A. Yes, sir; he shot a rat a few days ago.

Q. With this pistol? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you know this pistol? A. No, sir; I would not know it.

Q. Have you seen it? A. Yes, sir, I have seen his pistol, but I never remarked it; my comrade remarked it.

Q. How many shots did he fire at the rat? A. I can't remember; one, I think.

Q. Did you ever see any cartridges around? A. No, sir; I have never seen any.

Q. Never saw him load his pistol, or any pistol? A. No, sir; never.

Q. He shot the rat, did he? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long ago was that? A. I don't remember; it was a few weeks ago.

Q. Did you see him shoot him, or just heard the pistol? A. I just heard the pistol, and he came in and told me he had shot the rat?

Q. How long ago? A. Two or three weeks.

Q. Did the policeman say he had seen anybody running from the house? A. No, sir; he said he met two men walking quietly up near the corner there some place.

Q. Did he ask you what was the matter, or did you speak to him first? A. I really don't know, I think I hollered to him first; I think I did.

Q. You can't say whether you heard anybody before you heard the pistol? A. I heard something before.

Q. Are you certain you didn't? A. I am not certain. It seems to me I did, but I am not sure. The last report came distinctly to my ears.

OFFICER MALONEY.

Sergeant Maloney, being duly sworn, was examined:

[illegible] place, or anywhere thereabouts, or any suspicious-looking characters. He told me he saw two men pass by him near Washington Park. I asked him what kind of men they were—if they looked suspicious in any way, and he said no, they did not look suspicious; that they looked like laboring men. I asked him if they were walking faster than an ordinary gait. He said no, but they looked around because he was coming across the road so quick. He said then he immediately came to the corner and saw the girl coming down off the steps of the adjoining house—that of Dr. Bogue. She told him there was a man shot. I asked him if he had seen any suspicious-looking characters anywhere around, any time during the night, while he had been on duty, and he said no. I then called for the servant girl, as I understood that she had locked the house. I inquired of her if the doors and windows of the house were securely fastened when they retired, and she told me they were. I then asked her if the back doors and windows were secured at the time, and she said they were. I then examined the outer and inner doors to see if there had been any "jimmies" or anything used, or any force had been used to enter the front door, on account of the girl's telling me the front door was opened. I found there had been no force used whatever, and no marks of any kind.

Q. Did you examine the keys? A. I asked the girl if the key was on the inside of the door, and it was at the time. I examined the key, and I saw that there had been no nippers used to open the door. I then found, by examining the door, a bullet hole in the inside of it. Then I asked the girl in what position Mr. Edsall lay in the hall, and then she told me. I then asked for the revolver, understanding that there was one by his side, and she brought it, and I asked her if she recognized it as being Mr. Edsall's revolver. She said she did recognize it. I then took the cylinder out of the revolver and examined it, and being familiarly acquainted with the size of the revolver myself, having known it for years, I compared it with the size of the bullet hole in the door. I then asked the girl if there was any difficulty that she knew of, and she said none. They always seemed to be a very loving couple, and enjoyed themselves very much indeed. She then told me that he had been having the tooth-ache, and that he had been taking something for it. I inquired what it was, and I would not be positive whether it was the girl replied or the doctor, and said he had been taking some hydrate of chloral. I asked how much, and I got no reply in regard to the amount, only that the wife or the girl, I do not remember whether it was the girl or the doctor, replied there were some remarks made that the wife said "be careful and not take too much." I could not be positive who it was made the reply. I then asked the doctor what effect that would have, providing he took too much. He told me it operated in different ways—sometimes it would make a person sleep, and sometimes it would make them light-headed and flighty.

Q. What was the condition of the parties at the house? A. I found the parties all very much excited.

Q. How did the doors and windows and furniture look as to anything being disturbed? A. I did not see anything.

Q. What time in the morning was this? A. About twenty-five minutes of 5, if I am not mistaken.

Q. Was it twilight then? A. Not quite. It was just about the break of twilight. It was thick and foggy—a kind of misty.

Q. Did you observe whether the gaslight lamp on the corner was lighted? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was the one lighted opposite Mr. Edsall's house? A. I think so, but I didn't notice that.

Q. Were the street lamps lighted? A. I think so, but I would not be positive.

Q. Did you examine the window? A. I was in the front room, but did not examine the windows. Everything seemed to be secured. I merely looked around, and asked the girl if everything was secured, and she said everything was all right except the front door.

Q. Did you examine the back doors and back windows? A. I did not. I went into the back room and the windows were all down, and I didn't examine any back doors.

Q. What conclusion did you come to? A. I don't think I should state that.

Q. Well, what was your report at the station? A. I came to the conclusion right away, as soon as I saw the revolver and the bullet hole, and the fact of the medicine taken, that it was a suicide, and I reported it as such at the station.

Q. Did your experience as a detective in criminal matters lead you to come to such a conclusion? A. I am not a detective, but I have been employed on the police for some time as a Sergeant, and have some experience in such cases, and I came to that conclusion from what experience I have had.

Q. How long have you been on the force? A. I have been on the force about eight years; more or less. Probably the jury would like to know my reasons for that report. It was under the circumstances of his taking this medicine, and the doctor speaking to me of the effect it would have on the man and the surrounding circumstances—all that led me to make that report, and finding no marks of any violence of any kind used to get into the house. An officer was there, and I asked if they wished to have an officer there. He had on citizen's clothes, for he was serving for 60 days. I told him to put his star inside. One of the gentlemen said it was not necessary to have a policeman there, and I told the officer to go the station and go home, and then immediately left myself and went home.

Q. What do you think of persons having secreted themselves in the house? A. Such a thing might be.

Q. You didn't think of it at that time? A. Well, I did not at that time.

Q. What is your theory as to how the doors were opened? A. I made my theory under the impression that the man after taking the medicine thought he needed air; that he wanted to get outside the door, and opened it himself, or that his wife might have opened it when she came down, wishing to give him air, and having his revolver with him, as he always carried it when he went down stairs for protection.

Q. I would like to call your attention to the condition of the pistol for a moment. Did you examine it carefully, and find one of the charges exploded? A. I found two.

Q. Did you find any shell in the chambers? A. I think there was.

Q. One? A. I think so.

Q. Only one discharged? A. I am not positive as to one or two. I think there were two.

Q. Can't you speak with positiveness about that point? A. I know two of the charges were discharged.

Q. Was there in one of the empty barrels the shell of the charge? A. I think there was.

Q. Were there more than one? A. I wouldn't be positive.

Q. What did you do with the shell that you found in one of the barrels? A. I left it in the revolver. I recollect I took the revolver and shoved out one of the shells. I replaced it again.

Q. You mean one of the charges? A. No, not one of the charges.

Q. Did you find an empty shell? A. Yes.

Q. You shoved it out? A. Yes, and replaced it.

Q. Who was present when you made this examination? A. I think the girl at that time was present, and also Dr. Bogue.

Q. Had Mr. Hurlbut arrived at the house at that time? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Were you present when you made the examination of the pistol? A. Yes, sir.

Q. If the revolver was handed to you, would you be able to recognize it, whether it was in the same condition that you left it in? Whom did you hand the revolver to? A. Mr. Hurlbut.

Q. Would you be able to tell whether that revolver is now in the same condition that you had it when it was presented to you? A. I think it should. I should judge that this revolver is very much like the one I saw.

Q. Can you recognize that the empty cartridges were in the same condition when you handled it yesterday morning? A. I think they are very near, at least. There might have been a change, for that matter, but I think they are very near the same.

Q. Is that the condition that you found the empty cartridges in when you first examined the pistol—one loaded between two empty ones? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you find the bottle with the medicine? A. It is there. I sent for it this morning. I did not at the time.

Q. Do you know where it was compounded? A. By Vanderburgh, on the corner of North Clark street and Chicago avenue.

OFFICER MALONEY.

Officer Maloney was recalled, and testified as follows:

Q. You have seen those hand marks on the wall? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Could you explain how those hand marks came there? A. At the time I made my statement last night, I did not notice them. When I first went into the house Mrs. Edsall was sitting and Mr. Edsall was lying, and the girls around. I wanted to get inside and see how things looked inside the parlor. I was afraid of stepping upon Mrs. Edsall, and I believe I did touch her toes. I reached one hand over and stepped around her, and when I stepped I looked at Mr. Edsall and laid the other hand on the wall.

Q. You touched the paint, then? A. Yes, sir, I took hold of the door with my face to the wall.

Q. That was one mark? How was the other? A. I might have made the other.

Q. You had your hand against the wall, did you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And it is your opinion you made those marks? A. That is my opinion. I tried my hand on the woodwork, and I found I could put my hand on it now, and make just such marks, in the same position.

Q. Did you see any prints on the inside of the parlor door? A. There is a hand mark upon the white casing, and then upon the parlor door on the side.

Q. Did you make those last marks? A. I might have laid my hand on it. I am not certain.

Q. On which side of Mr. Edsall's body as it lay upon the floor, did Mrs. Edsall sit—next the balusters? A. On the right next to the balusters, with her feet towards the parlor door, and his feet toward the front door.

Q. Do you recollect distinctly putting your hand against the door? A. I recollect putting my hand on the woodwork and the side of the wall, I might have put it on the door.

Q. Was it when you were passing the body to get into the parlor that you put your hand on the wall? A. I don't know positively.

The witness here rose and demonstrated how he did it.

Q. You put your hand on the jamb of the door to get into the parlor? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Which way did you hold your hand, do you remember? A. No. I could not, except the natural position which a man would be liable to take.

The Witness. There was a mistake that I made last night about going out at 2 o'clock last night. It was 1 o'clock, and I wish to correct that.

Q. Are you certain you made those marks? A. Well, I know I laid my hand on the wall in that position, and I tried my hand on the wall and the woodwork, and I see that I could make just such marks in the same place. I think any man's hands that sweat a little can leave prints on the woodwork. My hand was sweating, for I had been running.

The witness was then asked numerous questions concerning the two men he met on Clark street, which are of no consequence, as the men have since come forward to testify.

A diagram of Clark street, and the various blocks near its intersection with Washington place was laid before the witness, and various questions were asked him concerning it.

The witness was asked more questions concerning the two men he met, which are not given for the reasons stated above.

Q. Did you rub against the wall in passing, so as to disfigure it? A. I had two coats on. I had an overcoat, and may have rubbed against the wall.

Q. You are not positive? A. I did not notice at the time, because I was wanting to get in.

HORACE A. HURLBUT.

Horace A. Hurlbut, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. What were your business relations with Mr. Edsall? A. He was my partner in the firm of Hurlbut & Edsall.

Q. How long have you been connected in business as partner or otherwise? A. Formerly for [illegible] He bought out Mr. Beed's interest about three years ago.

Q. Will you state whether your relations with Mr. Edsall have been intimate or otherwise, in a social as well as a business way. A. In every respect. We were boys together, and started for the West at the same time—twenty years ago and over.

Q. Did you ever notice any mental derangement of any kind? A. Never, sir; not the slightest.

Q. Are you acquainted with the family of Mr. Edsall—father, mother, or brothers? A. His sister is my wife.

Q. Do you know of any member of the family that was troubled with any mental derangement? A. No, sir. I never heard of any.

Q. Do you know whether Mr. Edsall has been in the habit of using this hydrate of chloral, or morphine, or anything of that sort? A. I know he used hydrate of chloral some months ago. I remember it as an indistinct thing.

Q. You are positive he was not in the habit of using it? A. I know nothing beyond that.

Q. Neither chloroform nor morphine? A. He never used morphine or such things. His expressions against these have always been strong. He never drank, or anything of the kind, and was of very careful habits.

Q. A man of careful and correct habits? A. Perfectly so.

Q. Your business is that of a druggist, is it not? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was Mr. Edsall familiar with the qualities [illegible]

in the business condition of the firm, or the prospect, to depress his spirits, or make him otherwise than in his usual frame of mind? A. Nothing, sir. On the contrary, things were of great encouragement there. His letters to us in New York were cheerful.

Q. Let me inquire if Mr. Edsall at times, during the few years past, boarded in your family? A. He lived in my family for several years before he was married.

Q. Do you know his habits intimately? A. Perfectly.

Q. Was he a man of tolerably even temperament, or otherwise? A. A remarkably even temperament. Too much so for my disposition.

Q. You are impulsive? A. I am excitable—he was not.

Q. Had you opportunities of knowing whether his domestic relations were pleasant or otherwise? A. They were of the most pleasant character. He was a man devoted to his wife, and the only objection I ever had to him was that he would devote time at home that I thought it would have been better for him to have devoted to his own business. He threw off his business cares entirely when he got home.

Q. At what time did you arrive at the house? A. I could not give the hour. The sergeant was there, the physician, the policeman, Mrs. Edsall and the family.

Q. If you examined the condition of the pistol at that time, I wish you to state to the jury what you observed. A. It was a seven-chambered pistol, and two chambers had been fired. In examining the pistol I saw something that seemed at the time unaccountable to me. Next to the first empty chamber was a chamber not exploded, and with no mark of the hammer on it. Next in the revolution was an exploded chamber; next to that was a chamber with the mark of the hammer on the cap, the cartridge not exploded. My impression is the next one had not been struck with the hammer. I looked only in regard to that particular chamber then. The question occurred how the first chamber exploded, and how the next chamber could have passed without the hammer striking it before exploding the next exploded chamber.

Q. Will you look at the pistol now, and see if it is in the same condition that it was when you examined it? A. It is, with the exception of an additional scratch on one of the caps. That scratch was not on, but it is nothing that affects the condition that I know of.

Q. All the other marks were there? A. I see no difference except that, sir.

Q. One of the charges was removed and replaced, was it? A. The sergeant removed one of the shells.

Q. Was it one of the loaded ones? A. I am not certain. I mentioned at the time that it must be careful, and he said that was all right. He removed it and put it back. It was for some illustration he was making in regard to the size. I think he was showing that he had one that would fit it exactly. I am not certain that he moved it.

Q. Was his life insured? A. It was.

Q. In what company? A. The Equitable Life.

Q. To what amount? A. I think it was $25,000.

Q. Is there no other insurance but that? A. I think there was an insurance in the Mutual Life for a small amount—perhaps four or five thousand dollars.

Q. How long has his life been insured? A. In the Mutual for many years, I think. We have often talked with him about it. I think in the Equitable for some years. He was insured at the time Mr. Wilder was the agent here a few years ago.

A. C. VANDERBURGH.

A. C. Vanderburgh being duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. What is your business, and where is your place of business? A. A druggist, corner of North Clark street and Chicago avenue.

Q. Were you acquainted with Mr. Edsall? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you remember selling him any drugs, or medicine of any description, last Thursday night? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What was the drug? A. Hydrate of chloral.

Q. What was it—a solution? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How many grains? A. Twenty.

Q. Do you recognize this bottle as the one you put it up in? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What time was that on Thursday night? A. I did not look at the time, but I should think in the vicinity of 9 o'clock.

Q. Will you please state what he said at the time? A. He came in and asked for twenty grains of hydrate of chloral. I asked him if he wanted to have it in solution, and he said a one-ounce solution. I asked whether he would have water or syrup, and he said "water." He remarked that he had been to a wedding, and seemed to be in good spirits, and inquired about business.

Q. Did you warn him about the use of this hydrate of chloral, or give him any directions how to use it? A. No, sir, I did not think it was necessary, not being altogether more than a dose.

Q. That is, not a dangerous dose? A. I should say not.

Q. Has Mr. Edsall been in the habit of coming to your store for hydrate of chloral? A. No, sir. He may have been in my absence. I never recollect having sold him any before.

Q. If that quantity was dangerous, you would know it, wouldn't you? A. We do not consider anything dangerous that is prescribed almost every day by physicians in such doses.

Q. Do you think you are competent to say what would be a dangerous dose? A. No, I do not think I am. There are very many different opinions relative to that. It is given in a great deal larger doses than that.

Q. It depends on a man's constitution? A. And the circumstances.

Q. Did Mr. Edsall have a prescription for that? A. No, sir.

Q. Do you give it out without prescriptions? A. We do in small quantities.

DR. CHARLES T. PARKS.

Charles T. Parks, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. Are you a practising physician? A. I am.

Q. Will you please state the effect of twenty grains of hydrate of chloral on a man? A. It would depend entirely on the condition of the person taking the medicine. It is an ordinary dose. The dose ranges from ten to sixty grains. If a patient was not suffering much pain, and merely excited a little, I should expect twenty grains to have a sleeping effect or a hypnotic effect. We are taught with reference to the administration of this medicine that we should be guarded, and not give it in diseases of the heart, and that is about the only caution with reference to it. It is a very common and popular remedy.

Q. What we want to know, Doctor, is whether 20 grains would produce any mental derangement under any circumstances? A. I think just, sir. It has just the opposite effect upon the pain. It has a soothing and quieting effect upon the nervous system.

Q. Would a larger dose produce mental derangement? A. No, sir; a larger dose would produce cessation of life by causing a cessation of action of the nervous centres. With reference to larger doses, say from 40 to 100 grains, and I suppose you would call that a large dose, I should expect to produce a profound sleep or unconsciousness, and to having died perfectly unconscious.

Q. Is there much difference in opinion among medical men in regard to this hydrate of chloral, the use of it, the danger, and the effect? A. No, sir. There was at first considerable difference. It is a recent remedy, and when it first came into use it was supposed that it could be used in very large and free doses. That was the earliest experience with the medicine, but the later trials have developed the fact that the use in doses of about forty grains, I will say, become somewhat dangerous. Below that point it is not. I have seen it given frequently, and have given it frequently in all manner of doses below that, with the happiest of results, without any bad effect, in all manner of diseases, where we want to produce a soothing and quieting effect. With reference to mental excitement, it is one of the best and most rapid remedies in its results that can be given in any kind of mania, and in insanity accompanied by mania, where we expect to have a great deal of mental excitement.

Q. Would a person after taking twenty grains be liable to be woke by any slight sound? A. That is a peculiarity of the medicine, that when a patient is under its effects he is readily and easily awakened, and seems to be rational, and, after the noise or disturbance has subsided, immediately falls off into slumber again. In explanation of that, I would say that I have seen patients, after taking thirty grains of hydrate of chloral, fully under the influence of it, fully asleep, and wake them up suddenly and they would answer any questions you ask them, and at the disturbance subsiding they would fall right off to sleep again. And it is a common thing for patients under the influence of hydrate of chloral to wake up and ask for a glass of water of their own accord, and go back to sleep again, and sleep until the whole effect of the medicine is gone. So that a person under its influence would be easily wakened, unless it be an immoderate dose, where there would be perfect prostration of all the powers of life.

Q. I understand you to say that twenty grains would not produce any mental excitement? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You are positive of that? A. Yes, sir. That is my experience on the matter. It has just the opposite effect.

DR. A. J. BAXTER.

Dr. A. J. Baxter being duly sworn, testified, but since the testimony of this witness was in every respect similar to that of Dr. Parks, all of whose opinions regarding the effect of hydrate of chloral he fully agreed with, it is not considered necessary to give his testimony.

MARIA STONE.

Maria Stone being duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. Are you a servant in the family of Mr. Edsall? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long have you been there? A. Over three years.

Q. State what you know about this case of shooting Mr. Edsall? A. The first I heard of it I was roused by my friend calling to me to get up; that Mr. Edsall was shot.

Q. Who called you? A. My friend, the other servant girl.

Q. Margaret Green? A. Yes, sir. I got up as quick as possible and took time to throw a garment on me; and I went down stairs, and as I got to the foot of the stairs Mrs. Edsall called to me to bring matches to light the gas. I went into her room to get them, and then went down to light the gas. It took me considerable time to light it; I tried three times, and the last time lighted it.

Q. Was that the gas in the lower front hall? A. Yes, where Mr. Edsall was lying. As I lit the gas, Mrs. Edsall had just taken Mr. Edsall up, and the other servant girl screamed, and Mrs. Edsall told her to stop and run for the doctor, and she asked her what doctor she should go for, and then she told her Dr. Bogue. She told me to run and get camphor to rub him, and I went up stairs to look for it, but could not find it at the time. She called to me to hurry, and I came back and asked her where it was. She told me it was in her closet. I went in there and lit a match before I could find the camphor. I went down and commenced rubbing Mr. Edsall. At that time the officer came.

Q. Do you know the officer? A. Officer Maloney. He came in right after the servant girl that went after the doctor, and the officer said: "Who done this?" and Mrs. Edsall says: "Don't ask any questions now, but go and hurry the doctor;" and he went for the doctor, and he came in just before the doctor and Mr. Chamberlain, and the doctor came to and Mrs. Edsall asked him if there could be nothing done, and he hesitated a little before he told them. She asked him again, and he said "No." Mrs. Edsall asked for some one to go for Mr. Hurlbut, and Mr. Chamberlain asked the officer if he would not go. The officer told him that he had to go to the station, but he would after he came back. Then Mr. Chamberlain went. The officer, when he came back, brought in several others. Then I was afraid there was somebody in the house, and I asked him to go around and search it, and see if there was any one in it.

Q. Then what? A. Then I went with him through the parlor and through the basement, and the windows and doors were all fastened.

Q. Did you try them yourself? A. The men went round and unfastened them, and after that I fastened them.

Q. Did the officer try the back door? A. Yes, he did.

Q. And found it fastened? A. Yes.

Q. Were the front doors open when you went down? A. They were.

Q. Was the cellar door locked? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Are you positive? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What time did you go to bed that night? A. It was a little after 10.

Q. Did you try the front door before going to bed? A. No, sir.

Q. Do you go up the front stairs? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you notice whether the front door was closed? A. I did not; but I don't think it could be open, or we would notice it.

Q. Are you in the habit of going round and trying the doors to see if they are closed? A. I never do. The other servant always goes round in the basement. She is the cook.

Q. Did you hear the report of the pistol? A. No, sir.

Q. Do you know what time it was when you came down? A. It was about four minutes to 5, or after it.

Q. Do you wash the woodwork of the house? Is that part of your business? A. Yes, sir, every Thursday.

Q. Did you wash the woodwork of that house last Thursday? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Of the parlor? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you notice those finger-marks on the woodwork? A. I did not.

Q. Are you positive if there were any on there last Thursday that you would have washed them off? A. I would have rubbed them off.

Q. While the officer was there, did you see him put his hand against the wall, or against the side of the door? A. I did not.

Q. Do you suppose that one could have come in without your noticing? A. Yes, sir. He could hardly get across Mr. Edsall when they were in the way very much without touching the wall. Mr. Edsall was at one side and I at the other when he came in.

Q. How often did you go up stairs? A. Three times.

to lock the door? Do you recollect his happening to say something to you? A. No. Was there a light? [illegible]

Q. Was there any [illegible] the evening? [illegible]

Q. What time did he leave? A. Shortly after I went up-stairs—sometime between 10 and 11. They were there only a little time after me.

Q. Has you got a gentleman that is in the employ of Mr. Healy, who keeps a livery stable? A. No, sir.

Q. Do you know where Mr. Healy's place is? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do any of the men in his employ visit the place? A. None of them visit me.

Q. Did they visit the other girl? A. No, sir. I am acquainted with one by sight, but he never visited me. Mrs. Edsall had him to drive her, and I got acquainted with him that way.

DR. BAXTER RECALLED.

The witness. What I am going to state now is in reference to a question I believe asked me by Mr. Hempstead. He asked me at what distance ammunition could be fired from a person and not give any evidence of powder. I had made experiments as to the effect of the entrance and exit of balls on bodies very often, but I do not remember having paid particular attention as to the powder.

The witness then exhibited sheets of white paper at which balls had been fired from a No. 1 Smith & Wesson revolver, similar to Mr. Edsall's, at the following distances, and with the following results:

At four inches the paper was covered with powder and burned. At this short distance the hand was also burned.

At seven inches the paper was burned and much discolored.

At sixteen inches the paper was dotted with powder, so that it showed through on the opposite side. The hand was also burned.

At two feet there were evidences of powder, but not so marked.

At thirty-one inches there were evidences of powder sprinkled over half of the sheet, with marked powder on the paper. At four feet they were not so distinct.

Q. In your opinion, Mr. Edsall could not have shot himself then without throwing powder into his face? A. Taking these sheets of paper as evidence, I hardly think it is possible. I hardly think it is possible for him to shoot himself without some evidence of powder being seen about the face.

The jury then adjourned till 2 p. m.

At 2 o'clock the jury reassembled. The first witness called was

MR. ABBEY.

Mr. A. Abbey, sworn. As a dealer in guns and pistols; have been in the business since I could handle a tool; about sixteen years; heard the testimony given by Dr. Baxter; agree with him as far as he has gone, in regard to the distance at which powder will burn and the mark; in shooting in the dark, the shot of fire will be seen to reach three or four feet, depending on the charge; the fire from a metallic cartridge would throw the fire farther than a loose charge, on account of being more confined. A No. 1 Smith & Wesson pistol will burn within a foot or twenty inches enough to color the skin; they are all loaded alike. [Examining the pistol.] The pistol looks as though snapped twice—the first snapping, the second firing, the third is passed by, the next is snapped, and the next firing. Don't know how the pistol could be cocked; the spring is broken; it will not remain cocked unless the trigger is pushed forward; not one man in a hundred would think of doing that; it seems as if the hall had never been struck; it looks as if it had been used some time before, and been put in position afterward; the cartridge between the two barrels has been missed and could not tell whether one of the chambers had been fired more recently than the other; it looks as if one shot had been fired and the pistol laid away; it might have been only five minutes or a month.

JOSEPH DIXON.

Joseph Dixon, sworn. Q. Please state what you know about this matter? A. Yesterday morning, about half-past 9 o'clock, it was reported in the office about this murder on Washington place. Officer Elliott was going over, and I went over, at the Deputy Superintendent's request, to investigate the matter. I went over there in company with Officer Elliott to Mr. Edsall's residence, No. 8 Washington place. I found some of the friends of the family coming out of the lower basement door. I told them who I was, and that I had come up to make an investigation. He stated to me that Mrs. Edsall objected to any one coming in then, as she was very much excited and worried, and requested me to wait till Mr. Hurlbut returned. I told him if a murder had been done we would like to get right in, and see if the house had been entered, and go to work on it. He stated I should wait till some friends came, as he did not seem to like to introduce any one then, but said he would tell all he knew of it. He told me the circumstances of the shooting, as witnesses have stated them, and told me of the house east being vacant, and thought burglars, if any, might have come that way—pointing to the Mansard roof—where they could have got in at a window. He said there were no marks of violence on the front door, which were open. I then examined the vacant house and found the front basement door and windows locked. I could see that the window catches were in proper position to keep the windows locked. I went to the rear and found the rear basement door locked. There was a blind door which I could not open. The rear basement windows were grated with bars running up and down. Above the rear door is a board to keep the rain from dropping there, and resting on two diagonal braces, and the braces and boards so covered with cobwebs that no one could get up without removing them. The rear west window of the back parlor had the blinds closed. The west half of the east window the blinds were open, and cobwebs running from the hinge part of the open blind to the closed half blind. I then returned to the front, and found the front hall door and windows fastened, the latter with catches. I then waited in front of the house with Elliott, and stood on the corner, the gentleman saying the Coroner had been sent for. I came back to the office, reported, and inquired about the Coroner, and when I returned from some other case, Officer Ellis had gone over. I went over this morning, examined the hall, saw where the body lay and where found; also, where the bullet was taken from the jamb of the door. I saw marks of a hand on the side of the wall and casing of the door. The distance and position of the marks were such any ordinary man could have made them while standing in one position. I examined the fastening of the outer door. It was a good mortice lock, with a bolt and key, and also a switch night latch, making a double fastening to the door, so if the switch had been thrown in the night-latch the closing of the door would have locked it, and the throwing of the other bolt by the key made a double lock, and each would have to be operated singly to open the door. I found, after close examination, that no implements had been used on the key, or force on the door, by any one tampering from without, which would be necessary, by throwing the key with nippers, or opening by a jimmy. The inside glass doors, between three and four feet from the front, locked also with a spring lock. I did not see the key to either spring lock. They could not find them. The rear basement windows could not be entered, because they had gratings like the east one. The easiest places of access are the front basement windows which could be opened with a common case knife, which burglars almost invariably do. They were fastened this morning, but whether they were found so when the shooting was done I do not know. I was told they were the lower basement doors were. I have tried with a case knife, and found few that could not be moved by shaking the casement.

Q. Are there any other facts in your examination? A. Only in reference to the pistol. I made an examination of it. There has been two shots fired out. I will call the first one No. 1. Chamber No. 2 has been skipped. There are two or three causes. There seems to be one here rather plain, that the cylinder has been moved not by the action of the lever, as there seems to be a distinct mark upon these three cartridges with the lower part of the hammer, commencing on the cartridge that was first fired, for the scratch runs right around, and terminates at the bottom of the indenture made by the hammer. It may be done by pulling the hammer up to the quarter, when it will revolve loose. The motion of the hand would turn it, and there is nothing to prevent it the moment you raise the hammer. It lifts this pawl that catches in the hammer. There is no question about the pistol's being out of order. The pin holding the striking bar or lever is very loose, so that you can pull it right out with the finger, showing that the spring has no effect upon it—is either broken or out of order.

Upon the investigation of the house I did not see how any person could have entered, unless the door was left open. It is impossible for any person from the outside to enter those doors, if locked, without leaving distinct traces of their having operated upon the doors, unless they had the keys, and then the house-key would have to be out of the lock. If they should operate upon the lock, or use nippers upon the key in the lock, it would have left distinct traces of their action. The key is of large size, and nippers are usually about the size of a pencil, and when they catch the key, the corners will catch first, and bite right in. They are made sharp, and filed sharp, so that they catch hold of the key and prevent it from turning. They are not teeth that are right on the point, but small grooves in the corners of the nippers, so the moment you catch hold of the key to turn it, you will have to catch it pretty hard; and there would be no trouble in taking hold of that key, for it goes pretty well through the door, sufficient to take hold of it with sufficient force to turn the lock.

Q. Let me ask a simple question. If the key which was in the lock on the inside had not been turned, so that it was only locked by the spring lock, and it were found that the same key for the spring lock on the outside door and the spring lock on the inside door—the one key would force an entrance to both doors? A. Undoubtedly.

Q. A person possessing a key to one could pass both then? A. Undoubtedly. The locks might not be exactly the same, and yet a key to the one might open both the night-latches.

The witness. There is one thing I wish to say; that any man handling that pistol, and not knowing that the spring was out of order or either playing with it or cocking it at all, would find it very hard for him to do it without an accident. A motion of the hand in pulling it up is sufficient, the moment he lets go, to explode the pistol.

Q. Are you speaking as an expert? A. I am, sir. I think this pistol is dangerous for a person knowing the spring was out of order.

Q. Did you notice the height of that ball in the door? A. I did, sir.

Q. Would it be possible for a man carrying the pistol in his hand, down-stairs, to make it? A. I should say, if a man was carrying it in his hand, and he attempted to cock it, it would go about the height of the hole in the door.

The witness here held the pistol in different positions, showing that in several positions it would not remain cocked, as for instance pointing up, being held horizontally, or pointing slightly downward, while when pointed down at a considerable angle it would remain at full cock.

Q. Would you suppose that it would be possible for a man to be shot on the right hand side of the head, located as those stairs are, by any one going out of the house? A. That would be very hard to state, for you do not know what position the man's head might be in.

The witness then concluded with the following explanation:

The relatives of the family gave me to understand that Mrs. Edsall did not want any one to come in, but it was not positively that I should not go in, and that they wanted some of the friends of the family there first, and that she was very much excited. I came to the conclusion from what they said there was so much excitement they did not want a crowd running in there. The gentleman who was there did not wish to take it upon himself to admit me.

EDWARD B. BARBER.

Edward B. Barber, sworn: I live at No. 616 Division street; am night clerk in the registry room of the Post Office; I go to work, sometimes at 9, 9:30, or 10 o'clock in the evening, and I get through sometimes at 4:30, sometimes 5, and sometimes 6 o'clock. On Friday morning I left the office at half-past 5 o'clock in the morning. We came down South Dearborn and Randolph streets, west to the tannery until we reached the passenger-way. We came out on Kinzie street, east of Clark; went up the east side of that street to Division street. We met several persons between Chicago avenue and the river. I could not give a description of every one we met. We met a man coming across the road from the west side to the east, just above Turner Hall. I think he took a course from the new building there. He came on the walk north of us, and turned into a gate just north of Healy's livery stable. I spoke to my friend and said, "I wonder what the d—l that man is going in there for at this time of the morning." I heard nothing of him after he went into the alleyway. The gate was partly open. Then we went up and met the policeman. We got just north of the corner of Clark and Locust streets. He came right across the road toward us, passed close to us, kept right on down toward the brick house on Washington place. He was walking at a pretty good jog, about as fast as a man can run. He said nothing, but looked at us pretty sharp. He were citizen's clothes and hat, but had a star. I could not recognize him, and should not know him from Adam. We then got up as far as the house where we heard a good deal of noise as if some one was smashing a good deal of kindling wood. I thought it a very peculiar noise for that time in the morning, and was talking with my friend about it. We went on past the hall where he turned into Healy's, [illegible] hall and [illegible] there [illegible] Healy's barn is about 100 or 150 feet from there. The gate is in a vacant lot between them. The gate is on the east side, and the man passed diagonally, from west to east. He was walking along as we were, and said "good morning" to us, and we to him. I heard no noise until I met the policeman, no shot, or anything else. The noise I then heard seemed to be rattling on the blinds, probably the hired girl calling the neighbors. The man who went into Healy's barn was pretty roughly dressed, but I paid no great attention to him, except that he went into the gate. It would not take more than four or five minutes to walk from Chicago avenue to where we met the policeman. It is two blocks and a half. We could walk it ordinarily in from three to four minutes. It takes thirty-five or forty minutes to walk home from the Post Office.

CHARLES W. ANDREWS.

C. W. Andrews, sworn: I live at No. 643 North Clark street. I was in company with Mr. Barber last night, and have heard the evidence given by him. I agree with him in every point. There is nothing additional for me to give. I heard no shooting, and saw no other person.

MR. O. F. FULLER.

Mr. O. F. Fuller, sworn: I reside at No. 220 North Dearborn street. The height of the bullet from the floor, in the door, was measured by me by request of Mr. Hurlbut. I also measured Mr. Edsall. The mark was 4 feet 6½ inches to the centre of the hole. Mr. Edsall's height was 5 feet 9 inches. I received a latch-key from Mr. Hurlbut and found it would unlock both doors. I made no inquiry as to who it belonged to.

OFFICER MALONEY RECALLED.

This officer said he could recognize Mr. Barber, but not the other gentleman; though he thought he had about the appearance of the man that he met.

COMPARING THE BALLS.

The Coroner. I should like to make a statement in regard to the weight of these balls. I went over to Mr. Miller's, the jeweller's, this forenoon, and had those bullets weighed. The bullet taken from the head is less than one grain lighter than the bullet taken from the door.

THIS CLOSED THE CASE.

Mrs. General Strong had been summoned to appear as a witness, but came while the jury were deliberating, and, as her testimony was not important, being only that near midnight Thursday night she had been awakened by steps, which she believed to be at or near the front door, or something sounding like the creaking of a board, it was not considered necessary to examine her.

THE VERDICT.

The jury then, after deliberating for two hours and a half, rendered the following verdict: "That Barton Edsall came to his death from a gun-shot wound in the right temple, which penetrated the brain. While a portion of the jury believe that he came to his death by a shot fired by a burglar, the remainder believe that he was accidentally shot by his own pistol, and the jury do not agree that the death was suicide."

LETTER FROM A PHYSICIAN.

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune:

SIR: As everything pertaining to the late Mr. Edsall is of deep interest in connection with his horrible death, it may not be out of place to state that on several occasions during the last two years I have prescribed for him or members of his family. Only two or three evenings before his death he visited me at my residence and obtained a prescription for his child. In the course of a long conversation, he referred to his familiarity with drugs as strongly inclining him to the milder method of homœopathy, and especially to one remedy, *chloral hydrate*, as he had been over-dosed. He remarked that the sale of this drug had vastly decreased of late, indicating that physicians, as well as people, are growing cautious in its use. He characterized it as exceedingly dangerous in unskilful hands. He said he had once taken it in the dose of twenty grains without no other effect than a refreshing sleep. He asked my opinion of its action, and I remarked upon the singularly *cruising* effect it had upon occasional subjects. Also, of certain alarming phenomena—such as stupor and pulselessness—I had observed in some instances. We spoke of twenty grains as an ordinarily safe dose. The testimony of two of the medical gentlemen at the inquest, if correctly reported, is singular, and betrays a strange unfamiliarity with the province of *chloral hydrate*. N. F. COOKE, M. D.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7, 1871.

REAL ESTATE.

Route of the New Milwaukee Railroad on the North Side.

Other Railroad and Depot Projects—Speculation in Suburban Lands.

Important Auction Sale—Transfers for the Week.

There has scarcely been a time for ten years past when there seemed to be so many schemes of one kind or another on foot, and which, if carried out, will affect the value of real estate in nearly all parts of the city and its suburbs. To use the expression of one who has been warily watching the growth of the various projects for new railroads and new suburban quarters for both residences and manufactories—"Everybody seems to be swelled up with big schemes." Most of these have undoubtedly a solid basis in the deliberate purpose of capitalists to build railroads and factories, dig canals, and lay off and beautify new suburban quarters, while others that are talked of are yet in an inchoate condition. The most important one of this latter class is the idea—it can scarcely be said to be a definite project yet—of bringing

THE NEW MILWAUKEE RAILROAD of the St. Paul Company into the city, east of the North Branch of Chicago River, across the North Division, to the lake shore at the mouth of the river, and crossing thence by a new railroad bridge to be built east of Rush street, to the Central Depot at the foot of Lake street. The route spoken of has been indefinitely mentioned as southeasterly along Hawthorne avenue to some street north of Chicago avenue and north of Michigan street—say Superior street—thence east to the lake shore, and thence, as before mentioned, across the river to the Illinois Central Depot. To show that there is sufficient foundation for anticipating a project like this, it may be mentioned that Mr. Mitchell, President of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Company, and Mr. Newell, President of the Illinois Central, were to have a conference on the subject during the past week, but other business temporarily prevented Mr. Mitchell coming to Chicago. A project of this kind would doubtless find both advocates and opponents among North Side property owners. Those who own lands along the lake shore as far as Evanston, and beyond, would advocate it, because the running of suburban trains from so central and convenient a point as the Union Depot, at the foot of Lake street, would carry city population out to new suburban quarters along the north lake shore. On the other hand, the owners of property near the route of crossing toward the lake shore would probably oppose it very strongly. One thing, however, seems tolerably certain: the new Milwaukee road will be built; it is of great importance to Chicago that it should be built, because it will make the whole system of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Company's roads in the Northwest more strictly tributary to Chicago than they are now, and so be the means of bringing an increase of business to the city. In this view of the case the new Milwaukee road should meet with liberal treatment. At all events, the same questions recently raised in connection with the proposed railroad to Riverside, are pretty sure to come up again soon in connection with the new road to Milwaukee, and the people of Chicago will be obliged to adopt some definite policy in regard to all railroads.

THE DANVILLE & VINCENNES ROAD has perfected a permanent arrangement to use the Great Eastern track, and consequently its passenger depot will be permanently at the present site, on Kinzie street, just west of the North Branch of the river.

THE CHICAGO AND ROCK RIVER RAILROAD, an enterprise which seemed, for a year or so, to have failed, has been revived and is now pretty sure to be built within a year. The line of road is from Sterling, Illinois, through Amboy, to a connection with the Illinois Central, somewhere about Calumet station. Messrs. J. H. and C. G. Wicker, of this city, are the leading men in the present management of the road. The iron and ties for twenty miles of the road have been bought, and the first twenty miles from Sterling toward Chicago will be in operation in about sixty days.

While we are on the subject of railroads it may be mentioned that the talk of

CHANGING THE BURLINGTON PASSENGER DEPOT from the Union Depot, at Lake street, to some spot near Sixteenth street, and between State street and the river, is being revived. While we do not know of any settled purpose of the kind on the part of the company, it is well known that they are experiencing great inconvenience from the slowness with which they are obliged to run across from the lake to the river, and that the questions agitated a year or so ago in regard to the practicability of a sunken track on that route, or some other means of obviating the present danger to the public and delay to the trains, are likely to come up soon.

The changes in the locations of depots, and the establishment of new ones for new roads that will be built within a year or two, will have important effects in establishing new business quarters in the city, while the building of the roads will induce the starting of new suburban towns, and in this respect all of the many new railroad projects, which are now making Chicago their objective point, will have an important influence on the value of real estate in one quarter or another, either in or around the city.

THE REAL ESTATE MARKET.

To say that the real estate market is "active" does not cover the case. It is to a large extent a speculative activity, based upon expectations of a continued rise in prices. The new manufacturing enterprises, of which not less than six or seven will have been started within the next nine months, thus furnishing employment for from fifteen hundred to two thousand more mechanics than are at work here now; these, together with the new railroad projects, and the rapid increase of population and business from other causes, have stimulated the speculative feeling until it has even infected some of the coolest and most conservative people who have always held aloof from speculation. It is in this that lies the only danger of the present situation, and it would be well to remember that when prospects look the most flattering, is the very time when it is necessary to exercise the greatest caution. The great demand is for outside lands, not to occupy, but to sell again. Rapid as is the growth of Chicago, and population, the advance in prices of suburban lands has been more rapid, and it is quite evident that the advance in prices can not go on at present rates without a reaction sometime. Those who buy expect to get out before it comes, and the last purchasers at the highest prices will expect it even more confidently than all the previous purchasers. In regard to central business property, and good residence property in almost any quarter inside the city limits, there is a confident feeling and a fair degree of activity. Improved property does not sell so well as unimproved, for the fact, mentioned last week, that material and labor are cheap, and buildings can be erected about 15 per cent cheaper than a year or eighteen months ago.

CENTRAL BUSINESS PROPERTY AT AUCTION.

One of the most important auction sales that has taken place this year, will occur next Tuesday, October 10, being the ground owned by M. O. Stearns, Esq., on the northeast corner of Adams and Dearborn, and on every side of which are now being erected the finest business buildings in the city. Some recent auction sales have shown that when valuable property, available for present use, is offered to the highest bidder, even on the terms of all cash, there are capitalists who stand ready to pay out forty, fifty, or even a hundred thousand dollars at once. The property here referred to, however, will be offered on unusually easy terms, as will be seen by reference to the advertisement of Messrs. W. A. Butters & Co., in another column.

THE HUMBOLDT PARK RESIDENCE ASSOCIATION, whose advertisement will be found in another column, has acquired title to 40 acres of land fronting on Humboldt Park and Division street. The stock of the association is offered in shares of $100 each, and many persons will doubtless find that a convenient and safe plan of securing a home. The association has set aside a fund for the improvement of their tract, and will set out a large number of trees on it this fall. Mr. Henry Greenebaum is trustee and business manager of the association.

TRANSFERS FOR THE WEEK.

The following table shows the volume and tendency of the transactions in real estate, situated within a radius of seven miles from the Court House, during the week ending October 7:

[illegible]

[illegible]

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

CHICAGO.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

The decorators and upholsterers are still busily engaged in putting the finishing touches on the Opera House. A detailed description of the renovation has already appeared in the columns of THE TRIBUNE. Since that time the general effect has been greatly heightened, and when everything is complete and the house is lighted, the effect will be exceedingly brilliant, surpassing anything ever before seen in this country. The house is virtually ready, with the exception of the location of the large bronzes and a few other ornaments, and the laying down of the carpets. Everything will be in readiness by Monday evening for the reinauguration by Theodore Thomas, and we may look forward with certainty to an evening more memorable both in sound and sight than that evening, six years ago, when Zucchi, Kellogg, Morensi, Bellini, Susini, and Mancusi sang, and Crosby's Opera House was first dedicated to art.

The orchestra which has the pleasurable privilege of playing for the first time in the new auditorium holds even a higher place in music than that operatic organization, excellent as it was. It is an orchestra which has been perfected by years of practice and experience, under the lead of the most competent conductor in this country and one of the most skilful in the world. Year after year it has been reorganized, the unworthy and incapable being weeded out and their places supplied by better men and more superior players. An instance of Thomas' discipline is the fact that at the end of the last season he discharged ten of the members and supplied their places with still better musicians, among them Schreiber, the eminent horn-player, and Listemann, the violinist, who has held the first rank in Boston for many years. Miss Krebbs supplies the place of Miss Mehlig, as pianiste, and there can be little doubt that she will achieve a success fully as great as her predecessor, although her school is entirely different,—solos being her forte, while Mehlig's success lay in her concertos for piano and orchestra.

The programme for the opening concert, in deference to the conventionalities of opening night, is a popular one, with the exception of one or two numbers. In the arrangement of that programme excellent good taste has been manifested in making the superb overture to "Leonora," No. 3, the first, and thus giving Beethoven the honor of the primary hearing. In 1865 Verdi had that honor, and the contrast, perhaps, indicates some musical progress in our midst. We hardly need urge attendance, for Theodore Thomas does not come here a stranger, and the box office sheets are crossed to an extent which indicate that the whole house, gallery and all, is nearly sold for the opening night, with an unusually large sale for the balance of the season. Mr. Thomas will receive a royal welcome that will make compensation for the memories of a season or two ago when a few hundred listeners coldly heard his matchless band.

The programme for Monday evening is as follows:

PART FIRST.

Overture—Leonora, No. 3	Beethoven
Scherzo—Symphony No. 2, E flat, op. 61	Schumann
Concerto, No. 1, E flat	Liszt
Miss Marie Krebbs and Orchestra.	
Kaiser March—New	Wagner

PART SECOND.

Overture—Der Freischutz	Weber
Theme and Variations, Quartette, D minor	Schubert
String Orchestra.	
Saltarello—New	Gounod
Polonaise, A flat, op. 53	Chopin
Miss Marie Krebbs.	
Overture—Rienzi	Herold

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

Boucicault's new sensation, "Elfie," which has made such a handsome success during the past week at McVicker's, will be kept on the boards another week. "Four-Leafed Clover," the new local play, is underlined for speedy performance.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday evening and during the week, Miss Lander, who has not been in Chicago for about three years, will make her appearance in the title role of Giacometti's tragedy of "Elizabeth." The piece play in which Miss Lander achieved so much reputation. Mrs. Lander's histrionic abilities are so well known to the theatre-going public that we need not dwell upon them now, further than to say that the character is one in which she has gained her best laurels, and one which has given her a leading position among American actresses. Upon this occasion she will be assisted by the following cast:

Robert, Earl of Essex	Mr. James H. Taylor
Burleigh	Mr. Frank Lawlor
Raleigh	Mr. C. Roger
Sir Francis Bacon	Mr. [illegible]
Lord Howard	Mr. [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Marquis de Mondrive	[illegible]
Davison	Mr. Chas. Stanley
Hudson	Mr. Johnson
Sir George Jackson	Mr. Osborne
Elizabeth, Queen of England	Mrs. F. W. Lander
Lady Sarah Howard	Miss Annie Campton
Lady Anne Burleigh	Miss Lizzie Herbert
Marie Lambrun	Miss Isabel Remick

"Marie Antoinette" (first time in English) is also underlined for performance during her season.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.

The discontented of either sex who are unhappy in their marital relations can find "Divorce" at Wood's Museum, this week, as set forth by the playwright, Augustin Daly. It is a new comedy now playing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, where it has made a decided hit, and will, undoubtedly, be warmly welcomed in this city, where, if we may believe journalistic evidence abroad, its theme is native and to the manor born. The cast, which is a very strong one, is as follows:

[cast list, illegible]

DEARBORN THEATRE.

The Minstrels at the Dearborn Theatre present an entirely new bill this week, embracing the following novelties: "Thomas' Musical Jubilee," which will be celebrated with a full orchestra of 15,000 pieces, with artillery effects; "Rebecca Jane," by Andy McKee and Rogers; a trio by Fredericks, Markham, and Lamonte; Schoolcraft's "Keiser" Specialty; and "Love and War." On and after Tuesday evening, Mulligan will appear in his great act of "The Lawyer and His Clerk." Two new song and dance men, Turner and Lester, are also underlined to appear on the 16th inst.

THE WYNDHAM TROUPE.

Despatches from St. Louis state that the Wyndham Troupe commenced their second week with $900 in the house; on Tuesday evening, $1,300; and on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, $1,350.

TURNER HALL.

The Turner Hall programme for this afternoon is as follows:

[programme, illegible]

In the evening a novel concert will be given, the band appearing with the Gschwandner Tyrolese Troupe. The programme will be as follows:

[programme, illegible]

PIANO CONCERT.

The Lacemlein sisters, of whose merits we have before spoken, will introduce themselves to the Chicago musical public in three concerts at Farwell Hall, on the evenings of October 19, November 2, and November 30, assisted by home vocal talent. We shall give the details of these concerts hereafter, and in the meantime can promise musicians a decided sensation.

CHARITY CONCERT.

The Young People's Association of Plymouth Church have arranged a vocal and instrumental concert, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the purchase of a library for the use of the Orphan Asylum. The concert will be given on Tuesday evening, October 10, with the following programme:

[programme, illegible]

on "Jessica" for the benefit of the Women and Children's Hospital, in St. Paul's Church, on Friday evening, October 13.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

The Chicago Amateur Dramatic Company, composed entirely of lady members in years, will give three entertainments, performances, October 9, 11, and 13, at 112 West Jackson street.

THE SYE LECTURE COURSE

will be inaugurated on Monday evening, October [illegible], with the following programme:

[illegible]

John G. Saxe will conclude the programme with his lecture on "Poetry and the Poets."

THE FEMALE ORCHESTRA.

J. M. Nixon, the acting manager of the Vienna Lady Orchestra, is in the city, and has secured Farwell Hall for four concerts, on the evenings of November 1, 2, 3, and 4.

AMUSEMENTS ELSEWHERE.

PARAGRAPHS.

—The Dolby Concert Troupe inaugurates its season in Boston, October 14.

—Kellogg is singing in twenty-five-cent popular concerts in Boston.

—Miss Cornelia Stetson, brought out by Adelaide Phillipps, a few evenings since, in Boston, has proved a success.

—The season sale for the Nilsson opera at Boston was very large. The season commences tomorrow evening, with Faust.

—Mr. James E. Murdoch, the eminent elocutionist, has been engaged to give Sunday evening readings at the Globe Theatre, Boston.

—Miss Anna B. Starbird, of Portland, Me., now in Florence, has accepted an offer to sing in opera at Milan during the carnival season.

—Miss Anna Mehlig writes that she has decided to return to America in the latter part of November, and will play in a Harvard Symphony Concert in December.

—Among the new works to be produced in Paris this winter are Gounod's "Polyeucte," Ambroise Thomas' "Psyche," in which the principal characters are Eros and Mercury (Mercury to be played by M. Faure), and Eugene Diaz's prize composition, "Le Coupe du Roi de Thule."

—The Academy will present a gorgeous appearance, on opera nights, this winter, says the New York Mail, if the newest things in opera cloaks are much worn. Scarlet cashmere, heavily trimmed and scolloped with white and gold; white cashmere with blue and silver, will make all our ladies in full dress look like the brilliant actresses of the English burlesque troupe.

—The latest operatic sensation at Milan is "Il Guarany," the work of a Mexican composer named Gomes. The scene is laid in Brazil, and the hero is an Indian chief of the Guarani tribe. It is a tenor role, and is said to have been admirably filled by Villani. The opera was first performed about a year ago.

—The English Opera Company performing at the St. James Theatre, in London includes Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Blanche Cole, Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Nordblom. The last-named gentleman will be remembered as the second tenor of Madame Parepa Rosa's company a year ago.

LOCAL POLITICS.

Republican Meeting in the Third Ward—Political Notes—Announcements.

In pursuance of a notice in THE TRIBUNE, the Republican citizens and tax-payers of the Third Ward assembled on last evening at No. 419 State street, a large and intelligent audience being present.

On motion of ex-Alderman Charles G. Wicker, Hon. Wm. H. King was called to the chair; and in assuming the position, explained that the object of the meeting was to find a first-class man to represent the ward in the Council.

On motion Mr. Joseph Pollak was elected Secretary.

Mr. Wicker moved that the Chair appoint a committee of five to recommend to the meeting the names of several good and trustworthy citizens from whom an Alderman might be selected. Carried, and the Chair appointed Messrs. Wicker, Adsit, Drake, Sharp, and Andrews as such committee.

The committee retired, and, upon returning, recommended to the meeting the names of Messrs. Philo Warner, Daniel Shepard, Thomas Bevan, Ch. Busby, and T. W. Harvey as fit and proper persons to represent the ward.

The question recurring upon the first name, it was unanimously voted that Mr. Philo Warner be the choice of the meeting for Alderman.

On motion, the President appointed a committee of five, consisting of Messrs. Drake, Pfeifer, Messer, Talcott, and Newhouse, to wait on Mr. Warner, and advise him of the action of the meeting.

During the absence of the committee, Major S. D. Phelps was called upon and spoke for some moments on the duties of the voters in the coming campaign.

The returning committee reported that Mr. Warner could not be found.

Mr. Peter Wolf mentioned the fact that Mr. Warner had expressed his willingness to run if properly nominated; whereupon the meeting unanimously voted that he should be the choice of the ward before the primary meeting, and the President was authorized to address a card to him stating the action of the meeting.

Messrs. Wicker, Phelps, and other gentlemen then addressed the meeting for some moments, after which the assembly adjourned.

POLITICAL NOTES.

It is very generally understood that the name of ex-Mayor Rumsey will be presented to the Republican Convention for the office of City Treasurer, and very strongly urged by his friends. He will subscribe to the same conditions prescribed in the case of the present incumbent, regarding the payment to the city of all interest accruing from the deposit of funds in the banks.

—J. J. C. Gillespie, an old-time resident of the city, and at present cashier in the Michigan Southern Railroad freight office, is announced as a candidate for Alderman in the Fourth Ward.

—The candidates on the West Side for County Commissioners are composed exclusively of the present Ward Supervisors and Assistant Supervisors.

—It is currently reported that Ira W. Buell and Charles H. Reed will not present their names to the County Convention as candidates for the vacant Judgeships.

—The Republican ward meetings thus far held this fall have been remarkably well attended, and the interest in the coming campaign is unusually great.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Republicans of the Twelfth Ward are called to meet on to-morrow evening, at No. 211 West Indiana street.

PROFESSIONAL.

News of the Week.

EXCITEMENT STILL CONTINUES AT THE

INDIAN DOCTOR'S OFFICE,

196 South Clark-st.

Events follow events; week after week are we permitted to speak of wonders performed by the well-known *Indian Doctor*. Many who lived in fear of constant death, one month ago, have reported themselves cured during the last week. *Science*, and nature with her *roots, herbs, and barks*, have truly become a blessing to the world.

Fifteen years' constant practice and close application to the study and treatment of *Chronic Diseases*, is an assurance to the afflicted of the reliability of any physician; and in testimony whereof we give, as further evidence, the names of a few of many cured at this Medical Office: Ira Smith, scrofulous tumors of neck; John Hankin, Plymouth, Ind., bone disease; Miss Flora Johnson, Blue Island-av., catarrh; Mrs. Clara Jones, Crown Point, Ind., liver complaint; Robert Fleming, piles and dyspepsia; Eliza Sausaubocher, roaring in the head, with deafness, 13 years' standing; Samuel Coburn, Milwaukee, Wis., heart and lung disease; Mrs. Anna Kisinger, South Halsted-st., fever sore, 15 years' standing.

For want of space we cannot give a full list of patients treated, who reported themselves cured during the last week. *None* knowing themselves afflicted should fail to call on the Doctor, and he will tell your disease without asking a question.

The Doctor is now the most perfect Diagnostician in this country, and his successful efforts to cure all diseases of long standing proves him also a scientific physician.

Dr. Fritz can be consulted daily at his office, 196 South Clark-st., from 9 a. m. till 12 m., from 2 till 4, and 7 to 8 p. m.

BRAND'S TEMPLE OF ART.

The Silvery Chime

OF

"MEMORY BELLS"

Awakes within every matured heart a thought of SOME loved one who has passed from the shores of Time to the realms of Eternity. Are there are any so poor in treasures of the past as not to have some picture of the dear one, gone forever? If it is small, and unsatisfactory, take it to the establishment of E. L. BRAND, the popular Photographer (from his many years of fair dealing), and he will copy and enlarge it to any desired size, and, being allowed to finish it as his judgment deems fit, make you a Picture which shall be at once a memento DEAR TO THE FAMILY and a WORK OF ART fit to adorn any home.

His facilities for copying and enlarging are unequalled in this or any other American city. Orders from the country, addressed to his Business House (28 Washington-st.), will receive prompt attention.

Letters of inquiry will be answered immediately, and a schedule of sizes and prices sent when desired.

BRAND'S TEMPLE OF ART,

28 Washington-st.

WATCH CASE.

THE "MANSARD."

[illegible] LADD PATENT STIFFENED GOLD WATCH CASE [illegible]

FINANCIAL.

$1,500 Cash in Bank

INSURANCE.

FIRE! FI[RE!]

PREPARE F[OR]

Fall and Winter [illegible]

DISASTRO[US]

CONFLAGRA[TION]

IN THE

West Divi[sion]

LAST NIG[HT]

INSURE IN COMP[ANIES]

OF

Known Reliab[ility]

1864—187[1]

"OLD AND SOU[ND]"

Thirtieth Quarterly S[tatement]

OF THE

MUTUAL SECU[RITY]

Insurance Comp[any]

(FIRE AND MARI[NE])

Showing Condition Octob[er]

STOCK COMP[ANY]

CAPITAL AND SUR[PLUS]

Capital Stock, $3[illegible]

Paid up Capital [illegible]

Net Surplus [illegible]

$171,890.30.

ASSETS:

[illegible]

LIABILIT[IES]

[illegible]

WILLIAM BROSS, Presi[dent]. R. W. RAYMOND, Vice President. DAN. M. BOWMAR, Secre[tary]. J. YOUNG SCAM[MON]

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ENOS AYRES, JAS. G. HAMILTON, BENJ. F. PAGE, D. W. BURNHAM, JOHN FORSYTHE, R. W. RAYMOND, ALEX. OFFICER, AMOS T. HALL, J. E. MOSS, M. D. OGDEN, P. F. SPENCER, NORMAN WILLIAMS, NATH'L NORTON, [illegible]

OFFICE:

112 LaSalle-st, CHIC[AGO]

Losses promptly adjust[ed] without litigation or un[necessary] "RED TAPE."

FURNITURE.

FURNITU[RE]

OF

ALL FASHIO[NS]

AT

HALE & BRO['S]

10, 12, 14 & 1[6]

CANAL-S[T.]

Between Lake and Randolph.

POTTER, KING & C[O.]

52 Lake-[st.]

Are offering special inducements [illegible]

FINE, MEDIUM, & C[OMMON]

FURNITU[RE]

Retailed at Wholesale [Prices]

SAFES.

A LARGE ST[OCK]

OF THE

BEST & CHEAP[EST]

Fire and

Burglar-Pr[oof]

SAFES

AT THE MANUFACTORY

S. H. HAR[RIS]

60 and 62 South Canal [st.]

PIANOS.

TO THE TRA[DE]

300 PIANOS AND O[RGANS]

AT WHOLESA[LE]

A large assortment of [illegible]

THE FIRE FIEND.

Terribly Destructive Conflagration Last Night.

Twenty Acres of Buildings in the West Division in Ruins.

Lumber, Wood, and Coal Yards, Planing Mills, Stores, and Dwellings Burned.

The Adams Street Viaduct Destroyed—Narrow Escape of the Bridge.

Thousands of Citizens Witness the Grand but Awful Illumination.

The Loss Supposed to be in the Neighborhood of $1,000,000.

Scenes, Incidents, and Accidents Occasioned by the Fire.

DISCOVERED.

THE SOUNDING OF THE FIRE ALARM from Box No. 248, at about 11 o'clock last night, was the solemn prelude to one of the most disastrous and imposing conflagrations which has ever visited a city which has already enrolled in her history a number of such visitations, many of them so terrible that they can serve as eras in her history. For days past, alarm has followed alarm, but the comparatively trifling losses have familiarized us to the pealing of the Court House bell, and we had forgotten that the absence of rain for three weeks had left everything in so dry and inflammable a condition that a spark might start a fire which would sweep from end to end of the city.

Only a few minutes elapsed after the striking of the alarm before the flames were seen sweeping to the sky, and the lurid light that illuminated the western sky grew more and more powerful, casting its brilliant rays in every direction, bringing out into bold relief the fronts of the buildings which faced it from all quarters. The wind seeming to drive as the flames did, set from the southwest, carrying with it in its onward rush streams of sparks, cinders, and partially-burned pieces of wood, which covered the sky with dazzling brightness, sweeping northeastward like a flight of thousands of meteors, but falling gradually in a fiery shower of rain over that broad area embraced between the river, the South Branch, Wells street, and Jackson street, the [illegible] going far over on the North Division. [illegible] the heavier and more dangerous ones fell [illegible] they reached that point. They dropped with great force on the ground, to the annoyance of foot passengers, and the alarm [illegible] and showered upon the roofs of buildings [illegible] constant fears that other conflagrations would break out, and that a terrible brand [illegible] put it out of the power of the engines to combat them.

Large as it was, the splendor of the flames and the wonderful brilliancy of the sky were such as to draw enormous crowds from every quarter. The densely-populated quarter of the West Division [illegible] the fire would have, of itself, been sufficient to choke up the surrounding [illegible] a dense and impassable crowd, but [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] West [illegible] the Adams street bridge [illegible] swept in a solid mass across Madison [illegible] meeting, as they crossed, the returning [illegible] of those who had satisfied their [illegible] till it was 12 o'clock. The bridge and the approach to Madison street were covered with men [illegible] alone had together, who found there a favorable point for watching the flames, while they were generally out of the reach of the falling embers. The viaduct at Adams street, with its massive woodwork, stood out in bold relief, and beyond and underneath it nothing but a wild whirlwind of flames, obscured for a moment by clouds of smoke, but reappearing the next with added brilliancy. The fire, burning close down to the river, and impelled eastward by the wind, seemed to one looking from the bridge to have almost reached across the water, and to have partially consumed that, as well as all the combustible material on which it was feeding. Above the sound of the crackling flames occasionally rose the screams of the [illegible] the thunder of falling beams and tumbling walls. The sharp smell of smoke filled the air with its oppressive odor.

On the west side of Clinton street, from Jackson to Adams, were the relics of the household goods of the people who had been living on the east side of the street, sometimes piled on drays or wagons, but generally piled upon the sidewalk. After the adjoining houses had proved too small to contain them, their frayed and dilapidated condition testified to the haste with which they had been carried away. [illegible] and among them were their unfortunate possessors, who had been wakened from a sound sleep in which they were refreshing themselves for the religious services of the morrow, and who, instead of getting up to dress for church, found themselves compelled to snatch what they could, and fly for their lives. Those who were near Jackson street could look eastward, across a weltering sea of fire, through which, black and [illegible], the Jackson street, like a road cutting through the infernal regions. [illegible] the wrecks of burning buildings, from rapidly-consuming lumber piles, and more slowly and steadily burning coal heaps, rose thousands of jets of flame, whirling up with them pillars of smoke, through which loomed up the [illegible] buildings along the river, or the slender masts and blazing rigging of some vessel in the river. So grand and so novel was the spectacle that some poor men and women who stood sheltered by night did not well and some, and hugged their collected babies tighter to their bosoms, [illegible] the custom on such occasions, but moaned, gazing straightforward. They did not stop to count what they had lost, or to inquire into the [illegible] of what they had saved, but watched with intense admiration the terribly beautiful spectacle which unfolded itself before them.

Farther north on the street the efforts of the firemen and the eastward tendency of the wind had preserved the houses facing west on Clinton street, the southern ones being mere shells, and their condition improving at one step north, [illegible] they were all much scorched and rendered uninhabitable by the fire and its opposing element, water. But though these [illegible] and forbidding-looking tenements [illegible] barred the view, yet through alleys and occasional breaks in the buildings one could then look [illegible] into the furnace which lay beyond—red [illegible] glimpses, as if one were gazing through the portals of hell. No one wished any [illegible] those individuals who stood beside their [illegible], and the only persons who approached them were in search of information concerning [illegible] friends or relatives, to which they generally replied that they had seen nothing, or replied at [illegible] that they had no [illegible] questions.

Other inquiries were also made as to whether anyone were missing, or had been injured, but this it is impossible to answer, so great was the confusion, to ascertain much concerning it. It is beyond doubt that one person was seriously injured, and another is most likely missing for ever, unless some tidings of her have arrived, should have escaped [illegible]. Mrs. Dowling was [illegible] woman who lived in one of the houses on the west side of Jackson street near Canal, and was [illegible] in her sleep by the advancing fire, and would have been swallowed up by the flames [illegible] Happily this was [illegible] a printer of the name of Robert [illegible] who succeeded in carrying her out, but [illegible]

[illegible]

(marked in on the [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible]

THE FIRE FIEND.

Terribly Destructive Conflagration Last Night.

Twenty Acres of Buildings in the West Division in Ruins.

Lumber, Wood, and Coal Yards, Planing Mills, Stores, and Dwellings Burned.

The Adams Street Viaduct Destroyed---Narrow Escape of the Bridge.

Thousands of Citizens Witness the Grand but Awful Illumination.

The Loss Supposed to be in the Neighborhood of $1,000,000.

Scenes, Incidents, and Accidents Occasioned by the Fire.

DISCOVERED.

THE SOUNDING OF THE FIRE ALARM from Box No. 342, at about 11 o'clock last night, was the solemn prelude to one of the most disastrous and imposing conflagrations which has ever visited a city which has already enrolled in her annals numbers of such visitations, many of them so terrible that they can serve as eras in her history. For days past, alarm has followed alarm, but the comparatively trifling losses have familiarized us to the pealing of the Court House bell, and we had forgotten that the absence of rain for three weeks had left everything in so dry and inflammable a condition that a spark might start a fire which would sweep from end to end of the city.

Only a few minutes elapsed after the striking of the alarm before the flames were seen sweeping to the sky, and the lurid light that illuminated the horizon grew more and more powerful, casting its brilliant rays in every direction, bringing out in bold relief the fronts of the buildings which faced it from all quarters. The wind seeming to rise as the flames did, set from the southwest, carrying with it in its onward rush streams of sparks, cinders, and partially-burned pieces of wood, which covered the sky with dazzling spangles, sweeping northeastward like a flight of thousands of meteors, but falling steadily in a fiery shower of rain, over that broad area embraced between the river, the South Branch, Wells street, and Jackson street, the lighter ones going far over on the North Division, while the heavier and more dangerous ones fell before they reached that point. They dropped with great force on the ground, to the occasional danger of foot passengers, and the … horses, and showered upon the roofs of buildings, inspiring constant fears that other conflagrations would break out, and that a terrible broad area would be covered by the flames, and put it out of the power of the engines to combat them.

Late as it was, the splendor of the flames and the wonderful brilliancy of the sky were such as to attract enormous crowds from every quarter. The densely-populated quarter of the West Division lying near the fire would have, of itself, been sufficient to choke up the surrounding streets with a dense and impassable crowd, but, as the fire showed no signs of abating, they came from greater and greater distances, forcing their way down Clinton street, in the centre of which, near Adams, were half a dozen isolated street cars, utterly unable, for some time to come, to get back to their stables; and getting over or around the obstructions caused by policemen or engines, made their way down to Jackson, near which the fire began, and stopped there, caring nothing for the smouldering ruins which lay beyond that point. They crowded Quincy, Adams, and Jackson streets on the one side of the river, while others, far more anxious, and fearful that the blaze might at any moment leap across the South Branch, and sweep toward the filled streets leading to and on the east side of the South Branch.

At first the concourse was all from the West Side, but as time passed on they began to come from across the water, and as the blazing viaduct and the police made Adams street bridge impassable, they swept in a solid mass across Madison street, meeting, as they crossed, the returning stream of those who had satisfied their curiosity, or who felt it inadvisable to stay there after 12 o'clock. The bridge and the approach on Madison street were covered with men and women, alone and together, who found there a favorable point for watching the flames, while they were generally out of the reach of the falling cinders. The viaduct at Adams street, with its blazing woodwork, stood out in bold relief, and beyond and underneath it nothing but a wild whirlwind of flames, obscured for a moment by bursts of smoke, but reappearing the next with added brilliancy. The fire, burning close down to the river, and impelled eastward by the wind, seemed to one looking from the bridge to have almost reached across the water, and to have partially consumed that, as well as the more combustible material on which it was really feeding. Above the sound of the conflagration occasionally rose the scream of the engines, or the thunder of falling beams and tumbling houses. The sharp smell of smoke filled the air with its oppressive odor.

On the west side of Clinton street, from Jackson to Adams, were the relics of the household gods of the people who had been living on the east side of the street, sometimes piled on drays or wagons, but generally piled upon the sidewalk. After the adjoining houses had proved too small to contain them, their frayed and dilapidated condition testified to the haste with which they had been carried away. On, around, and among them were their unfortunate possessors, who had been wakened from a sound sleep in which they were refreshing themselves for the religious services of the morrow, and who, instead of getting up to dress for church, found themselves compelled to snatch what they could, and fly for their lives. Those who were near Jackson street could look outward, across a weltering sea of fire, through which, black and desolate, ran Jackson street, like a causeway cutting through the infernal regions. From the wrecks of burning buildings, from rapidly consuming lumber piles, and more slowly but more steadily burning coal heaps, rose thousands of jets of flame, whirling up with them pillars of smoke, through which loomed up the taller buildings along the river, or the slender masts and hissing rigging of some vessel in the river. So grand and so novel was the spectacle that those poor men and women who stood shelterless by night did not wail and moan, and hug their half-clad babes tighter to their bosoms, as is the custom on such occasions, but stood gazing straightforward. They did not stop to see what they had lost, or to inquire into the condition of what they had saved, but watched with intense admiration the terribly beautiful spectacle which unfolded itself before them.

Farther north on the street the efforts of the firemen and the eastward tendency of the wind had preserved the houses facing west on Clinton street, the southern ones being mere shells, and their condition improving as one went north, though they were all much scorched and rendered uninhabitable by the fire and its opposing element, water. But though these … and forbidding-looking tenements greatly barred the view, yet through alleys and occasional breaks in the buildings one could there get views into the furnace which lay beyond—real … glimpses, as if one was gazing through the portals of hell. No one wasted any … upon these individuals who stood beside their …, and the only persons who approached them were in search of information concerning the possible insurance, to which they generally replied that they had none, when they replied at all to what they often considered a very unnecessary and rather impertinent question.

Other inquiries were also made as to whether any persons were missing, or had been injured, but while it is impossible, so great was the confusion, to ascertain much concerning it, it is beyond doubt that one person was seriously injured, and … is most likely missing for ever, unless some portion of her bones should have escaped the action of the raging flames which enveloped them. Mrs. Dowling was an old woman, who lived in one of the houses on the north side of Jackson street near Canal, and was surprised in her sleep by the advancing fire and suffocating smoke, which rendered her unable to escape without foreign aid. Happily this was … by a printer of the name of Robert …, who succeeded in carrying her out, but not till she had been severely burned; nor did he escape without serious injuries. She was taken to a house on Jefferson street, not far off, where she is now receiving medical attention. But, while so occupied, her daughter-in-law Margaret Hadley, with whom she was living, was … and … has not been heard of since. It is only remarkable that in the sudden origin and rapid progress of the fire more accidents did not occur.

After a time … [illegible]

… disliked to see so promising a sensation coming to an end. But while these people from a distance marched off, the firemen never stopped for a moment in their heroic efforts, which were, happily, undisturbed, for, with the exception of one false alarm, nothing occurred to distract their attention from the business in hand.

PROGRESS OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

AT THE TIME OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE FIRE, which originated in Lull & Holmes' planing mill on Canal street, near Van Buren, the wind was blowing due south, so that the spread of the flames was northward in the main; although the mischief was soon communicated to the right and left, and the district from Clinton street to the river, a distance of two blocks, was embraced in the destruction. Soon, however, the wind veered from the southwest, and the line of fire began to take an angle to the northeast. The buildings and piles of lumber between the last line of Clinton street and the river, at a point about midway between Van Buren and Jackson streets, were entirely swept away, and the flames swept across to the north line of Jackson street, threatened to follow that line, no one could tell how far. The fire department were powerless to check the progress of the fire, which was carried bodily across the intervening streets and swept to the northward. On Jackson street, between Clinton and Canal, there was a continuous line of wooden buildings, mostly two-story frame dwellings, and back of these were various carpenter shops, barns, sheds, woodpiles, etc., all of which became so rapidly surrounded by fire as to render the saving of the contents an impossibility. In many cases there was barely time to arouse the occupants and get them in safety from the premises. One after another of

THE BUILDINGS WERE ENVELOPED IN FLAMES, and, in the brief space of twenty minutes, the space between Jackson and Adams and Clinton street and the river, was all ablaze. On the east side of Canal street, and between it and the Pittsburgh & Fort Wayne Railroad tracks, bounded north and south by Adams and Jackson, were several coal and lumber offices, all of which disappeared like tinder. Huge piles of coal—hundreds of tons of anthracite—lay back of these buildings, and the heat and flames at last became so intense as to communicate with the coal and set it on fire. Up to this time the passage across the street bridge had been unrestricted save by the volumes of smoke and cinders driven in that direction, but at last the flames reached

THE ADAMS STREET VIADUCT, and soon a wall of fire drove across the passage way, and barred it effectually. Under the bridge the devouring element was carried with fearful velocity, and, before any steps could be taken to prevent it, the sidewalks and railings of the iron viaduct were lapped up, and a long, low shed, in the northeast corner of Adams and Canal, used as a freight depository by the United States and Adams Express Companies, was doomed to destruction. As rapidly as possible the contents were removed, but there was not time enough to save one-quarter of the goods in store. Beyond this shed, to the eastward, stood a large number of

PASSENGER COACHES belonging to the Pittsburgh & Fort Wayne Railroad Company, to save which it was necessary to tear down the shed, which was successfully accomplished. Had it been otherwise, and had these cars taken fire, nothing could have checked the flames, which would have communicated with the Pittsburgh & Fort Wayne freight depot, consuming in their train the passenger buildings, cars, etc., and never stopping until Madison street bridge was reached. All this was fortunately prevented by the strenuous endeavors of citizens—the fire department being unable to operate to advantage in this locality—who, appreciating the terrible danger of a further spread to the east and northeast, labored most heroically in the midst of a horrible shower of livid cinders, and a fierce, hot driving smoke.

SOUTH LINE OF ADAMS STREET.

While the citizens were battling so successfully between Canal street and the river, north of Adams street, the firemen were having a furious contest on the south line of Adams street, west of Canal, and extending nearly to Clinton street. The buildings were all wooden structures, mainly occupied as residences, and it had become perfectly clear to everybody that the great fight must take place at this point. Once let the flames cross to the north line of wooden structures on Adams street, and

THE CONSEQUENCES WERE AWFUL TO CONTEMPLATE.

A dozen leads of hose—all that could be worked to advantage—were brought into the street, and as many streams of water were directed on the burning buildings, the rear portions of which were blazing furiously. Inch by inch these firemen fought for an advantage, fighting in a perfect hell of heat and smoke. Their courage and endurance were something magnificent. While the spectators, hundreds of feet farther away, cowered before the terrible heat and blinding drift of flowing cinders, the pipemen stood their ground, often for five minutes at a stretch, within a dozen feet of the wall of fire, now and then withdrawing a few paces in order to get breath, only to return to the charge as manfully as before. They could not hope to extinguish, but they did not succeed in … the flames so as to save the opposite buildings, and prevent any further spread of the conflagration. This was the grand pitched battle of the occasion—the masterpiece of the department—and it deserves to be signalized as one of the most remarkable achievements on record.

THE BOUNDARIES of the conflagration may be briefly summarized as follows:

Between Clinton and Canal streets, about three-fourths of the area south toward Van Buren street.

Between Canal street and the river, about nine-tenths of the area south toward Van Buren street.

Between Canal street and the river, and Adams and Jackson streets, the entire area.

Between Canal and Clinton streets, and Adams and Jackson streets, about seven-eighths of the entire area, the only remaining buildings being the frontage of about eighty feet on Adams, and … on Clinton street.

On the east side of Canal, north of Adams, about one hundred feet frontage—the express company freight sheds—is consumed.

As nearly as can be estimated, the total area burned over covers about twenty acres, which is by far the largest district ever devastated by fire in Chicago, even eclipsing the famous conflagration of 1857.

JACKSON STREET.

FROM THE PLANING MILL the flames travelled with ungovernable fury west and north, igniting all the lumber in the lumber yard attached to the planing mill. The sparks—some large brands—were carried by the draught of air on to Clinton street. Meanwhile the truck-house, owned by the city, and situated on the southeast corner of Jackson and Clinton streets, ignited, and was reduced to a cinder in a remarkably short time. A row of dwelling houses on Jackson street, between Canal and Clinton, caught fire somewhere in the middle, the flames shooting from the lumber yard on the South Side impelled by a roaring southwest wind. These dwelling houses, dried almost to tinder by the long-continued drought, fell before the consuming flames without appearing to add to their savage brilliancy, so quickly were they destroyed. They succeeded in helping the fire into the mass of dry barns, outhouses, shanties, shops, and dwelling houses situated on Clinton street, and in its rear. They were all on fire in a few minutes, and in a few more were reduced to ashes. All the dwellings on Jackson street from Canal to Clinton were thus destroyed, while the fire travelled half way to Adams on Clinton.

The whole of the row of houses ten in number was owned by Alanson Watson, and were totally destroyed. They were occupied by twenty-eight families in all, who lost all their property, with the exception of a few articles they had succeeded in removing before the flames rendered ingress to their dwellings impossible.

No. 67 Jackson was a two-story frame house on the corner of Clinton street. It was occupied by three families, named respectively, Peters, Williams, and Isaacs. Williams was a printer. The total loss of the three families must have been about $800, upon which there was no insurance.

No. 65 was vacant, and owned by … Silverman; total loss. No. 63 was also owned by Mr. Silverman, and occupied by W. Robbins, a … His loss was about $500; no insurance.

No. 61 was owned by Mr. Watson and occupied by Patrick Power. His loss was probably $800; insured for $500, though he does not know in what company, and believes the policy has expired.

No. 59 was owned by Mr. Watson. It was a two-story house. Thomas Walker and two daughters occupied the lower part of the house. Their possessions, valued, perhaps, at $300, were all destroyed, and were not insured. The upper story was occupied by Mrs. Merrill, who was in great distress, having no shoes on her feet, which were wet and nasty. It is probable that her loss is $100. No insurance.

No. 57 was also a two-story house, owned by Mr. Watson, and occupied on the lower floor by Frederick Greenough. His loss is $600; uninsured. He was waiting for some miraculous agency to restore his property. The upper floor was occupied by Sam. McAllister, who says he lost $300 anyway, and had no consolation of insurance.

Nos. 55, 53, and 51 completed the list of ruined houses in this locality, all owned by Mr. Watson, and more or less occupied. The occupants had vanished to safe quarters, and could not be found. The total loss on buildings on this street, on the south side of the same, will probably amount to $6,000; whether insured or not could not be learned last night. The loss to the property of occupants was possibly $3,000, the insurance on which will be found very light, indeed.

IN THE REAR.

Scattered round in the rear of these houses was an unnumbered mass of miscellaneous buildings. The carpenter-shop, owned by John Stephenson and occupied by a man named Klein, was destroyed. Loss to Klein, $250. A barn owned by Klein, adjoining the carpenter-shop, was destroyed. Loss, $300. There was no insurance in any one of these cases. There was also an unpretending two-story frame house owned by Mr. Pierce, which was also destroyed. His furniture was a total loss, aggregating $1,200, on which there is no insurance.

The south side of Jackson street, as above stated, was occupied by the truck house belonging to the city. Loss, $3,500.

CLINTON STREET.

ADJOINING THE TRUCK-HOUSE on Clinton street stood two one-story frame cottages, owned by Messrs. Haltslander & Randall, as a box, blind, and sash factory. Their establishment was piled up with lumber and valuable property, and they claim to have lost $10,000 by the transaction. They were protected with a light proportion of insurance.

No. 186 Clinton street was north of Jackson. It was a two-story frame house, where Mr. … lived. He was employed in the Alton & St. Louis Railroad depot, as general porter, or in some other capacity. He succeeded in saving his goods, but claims to have lost a respectable amount. There was no insurance on his destructible property.

No. 184 was owned by Mr. Watson, and occupied by John Weise (who insists that his name in decent English is White.) His furniture covered the sidewalk to an appalling distance, but he insisted on his losing $400, on which he had $250 insurance in the Fireman's.

No. 182 was also owned by Mr. Watson, and occupied by F. Cronin, whose loss is claimed to be $200. Insured for $400. The furniture is insured for $200.

No. 180 was also owned by Watson, and occupied by an Israelitish family named Schoen. His loss is assumed to have been $1,200; insured for $750. Mr. Sullivan, who occupied the top floor, lost all his property. No insurance.

Nos. 178 and 176 were owned by C. B. Farwell. They were but slightly injured. No. 174 was also owned by Mr. Farwell, and occupied by James Hanley.

In a house in the rear lived a hackman, named Lewis, who saved his hack. Near him was the wagon shop of Messrs. Bolser & Co., who had just at the present time a great press of repairing on hand. They lost not only their entire stock, but a number of wagons sent over for repairs. Loss about $4,000; insurance probably light.

AN UNWHOLESOME SUGGESTION was made by some bystanders. There was a story current that a wake was being celebrated in one of the wretched shanties in the rear, the party undergoing the ceremonies being a woman. The corpse was left in the house and was burned. Whether this was true or false it was impossible to discover last night.

CANAL STREET.

THE ORIGIN.

The fire originated in the boiler-room of the large planing-mill of Lull & Holmes, at No. … Canal street, and as far as could be ascertained, was accidental—that is, no … could be assigned for its origin. The building was of brick, … stories in height, and about … feet on the ground. The whole building, machinery, and material of the firm were consumed, involving a loss of not less than $30,000. The insurance on the planing mill was about two-thirds that amount.

In the rear of this was a box factory belonging to a Mr. Foster. The loss is stated to be about $2,000; insured for $1,200.

Directly north of the planing mill was a two story frame dwelling, which was totally destroyed; no insurance so far as could be ascertained … [illegible]

… Chicago, $1,000; Lycoming, of Pennsylvania, $1,000.

ON THE EAST SIDE of Canal street the wind prevailed a scarcely less disastrous conflagration … in proportion to the value of the property than occurred on the West Side. The Racine House was located at No. 188, and suffered the fate of the rest of the block, being totally consumed. The building belonged to a man named Marie, and was uninsured.

The Union Wagon Works, situated at No. 190, in the same block, were also totally consumed. They were owned by Mr. E. P. …, whose loss on building and stock will approximate $12,000. Mr. … is understood to have been insured for $10,000.

Messrs. Chapin & Foss, manufacturers of …, had at Nos. 182, 184, 186, and 188 Canal street, had, in addition, a large lumber yard, in which were contained not less than four million feet of lumber. About one-third of this was destroyed, the loss involved being between $20,000 and $30,000. Their insurance was $12,000, all placed by the Agents.

At Nos. 218 and 216 were the lumber yards of John Sheriffs & Son. These yards contained not far from three million feet of lumber, valued at over $65,000. Their insurance was large, but not commensurate with their loss. Among the items may be mentioned $6,000 in the Germania, and $15,000 in the Liverpool, London and Globe. Other companies could not be learned until the opening of the offices … The whole sum was stated to be $30,000.

At No. 214 was situated a large two-story frame, occupied by several German families, … The house … Messrs. Sheriffs & Son, and the loss was complete. The firm held some insurance, but how much was not ascertained.

At No. 212 was a two-story frame, also belonging to Sheriffs & Son. In this building was the office of the firm. It was totally destroyed.

THE GREATEST LOSS of the destructive fire, next to the planing mill, was in the coal and wood yards on the east side of Canal street. The first of these was at No. 170 Canal street, where B. Holbrook had an immense amount of coal in store. The value of the stock was put at $30,000, and it will be nearly all lost. The insurance was not large enough to cover everything, being not far from $20,000. This was placed in the Firemen's Mutual, Security, Germania, and two other companies.

The next firm north of Holbrook was a smaller one, Messrs. Linson & Cornish. They were entirely burned out.

North of the last-named firm was the establishment of W. E. Johnson, agent of the Wilmington Coal Company. He had quite a large amount of coal on hand, and his loss will not be less than $20,000. The insurance will amount to about two-thirds of this sum.

Directly north of Holbrook's yard was the blacksmiths' shop of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad Company. In this … a large amount of valuable tools and machinery, which were entirely consumed. The loss will be about $3,000.

Two barns were included in the fire on the east side of the street, and the loss in them was, perhaps, even more unfortunate than in the yards. The barns belonged to Messrs. Johnson and Holbrook, and in each of them were consumed valuable live stock. The loss of Mr. Holbrook under this head will, it is understood, be exceptionally heavy. The number of horses lost could not be ascertained, but will not be less than half a dozen, and may reach twice that number.

ADAMS STREET.

SOON AFTER MIDNIGHT the fire began to appear in the rear of the buildings fronting on the south side of Adams. The flames came on in vast volume, and in less than ten minutes Nos. 38, 42, and 44 were enveloped. They were as dry as tinder, and burned rapidly. The flames ran up the rear of the houses, along the roof and sides, burst out of the windows, and in twenty minutes not a vestige was left. The firemen had all they could do to prevent the fire from leaping across the street, and the buildings on the opposite side were only saved by being deluged with water.

SO FIERCE WAS THE HEAT that the crowd fell back voluntarily before it, glad enough to get beyond the reach of its scorching power. No. 38 was owned by Samuel Wesler, who lived in the basement, and the first floor was occupied as a saloon. Nos. 42 and 44 were totally destroyed, the latter being owned by Mr. Stephenson. Fortunately, there were vacant lots along the street, and the loss of property was, therefore, less, as nothing could have stayed the progress of the fire had the block been entirely built.

When the fire threatened to consume the houses on Clinton street, the inhabitants began to move their goods and furniture out on the street. They were mostly poor people, some of them boarders, and all of them will be at a serious loss, to say nothing of the inconvenience and discomfort they suffered. Beds, chairs, tables, …, clothing, and everything that makes up household furniture were piled up in heaps and guarded by the owners, who stood gazing at the fiery sea that spread out before them. There were

MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN, babes in their mothers' arms, and little ones, who could not fully comprehend the disaster, clinging around them and crying pitifully for protection. The sight was heartrending. Many of them seemed thankful that their lives and the lives of those dear to them were preserved from the merciless wave of fire that swept everything before it. One poor man deplored the loss of an overcoat which cost him $30 a few days previous, and he wondered where he could find another to shelter him from the cold of the approaching winter. A woman lying sick in one of the houses, her husband being away, did not discover her danger until the fire was close upon her premises. Then she escaped with a blanket around her, everything she owned in the world being ablaze a few minutes afterward. So it was with many others. There were cases of distress all around, but it would be impossible at this writing to narrate any more.

THE ADAMS STREET VIADUCT.

The new viaduct over Adams street was wrapped in flames, and about 200 feet of the flooring was burned. The paint was scorched and blistered, the total damage amounting to about $1,000, which the city will have to pay. From a distance the view of the viaduct was weird and grand. The iron railing stood out like the ribs of some gigantic skeleton condemned to the lower regions, the flames and smoke twisting and twirling around and in and out among them.

The Adams and United States Express Companies had a small shed for the delivery of goods, near the viaduct, and fronting on the railroad track. Some men who were looking after the property were driven away by a shower of sparks falling as thick as snowflakes, but they returned and moved away two or three cars standing near the shed. The shed itself took fire soon after from the viaduct and was totally destroyed. The loss and insurance, if any, could not be definitely ascertained.

THE NATIONAL ELEVATOR, owned by Vincent, Nelson & Co., made a narrow escape. For a time it seemed to be almost surrounded by the flames, and looked like some tall rock looming up in the midst of a seething ocean of fire. It was expected momentarily to fall a prey to the flames, but happily it was saved.

THE TERRIBLE SCENE.

THE FLYING SPARKS AND CINDERS.

From all the bridges in the vicinity of the great fire the scene was one of unparalleled, terrible beauty. The dense column of smoke, driving before the southwesterly gale the millions of burning cinders, carried by the force of the wind over a mile from the theatre of conflagration, and the dense fiery glow of the destroying element itself, illuminating the entire city, made up

A PANORAMA OF GRAND BUT TERRIBLE FEATURES.

Everything was rendered so plain by the gigantic flames that the ropes on the vessels in the river stood out in stronger relief than they would have done in the light of day, while the gallant firemen drove their horses, coming from the South Side fire, right over the burning bridge at Adams street, calling forth the admiration of all beholders. The number of spectators was beyond precedent; every alley, street, and … the principal streets, the crossyards of vessels and the roofs of houses were garrisoned with anxious and excited citizens, watching with interest the progress of the flames.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT more than surpassed itself. No effort was spared by the boys to check the advance of the great destroyer. Again and again the flames appeared to be gaining ground, making desperate efforts to pass over to the north side of Adams street, but as often did the firemen, with hose and axe, repulse the dreaded enemy.

The unfortunate saloon-keepers who had been partially burned out became unduly liberal, and dispensed their cordials to crowds of ready customers, who evidently believed that it was a shame to have liquor given to the flames.

In many places sidewalks gave way, causing immense confusion and running around. Women kept shouting for their friends, children made the air resound with their howlings, boys yelled, while the ceaseless clatter of the engines, and the loud voices of the Fire Marshals, helped to make up a din that might confuse many who had been veteranized to such scenes.

THE POLICE had their hands more than full in keeping back persons anxious to get into the circle of the fire. Only reporters alone were allowed to pass through. Deputy Wells Sherman kept moving along the line calling out to the police, "If they don't keep back lock 'em up, that's the way to fix 'em." Had the officers been obliged to arrest every man that attempted to pass the ropes, all the prisons and police stations in the city would have been full. The officers rendered most efficient service, and deserve much praise for their energy and forbearance throughout the excitement.

DIFFICULTIES.

No fire that has ever taken place in this city progressed with so much rapidity, and at no previous time was it so difficult to get at the facts and figures, owing to the general destruction which bred a confusion seldom if ever equalled.

A STEAMER IN DANGER.

At an early stage of the fire the attention of the spectators was diverted for a time to the "Chicago" engine, which was overtaken by an unlooked-for disaster. It was stationed at the northwest corner of Canal and Jackson streets, and had commenced operation when the entire side of a house seemed to give way, and the flames burst out in a furious volume. The engine was almost enveloped in the flame, and the engineer and all the men were compelled to desert her, and flee for their lives. After a time the flames at that point subsided, and a crowd of citizens rushed to the rescue and dragged her off. She was considerably damaged, but not to such an extent as to prevent her from going into active service at a subsequent period of the night.

TELEGRAPH WIRES BROKEN.

The western wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company were burned and broken down so that communication with the West was temporarily suspended, and the wires of the Fire Alarm Telegraph in the western part of the city met the same fate.

INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS.

A COLLAPSE.

On the corner of Clinton and Jackson streets was a large shed, the roof of which offered a tempting … of vantage for the crowd. It was accordingly taken possession of at an early stage of the fire, and the numbers on the roof kept on increasing till the crowd numbered about 150 people. All of a sudden the roof gave way, and the entire structure collapsed with a great crash. A cry of terror arose from the crowd. A large number of the adventurous spirits had gone down with the ruins, and were severely crushed. The precise number who suffered injury was not ascertained. Every effort was made to rescue the sufferers, and it is believed that no lives were lost.

The sidewalks on Clinton street caved in while they were crowded with passengers, and a good many persons were more or less damaged by the fall.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

When the fire was raging in the lumber yard of Sheriffs & Son, some six or eight men were surrounded by fire and could not get out. They were in imminent danger of being suffocated or burned, and, as a last resort, they tumbled one of the blazing stacks of lumber into the river, and made a sort of raft upon which they paddled their way in safety to the opposite bank.

PROPERTY SAVED IN THE RIVER.

Deadly diseases call for sharp remedies. It was a singular sight to see the men belonging to the coal yards hauling heavy trucks and wagons and precipitating them into the river. This was the only method to be adopted to save them under the circumstances. About fifteen trucks and twenty-five wagons were in this manner thrown into the river.

THE SIDEWALKS on both sides of Jackson street, from Clinton to Canal; on both sides of Canal, from Adams to Van Buren, and on one side of Clinton street, from Jackson to Van Buren streets, were entirely burned up or otherwise destroyed.

LOSSES AND INSURANCE.

DIFFICULTIES.

In a fire of such magnitude it is reasonable to presume that every insurance company in the city has suffered to a greater or less extent. The lateness of the hour, and the extraordinary confusion prevailing everywhere … [illegible]

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

An Uninteresting Contest—The Championship Record.

The Boston-Haymaker Series Won by the Former Club.

Defeat of the Ætnas by the Stars—Bobbles on Wright.

The Jerome Park Races—Billiards—Miscellaneous Matters.

BASE BALL.

WHITE STOCKINGS VS. ATHLETICS.

The announcement of a game between the White Stockings and amateur Athletics attracted not more than a hundred people to the Lake Shore Park yesterday afternoon. The game was not especially noteworthy, aside from the fact that the White Stockings played with but eight men, King and McAtee laying off, while Brannock pitched, Foley caught, Hodes played third, Duffy short, Zettlein second, Simmons first, and Treacy and Wood took care of the outfield. The Athletics were weak at the bat and in the field, and played a poor game throughout. Below is

THE SCORE.

White Stockings.	O.	R.	B.	T.	Athletics.	O.	R.	B.	T.
Wood, c. and r. f.	[illegible]				J. O'Neill, 1 b.	[illegible]			
Treacy, c. and l. f.	[illegible]				Stambaugh, …	[illegible]			
Duffy, s. s.	[illegible]				Boardman, …	[illegible]			
Simmons, 1 b.	[illegible]				Lightner, …	[illegible]			
Brannock, p.	[illegible]				Mars, s. s.	[illegible]			
Hodes, 3 b.	[illegible]				Smyth, …	[illegible]			
Zettlein, 2 b.	[illegible]				Akers, c.	[illegible]			
					Dunn, p.	[illegible]			
Total	[illegible]				Total	[illegible]			

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD during the past week has not been materially changed, but two games having been played, in both of which the Bostons participated and were victorious, beating the Mutuals and Haymakers, and deciding the series with the latter. This leaves the Bostons second in the race, with only one series yet to conclude—that with the Mutuals, with whom the games stand two and two. It is probable that no more championship games will be played at the East until after the Chicago-Haymaker games, as both the Bostons and Athletics will doubtless prefer to stand back and await the development of the standing of the White Stockings. The Athletics have yet to conclude series with the Mutuals, toward whom they stand two and two, and with the Haymakers, whom they have beaten twice, and to whom they have lost no games. The conviction is current in the West that the Eastern clubs will "figure" among themselves to retain the championship in that section, and keep it away from Chicago, provided this result can be reached by a mutual arrangement. It is doubtful, however, whether such a plan is in contemplation. The carrying out of this scheme would rest mainly with the Mutuals, who, to attain the supposed end, would have to lose the deciding games with the Bostons and Athletics, in order that each of the latter may stand with but one series against them, and thus be on an equal footing in this respect with the White Stockings in case they should lose a series. In this event, the tie between the three would probably have to be decided on the basis of games lost, and there would be some tall figuring to work this out. The probabilities are that the Mutual Club will refuse to enter into any such combination—if not on the ground of honor and fairness, then by reason of the fact that the state of feeling between the Mutual and Athletic Clubs is far from amicable. It is sincerely to be hoped, for the credit of base ball, that there will be no games "thrown" for the sake of keeping the championship in the East, and that the remaining games will be contested solely on their merits, and may the best club fly the whip-pennant. Below is a summary of the standing of the various clubs with reference to the championship:

Clubs.	[illegible]
Chicago	[illegible]
Athletic	[illegible]
Boston	[illegible]
Haymaker	[illegible]
Mutual	[illegible]
Olympic	[illegible]
Cleveland	[illegible]
Rockford	[illegible]
Kekionga	[illegible]

COMING EVENTS.

To-morrow afternoon a game occurs, at Lake Shore Park, between the White Stockings and the Forest Citys of Rockford. In view of the marked discourtesy manifested toward the Chicago Base Ball Club by the Rockford club on the occasion of their recent visit to this city—its withdrawing from a game without any just cause or reason for so doing—it is not to be expected that the attendance will be large. The game should be played to empty benches. In reality, it should not be played at all. The White Stocking management should refuse to hold any further intercourse with the Rockford club until a suitable apology has been offered.

—The event to which all Chicago is looking forward with intense interest, and the issue of which will be eagerly looked for throughout the country at large, is the White Stocking-Haymaker game, which takes place in this city on Tuesday afternoon. The number of tickets already purchased indicates that the attendance will be enormous—perhaps the largest of the season—and those who wish reserved seats in the pavilion should lose no time in securing them.

BOSTONS VS. HAYMAKERS.

TROY, Oct. 7.—The fifth and deciding game of the championship series between the Boston and Haymaker Clubs was played here to-day, and resulted in a victory for the Bostons by a score of 13 to 5.

STARS VS. ÆTNAS.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—The Ætnas arrived here last evening, the game with the Tremont Club being postponed on account of rain. They met the Stars on the Capitoline Grounds this afternoon and met with a severe defeat. In the third inning the Stars, by some good hits, assisted by a couple of wild throws, scored eleven runs, which placed the final result beyond a doubt. This decided lead … discouraged the Chicago lads, and they played with very little spirit afterwards. The fielding on the Star side was good, and at the bat they were occasionally very good. The following is the score by innings:

Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Ætnas	[illegible]								
Stars	[illegible]								

First base hits—[illegible].
Umpire—Mr. Burdick, of the Atlantic B. B. C.
Time of game—Two hours.

The Ætnas play the Putnams, of Troy, on Monday.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HARRY WRIGHT.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: To tell the truth, I have a curiosity for you; it is the most bungling specimen of malicious perversion and misrepresentation that has been seen in a New York paper this year. … With your kind permission I will quote from the last number of *Wilkes' Spirit:*

In THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE of the … September there appeared a letter on the subject of the Chicago-Haymaker difficulty from a person using the nom de plume of "Mr. Bobbles," in which he comments very severely upon Mr. Harry Wright for having considered the White Stockings would forfeit a series of games to the Haymakers if they persisted in their refusal to play with the latter club so long as Craver was a member of the nine. Mr. Bobbles claims that he heard Harry Wright give his opinion to the above effect, and tries to twist it into such a form as to lead the public to believe that Mr. Wright has already prejudged the case.

To tell you the exact truth, most respected sir, I am not at all aggrieved at being called a "person;" in fact, I rather enjoy it; but I leave it to you if I am not misstated. This was the main portion of my screed:

* * * Still further, that he was so far convinced of the justice of the Haymaker claim that he should vote to give them a series. Without touching at all upon the subject of the indelicacy of these premature revelations of how a vote was to go, the writer tenderly asked Mr. Harry Wright if he had heard the evidence upon both sides upon which the deciding committee was to base its verdict. No! Mr. Harry Wright had heard no evidence, more than the general understanding of the case from the papers, but yet he was prepared then and there to say that he should vote to throw the series against the Chicago Club, and in favor of the Haymakers.

Now, as between man and man, do you really think that I "twisted" Mr. Harry Wright's remark when I stated that he was "prejudging the case?"

I have not the slightest idea, my dear sir, that you understand slang; and yet I am moved to say that the writer "gave himself away" bodily when he penned the following:

That Mr. Wright is entitled to express an opinion on the subject of dispute, as an individual, there surely cannot be any doubt; … [illegible]

… [illegible]

After which I shall remain yours,

MR. BOBBLES.

MUTUALS VS. HAYMAKERS.

The Mutuals and Haymakers played the first game of an exhibition series at Troy, on Thursday last, the former club being victorious at the rate of … [illegible]

THE TURF.

JEROME PARK RACES.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—The attendance at the Jerome Park races to-day was slim, and the track was heavy. The first race, a handicap sweepstakes, one mile and a quarter. Nine horses started. Ortolan was the winner. Time, 2:19.

The second race for the … stakes for three-year-olds, two miles, was won by Harry Bassett. Time, …

The third race for the Nursery stakes for two-year-olds, one mile, was won by … entry. Time, …

In the fourth race, a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages, … Time, …

The fifth race, a four-mile dash, was won by … Time, …

A WOMAN'S RACE, which took place on the Fashion Course on Thursday last, is thus described in the New York World … [illegible]

BILLIARDS.

TABLES FOR PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

Since the inauguration of his remarkably successful enterprise in the manufacture of billiard tables, Mr. Emanuel Brunswick has, by the lavish exercise of taste and care, accomplished wonders in the way of external ornamentation, so that he now, and with no small degree of justice, lays claim to the distinction of producing the handsomest, as well as the best, billiard table ever manufactured in America. He has just introduced a novelty which especially commends itself to gentlemen who wish to select tables for private residences. By the aid of improved machinery Mr. Brunswick is enabled, without extra charge, to place an inlaid monogram—of rosewood and maple—or other woods, if preferred—upon the leg-heads of the table, in any letters or designs the purchaser may order. The effect is superb, added to the general elegance of finish and ornamentation, and those who have to make a selection of a table for the private residence should by all means call at the warerooms of Emanuel Brunswick, No. 11 LaSalle street, and look at the samples there on exhibition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A novel race is announced to take place at Riverside on Tuesday next, at 3 o'clock. McGuire, the pedestrian, is matched to run one-half mile against Royal George, a trotting horse, for a stake of $500 a side.

—The regular meeting of the Prairie Shooting Club occurs to-morrow evening.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A Clergyman and a Layman Appropriately Rewarded.

Programme of Services in the Churches To-Day.

A PLEASANT AFFAIR.

A few evenings since, the many friends of Rev. Alfred Eddy met in the reception parlors of the Ninth Presbyterian Church to bid their former pastor good-bye, as he starts for his new field of labor at Niles, Mich. The evening was pleasant, and the church parlors were crowded with those who have for the past five years listened to the teachings of Mr. Eddy, together with many of his old congregations from Olivet and Bloomington. The committee had tastefully decorated the rooms with an abundance of flowers and mottoes, conspicuous among them being "Love is our motto," in large white letters on a blue background.

After the congratulations, and hearty handshaking all round, the pastor and his amiable wife were marched up to a covered table, and Mr. … proceeded to say:

BELOVED BROTHER AND SISTER IN THE LORD: I address you as the representative of your most particular friends, who have made choice of this occasion to present you with a farewell token of their sincere and cordial regard. … [illegible]

Love is our motto both fervent and true, … [illegible]

The cover was then removed, and the table glittered with a load of presents to Mr. Eddy and his wife, from the congregation, besides many from other friends. It being a complete surprise, Mr. Eddy was entirely unprepared, but responded in a few words welling up from his big heart, and then offered a most touching prayer. After which the party repaired to the refreshment room, where a bountiful supply of ice-cream, cake, fruit, &c., had been tastefully arranged, and to which ample justice was done.

Refreshments over, the company inspected the beautiful presents, which consisted of the following articles: A dozen elegant dinner knives, a dozen tea knives, a dozen oyster spoons, beautifully engraved, half a dozen table spoons, and an elaborately carved ice pitcher, server, goblets, and water bowl, with the words "Presented to A. Eddy and wife by their friends of the Ninth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, September 26, 1871." Also, a beautiful glass and silver fruit basket, with many other minor gifts.

Dr. Eddy goes to Niles about the 15th of the present month, where extensive improvements are being made in his new church.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME SORT.

On Wednesday evening last, at the Church of the Atonement, corner of Robey and West Washington streets, after special religious services and a few very appropriate remarks, the rector of the parish, Rev. H. G. Kinney, presented, in behalf of the congregation, a large and elegant Bible to Reuben Taylor, Esq., in recognition of his faithful services to the parish as Senior Warden, which office he has filled since the organization of the parish, three years ago. Mr. Taylor warmly responded, gratefully acknowledging the token of their affection. He was about retiring from the chancel, when a little girl approached, and, in a very graceful manner, presented him with a beautiful Book of Common Prayer … [illegible] … one of the happiest events in the history of the parish, and will long be remembered by all who participated in it. … [illegible]

UNITARIAN.

Unity Church, corner of North Dearborn and Walton streets. Services morning and evening by the pastor, Rev. Robert Collyer.

—Third Church, corner of Laflin and Monroe streets, Rev. C. A. Staples, pastor. Services in the evening at the usual hour. Rev. C. W. Wendte will preach.

—Rev. C. W. Wendte will preach at the Masonic Hall, Hyde Park, at 3 o'clock p. m.

—Rev. R. L. Collier, of the Church of Messiah, Chicago, will preach in the School house at Englewood, at 3:30 p. m.

—The Fourth Church Society meets at Avenue Hall, No. 147 Twenty-second street. The pastor, Rev. C. W. Wendte, will preach in the morning.

—Church of the Messiah, near the corner of Wabash avenue and Hubbard court. Rev. R. L. Collier will preach in the morning on "The Philosophy and Treatment of Crime."

EPISCOPAL.

Christ Church, Rev. Chas. E. Cheney, rector. Preaching morning and evening. Seats free in the evening.

—Trinity Church, on Jackson street, between Wabash and Michigan avenues, Rev. E. Sullivan, rector. Services morning and evening.

—Calvary Church, Warren avenue near Western avenue, Rev. A. W. Snyder, rector. Services morning and evening. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

—St. Stephen's Church, on Johnson street, between Taylor and Twelfth streets. Services morning and evening.

—Church of the Holy Communion, on Burnside street, between Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth streets. Services morning and evening. All seats free.

—St. Mark's Church, corner of Cottage Grove and Oak avenues. Rev. B. Morgan, rector. Services morning and evening.

UNIVERSALIST.

Sunday School anniversaries will be held at Murray Chapel at 10:45 this forenoon. Preaching in the evening by the pastor, Rev. O. F. Safford. Subject: "Repentance and the New Life."

—St. Paul's Church, corner of Wabash avenue and Van Buren street. Rev. Dr. Ryder will officiate morning and evening.

—Church of the Redeemer, on West Washington street, Rev. G. T. Flanders preaches twice. Morning subject: "True Manhood." Evening subject: "A Kiss for a Blow."

BAPTIST.

North Church, corner of Chicago avenue and Dearborn street. Rev. Dr. Westover, having resigned the pastorate of this church, will preach his farewell sermon at 10:30 a. m. It is expected that Rev. O. F. Walker, of West Meriden, will preach October 14, morning and evening.

—Rev. R. Woodworth, of Rhode Island, will preach in the morning at the Free Baptist Church, corner of Loomis and Jackson streets.

—Second Church, corner of Morgan and Monroe streets. Rev. T. W. Goodspeed, having been invited to become the pastor's associate, will preach, morning and evening.

METHODIST.

Centenary Church, on Monroe street, near Morgan. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Fowler, will preach morning and evening. Sunday School at 3 p. m.

—Rev. S. McChesney will deliver the first of a series of discourses at the Wabash Avenue Methodist Church this evening. Subject: "Morning."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Church of the Fraternity. Services in Metropolitan Hall at 3:30 p. m. The pastor, Rev. W. W. King, will deliver his fifth discourse on "Immortality; or, Life in Death."

—Church of God, corner Warren avenue and Robey street. Preaching, morning and evening, by Rev. William Beecher, eldest brother of Henry Ward Beecher. Seats free.

—First Christian Church, corner of Wabash avenue and Sixteenth street. Services morning and evening by the pastor, Rev. Isaac Errett.

—Advent Christian, on Green street, near Madison. The pastor, Elder Frank Burr, will preach morning and evening. Morning subject: "The Rich Man and Lazarus."

—Mariner's Church, corner of Market and Michigan streets. Rev. Joseph H. Leonard, chaplain. Seats free. Sailors and landsmen are welcome. Preaching morning and evening. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Daily Temperance prayer meeting from 3 to 4 p. m.

—Oakland Congregational Church. Rev. Geo. A. Jackson, of North Adams, Mass., will preach in the morning. Sabbath School Concert in the evening.

—Friends' Meeting at noon, 18 Methodist Church Block, corner of Washington and Clark streets, at 11 o'clock a. m. Samuel Beck, of …, will be present.

The Great Fire.

We call attention to the card of the Mutual Security Insurance Company in another column. This company has always been distinguished for equitable rates and honorable dealing. … [illegible] … Every loss will be fairly met, honestly investigated, and promptly paid. … [illegible]

Metropolitan Hall.

Dr. Payne will deliver his third course of scientific lectures to the ladies and gentlemen of Chicago at Metropolitan Hall, commencing on Monday night, October 9. … [illegible]

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Fourth Annual Fair and Festival for the benefit of St. John's Church, … [illegible]

… while Dr. Price's Special Flavorings are … [illegible]

Caution—In the use of disinfectants beware of those which contain poison. … Chloralum is free from all poison, and is absolutely harmless and safe. Prepared only by TILDEN & CO., 176 William-st., N. Y. Sold by …

The well-known firm of Messrs. F. & E. Jaeger, 71 Wabash avenue, have now on hand a large and complete stock of French, … China, and Plated Ware, &c., which they are selling on very favorable terms. All foreign goods are purchased by Mr. F. Jaeger, who is now in Europe.

Hazard & Caswell's Cod Liver Oil is the purest, sweetest, and best in the world. Physicians have decided it superior to any other Cod Liver Oil in market. Patients who have once taken it can take no other.

The Best are the Cheapest—An immense stock of Burt's fine Boots, Shoes, and Slippers, can always be found at the well-known house of Hamilton & Hoadley, 126 State street.

Salt Rheum cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

SATURDAY EVENING, Oct. 7.

The money markets, both local and general, continue only moderately active; the supply of funds is still fair, and rates of interest are not materially different from what they were at this time last week in any of the principal American markets. But, as there are still some slight apprehensions of what may result from the disturbance in European markets, caused by the payment of the French indemnity to Germany, considerable caution is being observed in financial operations in the Eastern markets.

In the local market money is in fair supply, and the banks are taking about all the first-class paper offered. The movement of currency to the country seems to have almost ceased, and the banks have stopped ordering currency from New York.

Exchange was rather firmer to-day, with sales between banks at from 75c to $1 per $1,000 discount. At the counter bankers sell at par and buy at 1-10 discount.

The Manager of the Clearing House furnishes the following summary of the business of his office for the week ending October 7:

Date.	Clearings.	Balances.
October 2	[illegible]	[illegible]
October 3	[illegible]	[illegible]
October 4	[illegible]	[illegible]
October 5	[illegible]	[illegible]
October 6	[illegible]	[illegible]
October 7	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]
Last week	[illegible]	[illegible]
Corresponding week last year	[illegible]	[illegible]

GOLD IN NEW YORK TO-DAY.

[illegible]

LATEST.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—Gold has been very firm, at 114½@114¾, … by foreign bankers. Loans were from 1-64 for use to 5-64 per cent for carrying. The clearings were $79,000,000. The exports today were $138,371; for the week, $900,000.

Governments were strong, in sympathy with gold, but transactions were small. All classes of securities are lower in London. The new 5 per cent United States bonds fell this morning to 1½ discount, against 1 per cent yesterday afternoon. The effect has been to advance rates of sterling exchange to 109 for 60-day bills, and 110 for short sight. It is said here that foreign bankers are trying to depress the prices of the new 5 per cent loan, because they were not instrumental in placing it upon the market; but it is probable they will fall for large orders for the purchase of these securities in London, at the discount they are now being offered at there, have been sent forward, by cable, for Western banks. The Syndicate here reports that it had sold to banks all there is allotted on this side.

Stocks opened steady. Business throughout the day was unusually limited; and in many shares transactions were not sufficient to establish quotations. Late in the day Lake Shore and Northwestern were firm, holding steady. The brokers are all complaining of the dullness of the market. This afternoon the Stock Exchange was almost deserted, … a large number of regular attendants. The market closed dull, with a slight recovery from the lowest point of the day.

The bank statement is unfavorable. The following are the changes:

Loans, decrease	[illegible]
Specie, decrease	[illegible]
Legal tenders, decrease	[illegible]
Deposits, decrease	[illegible]
Circulation, increase	[illegible]

Money was easy at 5 to 7 per cent. There have been considerable shipments of greenbacks to the South during the week.

State bonds were neglected; Tennessee dull and lower.

Sterling, 109.

[illegible: government bond, state bond and stock quotations]

COMMERCIAL.

SATURDAY EVENING, Oct. 7.

The following table shows the receipts and shipments of produce at this point for the past twenty-four hours:

	Receipts. 1871.	Receipts. 1870.	Shipments. 1871.	Shipments. 1870.
Flour, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wheat, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Corn, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oats, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rye, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Barley, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Grass seed, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Flax seed, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Broom corn, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cured meats, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Beef, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pork, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lard, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tallow, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Butter, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dressed hogs, No.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Live hogs, No.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cattle, No.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hides, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Highwines, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wool, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Potatoes, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lumber, m ft	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Shingles, m	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lath, m	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Salt, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The following were the receipts and shipments of breadstuffs and stock during the past week, and for corresponding weeks ending as dated:

RECEIPTS.	Oct. 7, 1871.	Sept. 30, 1871.	Oct. 8, 1870.
Flour, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wheat, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Corn, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oats, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rye, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Barley, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hogs, No.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cattle, No.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
SHIPMENTS.			
Flour, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wheat, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Corn, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oats, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rye, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Barley, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hogs, No.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cattle, No.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The following were the closing prices:

	Oct. 7, '71.	Oct. 8, '70.
Flour, sp. Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wheat, No. 2 sp.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wheat, No. 2 red	[illegible]	[illegible]
Corn, No. 2	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oats, No. 2	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rye, No. 2	[illegible]	[illegible]
Barley, No. 2	[illegible]	[illegible]
Highwines	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mess pork	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lard	[illegible]	[illegible]
Shoulders	[illegible]	[illegible]
Short ribs	[illegible]	[illegible]

The following grain has been inspected into store up to 10 o'clock this morning: 342 cars wheat; 203 cars corn; 38,300 bu No. 2 do; 134 cars and 5,000 bu oats; 35 cars rye; 100 cars barley. Total (880 cars), 456,000 bu.

Withdrawn yesterday for city consumption: 3,518 bu wheat; 3,348 bu corn; 2,500 bu oats; 1,001 bu rye; 4,030 bu barley.

The leading produce markets were moderately active to-day, with few important changes to note in prices. The shipping movement was light, as is usual on Saturday, but the receipts were less than heretofore, and hence there was no special local reason for heaviness.

The statement of the profit and loss account on shipment of grain to Liverpool, published in our yesterday's report, was furnished by one of the largest shippers in this city, who ought to know; it is interested. Nevertheless, as was proven to-day. Wheat, at 11s 6d per 100 lbs, in Liverpool, is the equivalent of $1.54 per bu in New York, and $1.18 per bu in Chicago. Corn, at 33s per 480 lbs, in Liverpool, is equal to 74½c per bu in New York, and to about 48c per bu in Chicago.

Highwines were weak. The market opened at 90c, with sales of 200 brls, but fell off to 89c, at which figure 150 brls were sold; at the close there was no demand, and two lots were offered at 89c without finding buyers.

Lake freights were dull and easier, though the wind setting north this morning delayed the arrival of several inward-bound vessels, and caused owners to ask higher rates. Shippers were not anxious, as they expect a large fleet in shortly, and would only take hold at a slight reduction. A total of ten grain charters was reported since 'Change yesterday, which will carry out 100,000 bu wheat, 20,000 bu corn, 70,000 bu oats, and 44,000 bu rye. Owners asked 14c on corn, and 15c on wheat to Buffalo; shippers offered 1c less. Through rates were nominally unchanged, at 25c on wheat, 23c on corn, and 22c on oats to New York. Corn was taken through … [illegible]

Provisions were dull. Mess pork was nominally firm for future delivery, but was unmistakably flat on cash lots. There are orders here for pork, but buyers hold off, not knowing when they can ship it out. The movement of the past week had been a liberal one, under the circumstances, but several large lots have lain here for some time, waiting to go out, with no present prospect of their being taken as yet. This makes cash pork heavy. For the future, opinions are divided, but the majority of operators begin to think that products will have to tumble still lower. Lard was rather weak for futures, notwithstanding reported firmness in New York. Meats were nominally unchanged. The shipments of the past week … seller November. … Dry salted meats (boxed) from winter-slaughtered hogs at … for shoulders; … for short ribs; … Boxed meats at … for shoulders; … for short ribs; … for short clear. Bacon meats quoted at … for shoulders; … for short ribs, and … for short clear; bacon hams at 12@15c. Beef hams nominal at $17.00@18.00. Mess beef, $9.00; extra mess beef, $11.00 per brl. Tallow at 8½@8¾c. Greases at 5½@7½c. Sales were reported of 1,300 brls mess pork seller the month at $13.00; 100 brls do seller first half of December (new) at $12.50; 100 brls do seller January at $12.25; 500 tcs lard seller January at 9½c; 1,000 tcs do seller January, February, and March at 9½c; 125 tcs summer lard at 9¼c; 50 tcs No. 1 at 9c; 40 brls beef at $9.00.

The present stock of provisions here is about as follows: Mess pork, 14,000 brls; prime mess, 1,500 brls; lard, 7,000 tcs; shoulders, 1,450,000 lbs; short ribs, 1,250,000 lbs; short clear, 800,000 lbs; rough sides, 160,000 lbs; sweet pickled hams, 883 tcs winter, and 200 tcs summer cured. The stocks one year ago were: Mess pork, 6,000 brls; lard, 4,000 tcs; shoulders, 420,000 lbs; short ribs, 50,000 lbs.

Flour was exceedingly quiet, with scarcely any buyers in attendance. A few dealers seemed willing to shade yesterday's quotations, but the majority were firm, and would make no deductions. Sales were reported as follows: White Winter Extras—100 brls Magnolia at $8.25; 100 brls on private terms. Spring Extras—100 brls Nashua Falls and 100 brls Pease at $6.25; 200 brls at $6.00; 200 brls on private terms. Unsound Spring Extras—82 brls at $4.50. Rye Flour—100 brls at $5.00. Buckwheat Flour—20 brls at $7.25. Total, 1,802 brls. Also, 10 tons bran at $14.00 delivered; 10 tons do at $13.75 on track; 20 tons do at $13.00 on track.

Wheat averaged 1¼c higher, and was more active, chiefly in a speculative way. Liverpool advices were conflicting; most of them quoted that market dull, but some private despatches stated that wheat could not be bought at quotations. New York was firm, but quiet. The course of the market here disappointed a good many experienced operators; they expected to see it decline, instead of which the speculative demand was so liberal as to produce an advance, and make options for future delivery rise nearly ¼c further than cash wheat. On the Early Board seller the last half sold at $1.18@1.19½. On 'Change the option opened at $1.19¾, and advanced to $1.20¾, closing at $1.20¾. Seller the month sold on 'Change at $1.18¾@1.19½, closing at $1.19¼. Seller November sold at … No. 1 spring closed at $1.22; No. 2 spring at $1.19½; No. 3 spring at $1.14½; and rejected spring at $1.07. Winter wheat was quiet and unchanged. Cash sales were reported of 1,200 bu No. 1 spring at $1.22; 2,800 bu do at $1.21¼; 3,400 bu do at $1.21; 10,000 bu No. 2 spring at $1.19¾; 29,600 bu do at $1.19½; 82,800 bu do at $1.19¼; 9,800 bu do at $1.19¾; 27,400 bu do at $1.19; 4,800 bu do at $1.18¾; 800 bu do at $1.18¾; 3,000 bu No. 3 spring at $1.14¾; 6,400 bu do at $1.14; 1,200 bu rejected spring at $1.07½; 400 bu do at $1.07¼; 800 bu do at $1.07; 400 bu do at $1.06; 800 bu No. 2 red winter at $1.25; 800 bu No. 3 red winter at $1.15. Total, 201,000 bu.

Corn averaged ½c lower, and was dull at the decline, especially on the more deferred option, the premium on last half nearly vanishing to-day, there being very little speculative demand, and but a light inquiry for cash lots, though corn was quoted steady in New York, and the feeling on freights here was easier. On the Early Board seller the month sold at 46½@46¾c. On 'Change the option sold at 46½@46¾c, closing at 46½c—the same for cash No. 2. Seller last half averaged ½c above the whole month. No. 1 was nominal at 46½. Rejected closed at about 43½c. Cash sales were reported of 4,400 bu No. 2 at 45½c; 45,000 bu do at 46½c; 112,000 bu do at 46¾c; 25,000 bu do at 46¾c; 800 bu kiln-dried do at 48c; 1,600 bu rejected at 43¾c; 1,200 bu do at 43c; 400 bu do at 43¼c; 1,200 bu kiln-dried do at 42c; 1,200 bu do at 41¾c; 8,600 bu yellow at 48c; 1,200 bu do at 46½c; 400 bu new at 40c on track. Total, 237,200 bu.

Oats were moderately active, and averaged a shade higher, under a good shipping and speculative demand, while sellers were scarcely so free as heretofore, in spite of the fact that New York was reported dull and easier. Seller the month, or regular No. 2, sold at 29½@30c; seller last half at 30¾c; and seller November at 31@31½c; all closed firm. Cash sales were reported of 600 bu No. 1 at 31c; 30,000 bu No. 2 at 30½c; 12,000 bu do at 30¼c; 50,000 bu do at 30c; 30,000 bu do at 29¾c; 1,800 bu rejected at 27½c; 1,800 bu do at 27¼c; 600 bu no grade at 24c. Total, 135,800 bu.

Rye was in good shipping demand, and averaged about ½c better. The market for regular No. 2 opened at 64½c, and improved to 65c at the close. Strictly fresh receipts closed at 65½@66c. Nothing doing in No. 1. Cash sales were reported of 4,000 bu No. 2 at 65½c; 35,000 bu do at 65¾c; 4,200 bu do at 65¾c; 6,000 bu do at 65½c; 19,300 bu do at 65c; … [illegible] … bu rejected at 59½c; 400 bu do at 56c. Total, 79,400 bu.

Barley was quiet and weak. The market opened out seemingly strong, but fell off and closed very dull, owing to liberal offerings. Cash No. 2 closed with sellers at 59½c; seller the month offered at 58c; seller last half … at 58c, a few options being sold early at 1½c above those quotations. Cash sales were reported of 1,200 bu No. 2 at 60½c; 7,200 bu do at 60c; 1,200 bu do at 60¼c; … [illegible] … 800 bu do at 50½c; 2,800 bu do at 50c; 800 bu by sample at 66c; 400 bu do at 66c; 1,600 bu do at 61c; 400 bu do at 60c; 400 bu do at 58½c. Total, … bu.

The Buffalo Express, in commenting on the recent increase in the grain movement of this year, says that "the lakes and the canal are recovering nothing—making no headway against the competition of the railroads"—that the increased quantities argue nothing that is encouraging, "and contribute nothing to the foggy logic which contends that the canals are doing well enough, and that they need no improvement nor liberalization of policy to quicken and cheapen transportation upon them."

The general features of the grocery market were substantially the same as noted in our reports from day to day for a week past. A satisfactory business is doing, and prices are firm for nearly all articles in the list, the exception being sugars, which, owing to a less active demand and a slight decline East, are easier. Coffees are still excited and unsettled. Both the consumption and speculative demands continue active, and prices are steadily working upward. Teas, also, are somewhat firmer, with a tendency to advance. The inquiry for syrups is improving, as the season advances, and prices are more firmly held in consequence. The oil trade was reported reasonably active at unchanged prices, though increased firmness was noted in lard, linseed, and turpentine. There was more activity in the hay market to-day than at any previous period within the past fortnight, and a better, firmer feeling prevailed. In addition to a fair Eastern and local demand, several large purchases were made for shipment up the lakes, and, although the stocks in store are liberal, there are indications of an advance in pressed descriptions. The hide market was without the slightest change either in tone or in prices, there being a moderate supply and a fair demand at 10½c for heavy green cured, and at 11½c for light do. The activity that has characterized the market for domestic dried fruits continues, and prices are still advancing. Foreign dried fruits, though less active than domestic, are meeting with a good demand, and the general tendency is upward. Among the changes to-day we note an advance of ½c in apples, ½c in blackberries, and 1c in peeled peaches. A fair degree of activity was noticeable in the demand for saltwater fish, and mackerel and cod were firm, with a tendency to higher prices. Lake descriptions continue dull at former quotations. Bagging remains quiet at previous rates, the quotations being 36½c for Stark, 38c for Ontario, 34½c for Lewiston, and 39c for American. Nothing new was developed in the butter market. A firm feeling was evinced on the part of holders, the opinion seeming to be pretty generally entertained that for the better grades higher prices will prevail. Eggs were steady at 20@22c. Cooperage is firmer, in consequence of the larger demand from packers. Salt is firm. Lumber steady, and moderately active. Dry goods in good demand, especially for winter stuffs, and prices are firm. The cattle trade was again quiet to-day, and previous rates were no more than sustained. Hogs met with a moderate inquiry, and ruled steady at prices not differing materially from those current yesterday.

LATER.

In the afternoon the wheat market was quite active at $1.20@1.20¾ seller last half, closing at the outside. Seller the month, or cash No. 2, ranged ½c below last half, with one sale at $1.19¾. Corn was quiet at 46⅝@46¾c for seller the month, closing at 46⅝c. Seller last half was ⅜c higher than the month. Provisions were neglected. There was a good inquiry for charters, under the apprehension that the insurance companies will advance their rates on Monday. Three charters were reported for grain, and rates were firm at 14½c for wheat, 13½c for corn, and 10c for oats to Buffalo.

DANCING ACADEMIES.

BOURNIQUE'S DANCING ACADEMIES.

WEST SIDE, 257 AND 259 WEST MADISON-ST., … Will Open Saturday, Oct. 14. Children's Class—Saturdays, … Tuesdays, … SOUTH SIDE, Clarke's Hall, CORNER OF DREXEL-AV. AND BROOK-ST., Oakland. … [illegible] A. E. BOURNIQUE.

DANCING ACADEMY.

MR. SULLIVAN'S CLASSES ARE NOW OPEN AT AVENUE HALL, 147 Twenty-second-st. … [illegible] … For particulars apply to Mr. or Mrs. Sullivan, … Twenty-third-st.

PARISIAN DANCING ACADEMY, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, 109 Monroe-st. Open Tuesday and Saturday Nights. Open Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons.

MIRASOLE'S ACADEMY.

AMUSEMENTS.

CROSBY OPERA HOUSE.

ALBERT CROSBY … Proprietor. GEO. W. GARRISON … Manager.

GRAND OPENING, Monday evening, Oct. 9, 1871.

THEO. THOMAS' UNEQUALLED CONCERT ORGANIZATION of Sixty Distinguished Performers.

Monday Evening, Oct. 9; Tuesday Evening, Oct. 10; Wednesday Evening, Oct. 11; Thursday Evening, Oct. 12; Friday Evening, Oct. 13; Saturday Afternoon, Oct. 14; Saturday Evening, Oct. 14; Monday Evening, Oct. 16; Tuesday Evening, Oct. 17; Wednesday Evening, Oct. 18.

The following celebrated Soloists will appear for the first time: MISS MARIE KREBS, the Famous and Brilliant Pianist. MR. BERNHARD LISTEMANN, the Distinguished Violinist. MR. LOUIS SCHREIBER, Cornet … SIGNOR LUIGI ROCCO, Harp. Together with the GRAND ORCHESTRA of over FIFTY DISTINGUISHED PERFORMERS. PRICE OF ADMISSION—One Dollar. … Family Circle, Fifty Cents. … Doors open at 7¼, to commence at 8.

McVICKER'S NEW THEATRE.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS of Dion Boucicault's New Drama,

ELFIE; OR, CHERRY TREE INN.

AN EXCITING STORY, ADMIRABLY RENDERED, MAGNIFICENT SCENERY, A POWERFUL CAST.

McVicker, Wheelock, Myers, Rainford, Powers, Burley, Miss Cameron, and Mrs. Mary Myers in the PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS. … FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER our next production.

COL. WOOD'S MUSEUM.

MONDAY, Oct. 9, and every evening until further notice,

THE PLAY OF THE PERIOD, AUGUSTIN DALY'S DIVORCE!

DIVORCE MATINEES Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2½ p. m. No improper persons admitted.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.

FRANK E. AIKEN and FRANK LAWLOR, Proprietors and Managers.

Mrs. F. W. LANDER In her incomparable impersonation of ELIZABETH, Queen of England. Supported by Mr. JAMES H. TAYLOR as Essex, and the unrivalled Company. In preparation for Mrs. Lander, MARIE ANTOINETTE, first time in Chicago in English. LANDER MATINEES Wednesday and Saturday.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

MONDAY, Oct. 9—Fifth bill of the season. Everything new. First time of an entirely new and very laughable sketch, by J. B. Kemble, entitled

LOVE AND WAR.

Grand Burlesque Monster Concert, 10,000 Pieces, Artillery Effects, &c. New Double Song and Dance … WANT TO BUY A DOG? Tuesday—JOHN MULLIGAN.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

Theo. Thomas' Grand Concerts.

NOTICE—The management take great pleasure in announcing that Mr. JOSEPH DIEM, The celebrated Violoncello Virtuoso, engaged for the Thomas Concert, has arrived from Europe, and will … ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, Oct. 11.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, CORNER CLARK AND MONROE-STS.

The Best Variety Organization in the Western country, and the most attractive place of amusement in the city. Ballet, Vocalism, Minstrelsy, Burlesque. … ALICE KIMBALL, Serio-Comic Vocalist.

DR. PAYNE, Independent Lecturer, Will give a Third Course of Lectures, … METROPOLITAN HALL, Monday Night, Oct. 9. … Thursday Night, Oct. 12, Metropolitan Hall. … Metropolitan Hall, Saturday Night, Oct. 14. … [illegible] S. P. LEWIS, Secretary.

STAR LECTURE COURSE.

TEN LECTURES, by the most eminent Lecturers in America, … will close Friday, 13th October.

GRAND INAUGURATION OF THE STAR LECTURE COURSE, MONDAY EVENING, 16th October, in Farwell Hall. … "Poetry and the Poets," by JOHN G. SAXE. Admission, 50 cents. Reserved seats, 75 cents. Sale of tickets opens at Farwell Hall on Saturday morning, 14th October.

FARWELL HALL.

MRS. KEY BLUNT, Readings and Recitations from the POETS AND DRAMATIC WRITERS, Monday and Tuesday Evenings, Oct. 9 and 10. … Admission, 50 cents. Reserved seats 75 cents. …

OPERA HOUSE.

Carriages will take up or set down their loads for the Opera House facing to the EAST, coming in on Dearborn-st. and going out on State-st.

MEDICAL CARDS.

A Book for Everybody, Containing valuable information for the married, or those contemplating marriage. … [illegible] … Dr. A. G. OLIN, … Washington-st., Chicago, Ill.

TIME TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Trains. SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Illinois Central. Union Depot—Foot of Lake-st. [illegible]

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad. Depot—Corner of Van Buren and Sherman-sts. [illegible]

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. [illegible]

Michigan Central & Great Western Railroad. [illegible]

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad. [illegible]

Chicago, Danville & Vincennes Railroad. [illegible]

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad. [illegible]

Chicago & Northwestern Railway. [illegible]

AUCTION SALES.

By WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.

DWELLING HOUSE AND LOT, 794 West Lake-st., AT AUCTION, On Monday, Oct. 9 at 12 o'clock, ON THE PREMISES. A One-Story Dwelling House and Barn. Lot … by 130 Feet. … WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

Valuable CENTRAL PROPERTY To be SOLD BY AUCTION, ON LONG AND EASY TERMS, BY WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., AUCTIONEERS, On Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 3 O'Clock p. m. On the Premises. The following lots … Chicago, viz:

LOTS 1 and 2, south front, on Adams-st., 40x190 feet each.

LOT 3, west front, on Dearborn-st., 30x80 feet.

LOTS 4, 5 and 6, west front, on Dearborn-st., 40x70 feet each.

LOT 7, west front, northeast corner of Adams and Dearborn-sts., … feet.

These Lots are located in the most central part of the city, … [illegible]

TERMS OF SALE. One-Fifth Cash, One-Fifth in 5 Years, One-Fifth in 10 Years, One-Fifth in 15 Years, One-Fifth in 20 Years. With interest at 7 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, with coupon notes secured by Trust Deed to be dated November 1, 1871. … WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

300 Cases BOOTS, SHOES & BALMORALS. 200 Cases Rubbers, For Men's, Women's, and Children's Wear, AT AUCTION, On Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 9 1-2 o'clock, At our salesrooms, 5, 7, 9, and 11 RANDOLPH-ST. WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

SELECT Oil Paintings, AT AUCTION, On Wednesday Evening, Oct. 11, at 7 o'clock, At the store corner State and Quincy-sts., Under the Palmer House. We shall sell, regardless of price, one of the finest collections of OIL PAINTINGS Ever placed before the Chicago public. … WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

Handsome Residence LOT ON CENTRE-ST., Between Clark-st. and Lincoln-av., AT AUCTION, On WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11, at 3 o'clock p. m., AT OUR SALESROOMS ON RANDOLPH-ST. … WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

21 LOTS FRONTING ON HALSTED-ST., Opposite the Stock Yards, AT AUCTION, On WEDNESDAY, October 11, at 3 o'clock, At our salesrooms, 5, 7, 9, and 11 Randolph-st. … WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

500 PACKAGES ASSORTED GLASSWARE, 35 CRATES WHITE GRANITE WARE, AT AUCTION, Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 9 1-2 a. m. At our Salesrooms, 5, 7, 9 and 11 Randolph-st. WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

LARGE STOCK DESIRABLE DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, Shirts and Drawers, Hosiery, BUCK GLOVES, Dress Goods, Notions, etc., AT AUCTION, on THURSDAY, Oct. 12, … WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

GOVERNMENT CLOTHING. 1,000 Infantry Overcoats, 1,000 Infantry Pants, 1,000 Cavalry Pants, 1,500 Uniform Dress Coats, 1,000 Cavalry Jackets, 1,250 Artillery Jackets, 1,000 Rubber Blankets …, 2,000 Pairs Wool Army Blankets. AT AUCTION, …

ST. LOUIS ADVERTISEMENTS. HARVEY, … ST. LOUIS.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—DEPUYSTER-ST., PAVED, 50 FEET. [illegible]

GEO. W. PARENT, Room 1, 166 Washington-st.

[illegible]

BLANCHARD BROTHERS, 175 Dearborn-st.

[illegible]

ADOLPH LOEB & BROTHER, 129 La Salle-st.

[illegible]

F. A. BRAGG & CO., 131 Dearborn-st.

[illegible]

CITY REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

BLANCHARD BROTHERS, 175 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—BY WILLIS M. HITT, REAL ESTATE Agent, No. 10 Tribune Building: [illegible]

FOR SALE—LOTS—50 LOTS 50X125 FEET EACH, on seven years time. [illegible]

FOR SALE—LOT ON CAMPBELL PARK AT $50 per foot. [illegible]

CAMPBELL BROS., Room 4, No. 162 East Madison-st.

FOR SALE—$150 LOTS; $25 OR $50 CASH, $10 PER month; [illegible] M. B. KENNY, 169 Madison-st.

FOR SALE—BUSINESS PROPERTY ON BLUE Island-av., cheap. [illegible]

FOR SALE—NEW 8-ROOM COTTAGE, BAY window, with lot [illegible] CLAFLIN BROS., 131 LaSalle-st.

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

WANTED—FOR CASH, HOUSE AND LOT ON West Side, south of Lake-st.; price not over $4,500. Address G 75, Tribune office.

WANTED—SOUTH SIDE UNIMPROVED REAL estate, worth from $15,000 to $30,000, in exchange for part cash, good North Side property, and desirable suburban property; can assume incumbrance. BALDWIN, WALKER & CO., No. 5 Otis Block, corner of Madison and LaSalle-sts.

WANTED—SOME ACRE PROPERTY, ANYwhere about Chicago, not worth over $250 per acre. Address Box 80, P. O.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE—A GOOD HOUSE, with lot, on South Side, between Twenty-second and Thirtieth-sts., in good location, from $10,000 to $12,000; cash purchase. Address S. M. MILLARD, 151 Washington-st., Room 7.

WANTED—CHEAP LOT ON WEST SIDE, 25 TO 50 feet front. JACOB GUY, Lombard, Du Page County, Ill., or Room 19, 131 LaSalle-st.

WANTED—10 OR 20 ACRES WITHIN CITY LIMits, suitable for subdivision. A. LIMBERG & CO., 147 Randolph-st., Room 5.

WANTED—HOUSE AND 25-FOOT LOT ON WEST SIDE. [illegible]

WANTED—TO LEASE—A 25-FOOT LOT NORTH of Twenty-second-st., South Side, for frame building. [illegible]

WANTED—HOUSE AND LOT IN SOUTH Division. [illegible]

WANTED—COTTAGE OR MEDIUM-SIZED house and lot on monthly payments. [illegible]

WANTED—A HOUSE AND LOT ON WEST SIDE in good neighborhood. [illegible]

WANTED—COTTAGE AND LOT, ON MONTHLY payments, in any good and accessible neighborhood. Address Box 39, Post Office.

WANTED—IF ANY ONE WILL OFFER ME A bargain [illegible]

WANTED—PARTIES HAVING PROPERTY, vacant lots especially, [illegible] GEO. W. PARENT, Room 1, 166 Washington-st.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

A CHEAP LOT OF HORSES FOR SALE—SEVEN double teams, one pair coachers, three very stylish [illegible] M. C. BRADLY, corner Harmon-court and Victoria-st., rear 58 Wabash-av.

A DOCTOR'S PHAETON, AS GOOD AS NEW; [illegible]

BROOKMAN & SKINNER HAVE FOR SALE 10 head of single and double driving horses, [illegible]

BROOKMAN & SKINNER, WABASH-AV., COR. [illegible]

[illegible]

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—BY JOHN N. AVERY, REAL ESTATE Broker, No. 150 Dearborn-st., Room 1. [illegible]

J. R. TAYLOR, 12 Portland Block.

FOR SALE—80 ACRES ON SIXTY-THIRD-ST., near South Lynne. [illegible]

CHANDLER & CLYBOURN, Room 4, 135 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—I HAVE FOR SALE IN EVANSTON, North Evanston, and Glencoe, [illegible] C. L. BROWNE, Room 18, 102 Washington-st.

FOR SALE—LEASE AND FURNITURE OF COTtage, [illegible]

FOR SALE—TEN ACRES OF CHOICE LAND, near Englewood, [illegible]

FOR SALE—AT ENGLEWOOD—SOME FINE DRY lots, near the depot. [illegible]

FOR SALE—AT $300 AND $400 EACH—SOUTH Side lots; [illegible]

FOR SALE—BY WILLIS M. HITT, NO. 10, TRIBune Building, [illegible]

FOR SALE—IRVING PARK—GREAT BARGAIN— [illegible] ABELL & HOTCHKISS, 190 Washington-st.

FOR SALE—ACRE PROPERTY—160 ACRES ON Junction-av., in Town of Lake, [illegible] ABELL & HOTCHKISS, 190 Washington-st.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE FOR RESIDENCE, [illegible] JNO. G. NICHOLSON, Real Estate Agent, 131 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—CHEAP LOTS ON COTTAGE GROVE-av. [illegible]

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—SUBURBAN LOTS [illegible] C. H. TALLMADGE, Room 4, Pope's Block.

FOR SALE—AT A GREAT BARGAIN—SEVERAL lots at Englewood, [illegible]

FOR SALE—TO CAPITALISTS OR CORPORAtions. [illegible]

[illegible]

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—BEAUTIFUL [illegible]

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—FOR CHICAGO property, [illegible]

[illegible]

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL—[illegible]

CLAIRVOYANTS.

MADAME ROSS, THE GREAT DOCTRESS AND [illegible]

BUSINESS CHANCES.

[illegible]

A FIRST-CLASS LUMBER YARD FOR SALE [illegible]

AN ENERGETIC YOUNG MAN WANTED, THAT [illegible]

A GOOD SALOON, DWELLING HOUSE AND [illegible]

A GOOD CHANCE FOR A BUSINESS MAN—A billiard hall and saloon at a bargain. [illegible]

AN ESTABLISHED GROCERY AND LIQUOR business for sale. [illegible]

A GENTLEMAN DESIRING TO INVEST $10,000 [illegible]

AN OLD-ESTABLISHED COMMISSION BUSIness for sale, [illegible]

A NICE MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHment [illegible]

REINHARDT & FOREMAN.

A SMALL STOCK OF HATS AND CAPS, A HAT [illegible]

BOARDING HOUSE, FULL OF GOOD-PAYING [illegible]

BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY STORE, WITH [illegible]

COUNTRY STORE, ESTABLISHED TEN YEARS, [illegible]

DRUG STORE—FOR SALE—THE STOCK OF [illegible]

DRUG STORE FOR SALE ON FAVORABLE [illegible]

FURNITURE AND FIXTURES OF A FIRST-class hotel [illegible]

FIXTURES AND FURNITURE OF A DRY GOODS store for sale at a bargain, No. 456 West Madison-st. H. D. FIELD.

FIRST-CLASS FIXTURES OF A GROCERY AND saloon for sale, [illegible]

GROCERY FOR SALE—FULL STOCK; GOOD [illegible]

I AM SO MUCH OUT OF HEALTH I CANNOT attend to business; [illegible]

LEASE, STOCK, AND FIXTURES FOR SALE [illegible]

MACHINERY, TOOLS AND OFFICE FIXTURES [illegible]

MEAT MARKET FOR SALE, IN A GOOD NEIGHborhood, [illegible]

ONE-HALF OR WHOLE INTEREST IN A LU[illegible]

ONE OF THE BEST PAYING CIGAR STORES IN [illegible]

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY FOR SALE, IN A [illegible]

PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE NORTH [illegible]

SALOON AND SAMPLE ROOM, DOING A GOOD [illegible]

STORE WELL STOCKED AND DOING A GOOD [illegible]

THE SUBSCRIBER, DESIROUS OF ENGAGING IN [illegible]

THE INTEREST IN A FIRST-CLASS GROCERY [illegible]

TO PRINTERS—FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST [illegible]

THE GOOD WILL, LEASE AND FIXTURES OF [illegible]

$50 TO $100 WILL SECURE A BUSINESS [illegible]

$300 WILL SECURE A HALF INTEREST IN [illegible]

$400 WILL BUY A STOCK OF NOTIONS, [illegible]

$500 WILL SECURE A HALF INTEREST IN [illegible]

$7,500—TO A PARTY WISHING TO INVEST [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIVORCES LEGALLY OBTAINED FOR CRUELty, [illegible]

I HAVE $5,000 TO INVEST IN ANY FIRST-class legitimate business [illegible]

LANSING MINERAL WATER. PRICE REDUCED [illegible]

LADIES CAN HAVE THEIR SACQUES AND [illegible]

THE LIFE OF L. HOUDEN, THE REBEL SPY, [illegible]

TO BLACKSMITHS, ETC.—THE BEST PLACE TO [illegible]

WANTED—A YOUNG LADY WISHES A FIRST-class ticket to Ogden, Utah. [illegible]

WANTED—TO BUY FOR CASH, LADIES AND gentlemen's cast off clothing. [illegible]

WANTED—HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE; ALSO horse and buggy, [illegible]

WANTED—A WET NURSE—APPLY TO DR. U. A. JOHNSON, [illegible]

WANTED—OLD BOOKS—SELL YOUR OLD books, [illegible]

WANTED—ANYBODY HAVING A CHEAP scholarship in Bryant & Stratton's College [illegible]

WANTED—TWO TICKETS TO NEW YORK OR Philadelphia. [illegible]

WANTED—TO BUY A CIGAR AND PAPER store in a good location. [illegible]

WANTED TO RENT.

WANTED—TO RENT—FOR LADY AND GENtleman, [illegible]

WANTED—TO RENT—A FURNISHED HOUSE [illegible]

WANTED—TO RENT—HOUSE ON LONG TIME, [illegible]

[illegible]

MACHINERY.

[illegible]

TO RENT—HOUSES.

TO RENT—BY WM. H. SAMPSON, REAL ESTATE and House-Renting Agency, Room 4 Bryan Block, 156 LaSalle-st. [illegible]

[illegible]

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES, ETC.

TO RENT—BY WM. H. SAMPSON, REAL ESTATE and House-Renting Agency, Room 4 Bryan Block, 156 LaSalle-st. STORES, OFFICES, ETC. [illegible]

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED.

[illegible]

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

[illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS.

[illegible]

FINANCIAL.

BALDWIN, WALKER & CO., NO. 5 OTIS BLOCK, have money in hand to loan for two, four, and six months, [illegible]

CASH IN HAND TO BUY MORTGAGE PAPER. Securities of all kinds bought and sold. CURRY & WHITE, 7 Tribune Building.

FOR SALE—LIMITED AMOUNT OF FULL-PAID up insurance stock [illegible]

LOANS MADE ON GOOD CHICAGO PROPERTY at lowest rates. CHANDLER & CLYBOURN, Room 4, 135 Dearborn-st.

[illegible]

$1,400 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE [illegible]

$5,000 AND UPWARDS TO LOAN ON [illegible]

$50,000 TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT ON [illegible]

$100,000—LOANS NEGOTIATED [illegible] J. R. TAYLOR, Room 12, Portland Block.

INSTRUCTION.

A LADY ACCUSTOMED TO TEACHING [illegible]

A YOUNG LADY, EDUCATED IN EUROPE, DE[illegible]

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—MALE.

WANTED—50 SCANDINAVIAN LABORERS FOR [illegible]

[illegible]

WANTED—FIFTEEN FIRST-CLASS LABORERS, with shovels, immediately, at SAND'S Brewery, near the water works.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—A YOUNG MAN TO learn telegraphing, to fill a position. [illegible]

WANTED—A GOOD CANVASSER—MUST BE OF good personal appearance and experienced. Apply Monday at 250 Division-st.

Bookkeepers, Clerks, Etc.

WANTED—FOR THE WINTER MONTHS, A [illegible]

WANTED—A SWEDE DRUG CLERK TO GO IN the country. [illegible]

WANTED—AN OFFICE BOY AND AN ENTRY clerk. [illegible]

Salesmen.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS AND grocery salesman [illegible] GEO. S. SAWYER & CO., Mt. Pulaski, Ill.

WANTED—SALESMEN—CANVASSERS. [illegible]

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN WITH GOOD REFerences as salesman. [illegible]

Trades.

[illegible]

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE.

HORSE AND DOUBLE-SEATED BUGGY, NEW, suitable for family use, will be exchanged for a good building lot. [illegible]

I WANT TO TRADE JEWELRY FOR A RIFLE [illegible]

[illegible]

$6,000 WORTH OF WINTER CLOTHING TO [illegible]

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED—A WET NURSE. [illegible]

[illegible]

Domestics.

WANTED—A GOOD WASHER AND IRONER; [illegible]

[illegible]

Seamstresses, Etc.

WANTED—A GIRL TO LEARN THE MILLINERY [illegible]

[illegible]

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—ONE FIRST-CLASS FRE[illegible]

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

Miscellaneous.

SITUATION WANTED—A LADY [illegible]

[illegible]

SEWING MACHINES.

ALL KINDS NEW AND SECOND-HAND [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] MERCHANT.

CHAPTER IV.

[illegible]

CHAPTER V.

The young man who, through a decree, had lost father, home, anticipated vacation, all the [illegible] relations and future prospects [illegible]

[illegible]

THE SERGEANT.

BY SCHUCKING.

[Translated from] the German for THE TRIBUNE by Hermann Lieb.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER IV.

[In] Mr. Williamson's house on [this] morning was up early and in [ma]king preparation for the fare[well dinner] that Mr. Williamson was to give. [T]his good man, plain and up[right in] his dealings, practiced the most [economy] in his household as a rule, [but on] occasions there was no limit to [it]. The most costly wine flowed [...]rook; the magnificently-fur[nished rooms] in his house, customarily clos[ed, were thrown] wide open; and, instead [of the t]in-ware daily in use, the table [was set] with costly plate, and the [floors] with Oriental carpets.

[Many] guests, intimate acquaintances, [had] been invited to the dinner. [Orchest]ras were to play, alternately, to [...] in different parts of the house. [Porcel]ain vases, in every conceivable [place, held] rare flowers, whose fragrance [filled the] rooms with their rich perfume. [Mr. Willi]amson leisurely walked from [room to roo]m, ordering what was wanting, [making a] satisfactory survey of his ele[ga]nts. Nothing was too beauti[ful], nothing too valuable for that [occasion].

[After the] meal it was arranged that his [son] Fritz should quietly withdraw [...]us. He wanted it so. "Great [...] often said, "is best cured by great [...] a sort of equilibrium is thus [...] I know myself. I know that [I am] tender, and I don't like the feel[ing]. I am of the opinion of Till [...], who said:

"The mind when all goes well, [...] mind when not so well."

[Mrs.] Von Moos entered the break[fast-room] the next morning she could not [resist the] desire to embrace her brother, [and te]ars filled her eyes, she took his [hand].

"I don't complain at our separa[tion ...] disturbed at thought of the [...]. Believe me, these [...] brewing."

"[The] most painful dream last night. [M]y dead husband appeared to me, [causin]g great surprise at seeing him. '[...] One is not dead who only [...] world! I shall come to you, [...], until you join me. Ac[company me] for a short visit to my home.' '[Where do] you live?' I asked. He pointed [...] ined church. We entered, and [...] h resounding steps up the aisle [...] h the tombs. To the right and left [...] coffins. He laid down in one, [...] said, pointing to another, 'that's [for] you come.' 'Those sleep well,' [he c]ontinued, pointing to two others, [...] d saw you in one and Fritz in [the other.' A] cold shudder ran over [me. '...] you but warned them, [...] not have been here!' said my [... 'I] did warn them,' I replied. At [this tea]rs filled my eyes and darkened [my sight]. 'What,' I said, 'have all [...] have died,' said the spirit of [...], and these words ringing in my [ears caused] me to awake. Everything was [dark in the] room. I lay cold and in a great [sweat]. I could not sleep again until [mo]rning."

"[It's] that's the effect of a supper on [which I] cautioned you against it, you [know]. It causes me indigestion and [...] s whenever I eat it. Such dreams [...] most cloudy coloring to the day [...] ore, are to be avoided."

[...] Fritz entered with a letter. It [was broug]ht by an unknown ser[vant]. The father opened it, and read:

"[Fr]iend cautions Mr. Williamson to [...] for a time. He has it from the best [...] the King has been rather too well [...] Mr. Williamson.

"SAPIENTI SAT."

[Af]ter reading Mr. Williamson was [s]tartled. The handwriting was [fa]miliar to him. After a few min[utes] he looked at his sister, and [wit]h suspicious merriment crushed [the n]ote in his hand and put it in his pocket.

[Ta]king this favorable moment for re[call]ing the adventures of the previous day, [...] pretty woman in mourning [...] the anxiety [... his] sister whose curiosity had become [arou]sed over the handkerchief and pipe [...] h she was now carefully ex[amining in the] hope of discovering the name [of the] victimized beauty. Her [...] inquisitiveness was considerably in[creased], moreover, as Fritz spoke with en[thusiasm] of the modesty and sadness of the [...]al blonde, for it was not his habit to [say so] much on the subject of female [charms].

"[I] did not think it possible," ex[claimed] the young man, innocently, [while] the sister and father exchanged [signifi]cant glances, "that that wonderful [...] with which we in our imagination [endow] superior beings was ever really to be [found on] the earth. Her walk billowy, [her m]ovements inexpressibly ingratiating, [...] apted to say, music for the eyes, her [voice] the sound that is perceptible to [...] singing which vibrates through [...], and her child-like face the face of [...] the ecstacy of devotion; a soaring [...] with a smile of supernatural light [...] ng her lips——"

"[...] sort," interrupted his father, laugh[ing], "a celestial airy-vision of sun[shine and] evening rosy red."

"[That] 's what she was," said Fritz, ear[nestly]. "Then, you see, there was in her [...] rtain transparent—well, words can[not express] it. I shall never as long as I [live forg]et that face nor the charm of that [...]."

[There] was a twinkling merriment in the [...] expression at his son's ardent [...] Mrs. Von Moos—who had already [...] a little plan for her young nephew, [...] ction with a relative of her deceased [husband], to be carried out at her country [seat on] the borders of Lake Constance—made [...] and said:

"[The f]uture wife will in nowise be [...] your memory of this young [...].

"[If] your seraph has not already re[turned to] her blue domain she will appear to [...] or I shall have the handkerchief [adve]rtised in the streets, and advertised [in the] and Hamburg papers; and I [shall] have handbills posted at all the [corners], and even upon the church [doors]."

[The]se jests were being made at the [...]'s expense, often interrupted by [...]ce of the servants who came to [...]ections as to the programme for [the] festival, the clock struck nine, [Mr.] Williamson and his son rose, and [...] ouse to obey the order of the Com[mandant].

They walked along in silence, [each] absorbed in his own thoughts. [The] officer that had yesterday brought [...] stood before the door. He con[ducted them] two up a broad stairway into a [...] nd elegantly-fitted-up hall. At [the entra]nce of this hall two grenadiers, [with] pointed helmet-shaped hats and [...] perials were posted. Within, offi[cers of] different arms of the service [were walki]ng up and down the hall, disdain[ing to noti]ce the new-comers, who were bow[ing to the] right and left.

[A]n officer of the guard entered the [hall from] an opposite direction, and inquir[ing in a lo]w voice if the merchant and his [son were] here. Mr. Williamson and Fritz [stepped] forward. "Follow me," said the [officer quick]ly. They were led into a small [room]. "Wait here until you are want[ed]," [said] the guard, and passed into a larger [room]. Soon returning he called out: "[...] here; the old one; he'll go in [...] conducted Mr. Williamson into [...] where he had evidently just been [...].

[Fritz] in an instant forgot the beautiful [...] urning in his speculations as to the [...] e and his father's summons there. [...] the chamber, or something of [...] whose coat-seams and pockets [were mu]ch covered with broad gold lace [...] oth could hardly be seen, stood at [...] w, his back turned toward Fritz. [...], after a while, turned around, and [...] upon Fritz a moment shrank back[ward, ...] ttering between his teeth.

"[Dev]il! is that he?"

[Young] Williamson was not less surprised [at disco]vering in the groom the green[coated ...] whose heavy swollen nose still [showed trac]e of his own muscular ability.

[The groom] finch measured his enemy from [head to foot] with a proud glance, and, stopping [before] him, glared straight into his eyes, [and said in] a low, guttural voice,

"[Are yo]u not the knave who yesterday [had the im]pudence——?"

[Fritz stepped] back a step or two, and said [...]:

"[Begone], sir, or I'll color your nose [...] you in spite of your lace coat."

[The gr]oom finch retreated several paces, [...]mily, while Fritz turned about [and went] to the window. Just then a post[chaise drove] down the street in which were [sev]eral ladies. One of them was [...] ward the window.

"[Hea]ven! It is the beauty in mourn[ing]," [said] Fritz.

[He] open the window to look after [...] eaned out of the carriage and [...] look at him until the vehicle [turned the] corner.

"[Ah]," sighed Fritz, "it is she, and [she is going] away from here."

[T]urning to his enemy he said: "[...]ng lady is just leaving the city." "[...] ung lady?" growled the groom [...]ber."

"[Whom] you robbed yesterday."

"Do I look like a robber? It was [...] nothing more, sir Platon. She [...] ell, and the pipe bowl?"

[...] nced nearer, forgetting all his [...] taking him by the hand, said: "[...] ld you say, sir? So you know [...]"

"[...]; but keep your distance. No [familiarity] with me, and the pipe bowl?"

"[I ...] ld now have given anything to [...] friendship and be on peaceable [terms with] the adversary, and he was on the [point of be]gging his pardon for the misun[derstanding] of yesterday, when the door [opened and a] passage to his father.

"[Do n]ot wait for you, son," whispered [...] ieman. "I am needed at home. [Come h]ome as soon as you are at liberty." "[...] have we been ordered here," [as]ked Fritz.

"The King's in the next room. [He] yet what in reality they wanted [...] King's several indifferent [...] me about my age, circum[stances ...] about you; whether you were [...] been allowed me to depart, assur[ing me with] condescension that if you [...] he would provide for you. [...] with complete and [...] the King is pleased to-day. Don't [...]"

been under any other circumstances to have been admitted into the King's presence, in the present instance he was moved neither by curiosity, fear, nor ambition. In fact, he thought little about it, for his whole mind was engaged in turning over what the groom of the chamber had said concerning his acquaintance with the young lady in mourning.

Yes; this individual who upon any other occasion would hardly have been noticed by Fritz, and whom he would have beaten again for his insulting arrogance, had now, through that declaration, grown to be a man of worth and importance: the reflection of the splendor of the beautiful mourner now seemed to surround him with a sort of halo, and he was hesitating a second time whether to approach the groom once more, when the door opened and the guard, with uplifted finger, silently signified to young Williamson to follow. Fritz entered the room, reverently bowing on all sides, although he could see nobody clearly. This was not from a feeling of dread at the thought of being in the august presence of His Majesty, nor at the magnificence of his person, but simply on account of the density of the tobacco smoke. The small apartment was filled with officers, who were all smoking pipes. All stood about bareheaded. One was seated at a small table, his head covered. Young Williamson, as a cloud of smoke passed away from before his face, recognized the King. The latter silently, and with seeming satisfaction, examined the youngster a moment, nodded to the nearest General and said:

"Not more than 21? He's not yet knotted. He has at least four years before him yet. Something may be made out of the young fellow; perhaps a file leader of a company of the Guard."

Then turning to Fritz he said:

"Say, my young man, what would you like to become in the world?"

"My father has decided that I am to be his successor in his business; my inclinations, next to agriculture, are the sciences."

"Sciences! What do you mean by the sciences, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldaic?"

"I like to read the old Greek and Roman authors; have studied some history and mathematics, but the French and Italian literature pleases me best."

"Pish! The devil! You shall not become a scribbler. Away with that! That you are able to write and calculate, I am glad to see. I will promote you."

"Will Your Majesty deign——"

"I shall put you into my body-guard at Potsdam. Do you understand? A soldier you must be, if you would become a whole man. You shall not remain the lowest. You have the start of a six-footer and over."

"Your Majesty——"

"If you behave yourself, you shall not remain a private six weeks. I want active men in my guard. Have you a sweetheart?"

"Your Majesty——," stammered Fritz, blushing scarlet.

"Look at him! The milk-sop, how he blushes. But that's nothing. Without my especial permission you are not allowed to marry. In due time I shall provide you with a girl. So; we now understand each other. Do you think you will like soldiering?"

"No, Your Majesty; I had rather have my liberty."

"*Shock Millionen Teufel!* How dare you say that?"

"I have not the honor to be one of your born subjects."

"That makes no difference."

"I shall return to my own country."

"You will do no such thing."

"I shall appeal for the protection of the high and mighty Lords of the United Netherlands."

"Keep your mouth shut, or I shall have administered twenty-five upon your——"

"Your Majesty's sense of justice will not insist that a free man be forced against his will to——"

"You know *my* will. I don't want free, but loyal men. Conduct yourself accordingly. Forward to Potsdam. They must give you good bounty."

"Permit me, your most gracious Majesty! I do not want your bounty. I shall accept none. My father, who is in more than easy circumstances, who is rich, will pay any sum to keep me out of the service. It——"

"I don't want your money. I want you for a soldier, and that settles it."

"I enter a solemn protest against any act of violence by which I shall be deprived of my rights as a freeman. I had rather die than swear to protect the colors."

"*Himmel tausend Sapperment!*" shrieked the King, jumping up and swinging his cane in the face of young Williamson. The latter, maintaining a proud but not defiant air without winking, looked the King firmly in the [face ...] you [...] stand by the colors, between the [...] our only choice now lies [...] and the gallows."

"Your Majesty, I choose the latter," replied Fritz, quietly but with dignity.

The King was again about to use his cane over the shoulders of his fearless subject, when, turning abruptly toward the Commandant, he said, in a voice of thunder:

"Have this damned knave taken to the barracks at once, or to the guard house, and to-morrow he shall leave with the rest of the troops. If the fellow is insubordinate put him in the stocks, or chain him half double. FORWARD!" shouted the King, pointing to the door with his cane.

The Commandant rudely seized Fritz by the arm, and, pushing him out of the room into the presence of the groom of the chamber, who, seeing his despised conqueror coming tumbling out of the King's apartment, distorted his face with most malignant laughter. Upon reaching the hall the Commandant turned the refractory recruit over to two officers, with the order to take him to the depot, and at the first show of disobedience to put him in the stocks and feed him upon bread and water.

"Your Excellency will at least allow me to see my father again, that I may take leave of him," said Fritz.

"That's entirely useless."

"But I beseech you. It is the only favor I can expect from you or His Majesty."

The Commandant stood a moment irresolute and silent; returned to the room they had just left, and a few minutes after came back, saying as he entered, "Your father will be notified. If he wishes to speak with you before you leave, he can do so. Now go to the rendezvous."

"But Your Excellency must permit me to go home, for I am not prepared for a journey."

"Pack off to the rendezvous," bellowed the Commandant, irritated. "The rest you can settle with your father. I'll send him word."

The Commandant now left him. The officers took the bellicose recruit between them and marched away with him through the street. They were followed by a corporal with a Bengal cane.

CHAPTER V.

The young man who, through a simple royal decree, had lost father, home and his long anticipated vacation, all those pleasant social relations and future prospects, to drag out the rest of his life in companionship with the dregs of society, now walked along between his guards with feelings of suppressed rage.

"Let him not feel so cast down," said one of the accompanying officers who seemed touched with compassion for the handsome young man.

"I don't feel in the least cast down," replied Fritz, abruptly, still grinding his teeth.

"That's right; no soldiers fare better than those of the guard. He will probably be pleased with Potsdam. A little patience. Let him be gay and contented."

"When one sees all, everything shattered in pieces, which the present and the future was offering——"

"As if an earthquake had swallowed up the whole?"

"Then, indeed, I should feel sad."

"Why then?"

"Because no one can resist the inevitable laws of nature, but that I should be torn from my home, from out the very arms of my father—and to make a slave of me—heaven and hell! That's——"

The officers understood nothing of what he was saying; and, upon reaching the guard-house, he was put in charge of the officer in command, and ushered into the company of the recruits, who were sitting in a gloomy room filled with the fumes of tobacco, at long wooden tables, drinking beer, eating and smoking. They invited their new comrade to join them in their pastimes. He sullenly withdrew himself into a corner, and, folding his arms, dropped his head. They drank his health. He would drink nothing. They ridiculed the "mother's darling." He remained silent. He was brooding over some plan of revenge. For his dishonored, downtrodden future he cared nothing. He was resolved upon death, and to find it by his own hand, to show the world that power and violence availed nothing against the will and determination of him who refuses to live in the chains of slavery.

The merry crowd about him had just left the room in quest of fresh air, when the door opened, and the commanding officer and Mr. Williamson entered. At sight of his father Frederick sprang to his feet, and, throwing himself upon his father's breast, began to sob and weep so violently that even the officer was affected, and, not wishing to witness this heart-rending separation between an only son and a disappointed father, he hastily slipped out of the open door. Mr. Williamson did not speak. He wanted the bitterness of his son to spend itself. And only when the latter had seated himself, almost exhausted, upon one of the wooden benches, did he venture to address him. Taking his hand he said to him:

"You cry like a child. I had hoped to see you with the courage of a man—a man able to bear up under any stroke of misfortune. What is this that has happened to you? Only that you are a prisoner, a soldier. Keep strong, true, and just. Nothing will be lost. Believe in your future, and have courage. Hope in your liberation."

"Is it possible, father, for you to buy my ransom?" cried Frederick, rising joyfully and approaching his father.

"No; I have used every endeavor, but have been haughtily dismissed. The King declares he will have you in his body guard. Go to Potsdam. Resign yourself to your fate."

"And this, father, you can say so coolly?"

"I shall send you your travelling suit. Here is money for your needs; Go to Potsdam. Submit to everything that is required of you. Gain the confidence of all with whom you come in contact. I ask only this of you."

"I will run away, if the gallows is the penalty."

"Never do that; an inconsiderate act, such as that, would ruin both of us. We have here no law of protection, and you must not run the risk of exciting suspicion against us. Only then shall we be lost. I shall save you. Nothing is gained, however, by impatience."

"And how long must I perform this service of a slave?"

"Until I am myself free. Until my goods and property are changed into money, and I have left the country. Then will be the time to act. Trust all to God and me. Be neither [...] Meet the duties of [...]

duress, however, is no contract. God and justice will discharge you from the obligations of such an oath."

"I shall obey you, father."

"Whoever has nothing to regret has nothing to despair of. They only wanted to spoil for me my farewell dinner. Nothing more. My sister——"

"Oh, poor aunt; does she yet know?"

"She knows all. I told her; and, Fritz, what do you think? She was delighted."

"Delighted?"

"Yes, I said to her, sister, your wish will now be granted. I shall leave Magdeburg for your land of freedom as soon as I am able to arrange my affairs to my satisfaction. She was overjoyed. I then related what had happened to you. This called back most vividly to her mind the fate of her unhappy husband. Giving vent to her feelings in the most denunciatory language against the powerful of the earth, she added, 'Order the horses; this air is too oppressive for me.'"

The calmness of manner and interesting direction of the conversation which Mr. Williamson had purposely adopted in the interview with his son had a more salutary effect upon his feelings than any consolation the father would have been able to offer. Fritz already began to look upon the surprising events of the last few hours in the light of adventures; the trip to Potsdam with the rest of the recruits, as a novel pleasure, and his final entry into the body guard of the King, as a sort of masquerade. He, therefore, an hour later, took leave of his father in the best of spirits, and only reminded him to send with the other things the handkerchief and pipe bowl.

On the following morning, at the rising of the sun, the company of recruits marched through the city gate and over the bridge of the Elbe. Fritz, in order not to draw public attention toward himself, had thrown off his elegant clothes in which he had appeared before the King, and donned a rusty travelling suit. He walked along thoughtfully, and, one might have imagined, depressed. At the further end of the bridge some one called his name.

Alle Wetter und Hagel! Fritzchen! Who would have thought yesterday morning that the powder magazine would so soon be struck by lightning and scatter everything? But that I can tell you, the King and Old Dessauer mean well by you. This is all your own fault, though, youngster. What are you so good looking for? Such a tall fellow that you stand a head's length above a crowd of people! Why don't you shorten yourself and walk low-legged and lame? You well know the freaks of our good King."

Here the old cripple Krabb grasped the hand of his young friend, and hinted his intention of accompanying him a short distance on the way. Frederick pressed the hand of the old pensioner, but was so much affected at seeing some one from his home that he was unable to utter a word, while the tears fell fast from his eyes.

"*Kreuz bataillon*," exclaimed Krabb, who wanted to appear collected, and to repress the pain that wrung his old heart, but he could not get out another sentence, and putting the hand he held in his own to his lips, he turned about and recrossed the bridge weeping, swearing, and singing by turns,

"Ade, ade, ade,
Ja Scheiden und Meiden thut weh!"

As soon as Fritz had lost sight of the towers of Magdeburg he regained his former composure. He saw with the eye of his imagination his liberation, his flight, and the free and beautiful shores of Lake Constance, where glistened in the sun the roof of his aunt's country seat. It is true, the unjust and violent mode of procedure which within the last twenty-four hours had taken him from out of the midst of friends, home, and pleasure, and thrown him into the society of the coarse, wretched, or unfortunate, sometimes called up a most rebellious spirit; but he repressed it, and distracted himself by the more pleasant recollections of his youth, and for the first time in his life he began to realize the truth of the rule of his father's life: "Be your own master, and you are master of the world."

CHAPTER VI.

The recruits made but short journeys. On arriving at Potsdam they were mustered into the service and enrolled into the different arms of military duty. Young Williamson was put into the infantry of the guard. He quietly took up his routine of duty, submitting to the requirements of the officers without complaint. He soon learned the manual exercise, all the positions and movements of a soldier. He was dressed in the gaudy, strait-laced uniform of the Prussian soldier, and soon did his work as well as most of his older comrades. He was not long in [gaining the co]nfidence of his commanding [officer ...] somest, if not [...] annual effort [of the] regiment. His voice was the hand[somest ...] fined tastes, told of good parentage [...] the luxuries of a home of affluence. [He] was distinguishable from all the rest by his [...] requirements, which did not remain [...]. His commanding officer used him to assist him in making out reports, and, indeed, in most of the literary work of his department. Under his coarse uniform Fritz wore the finest linen. He was liberal to himself and generous to his comrades, and especially to those who were poor and unfortunate.

All these characteristics won for him the admiration of his associates and of the superior officers, which admiration is not generally bestowed upon the private soldier. He obtained permission to rent a room, which, under the circumstances, seemed to be the goal of his ambition. He furnished this apartment simply, but comfortably. It had entered the army under compulsion—even at the direct command of the King himself. Some others were also there under a similar order; but no one seemed so easily conciliated or reconciled with his calling as young Williamson. Whenever questioned, he declared himself satisfied with his situation, and had some thought of remaining ever after in the service, although his father should offer tons of gold for his ransom.

This may have all been for mystification. If so, he accomplished his object. The confidence of every officer was gained, and the young soldier was allowed extraordinary liberty. He never abused, however, the trust placed in him. The Colonel not only called him son, but treated him as such. The young soldier was often called to his private residence to assist in the duties of his office. He was not admitted to his table, but allowed to dine with the house servants, which was, indeed, an honor. Through the Colonel's favor and partiality, Frederick had advanced within the first three months to the position of Orderly Sergeant; the King's inquiry about him and desire for his promotion, also, probably had something to do with it.

Fritz was, in the meantime, keeping up a lively correspondence with his father, from whom promises of an early deliverance were daily growing stronger. Mr. Williamson still remained in Magdeburg, selling his stock of goods when it could be done without serious loss, and when it could not, transporting them beyond the Prussian frontier, where they were stored in warehouses. Gradually, he was able to collect all outstanding debts, and, in order to sell his real estate without creating suspicion, he allowed the impression to go abroad that he was in straitened circumstances through losses caused by foreign failures. Although a strictly honest man, this course of procedure was necessary for his own and family's protection.

When all was planned, and his affairs all settled, he wrote his son thus: "In two weeks I shall go out of Magdeburg and turn my steps toward the Lake of Constance. It is supposed here that I am about to return to the Netherlands. I shall expect to meet you at my sister's country seat. With anxiety I shall await you. You have a dangerous road before you. Make your arrangements for your flight with caution and care. If you need more money, let me know at once. Krabb starts to-day, as you desired, to assist you in your escape. The old fellow is almost crazy with joy at the prospect of your deliverance. You must take him with you to the Lake of Constance. He must close his trusty old eyes in my house. In order that you and he may avoid being suspected, abstain from being seen together in public. I have provided him amply with everything you both need."

The young Sergeant at Potsdam had, in fact, perfected all his arrangements for his flight, but, for their safe execution, he needed a trusty man whom he was not able to find in all Potsdam. For this reason, he had sent for Krabb. It was his intention to despatch the old soldier to Berlin, disguised as a merchant, whence he was to come per extra post to Potsdam, and there to take up the young officer in his post chaise, fleeing thence over the Prussian lines into Saxony.

Accordingly, as all had been planned, Krabb was on hand at the time expected. It was evening, just about dusk, when he entered young Williamson's room. Fritz was very demonstrative in his expressions of gladness at again seeing the old friend of his family.

"*Bello*," cried the old cripple. "Now I begin to see daylight, and why it was that your father sent me from Magdeburg with a whole trunk full of linen and clothing. Fritzchen, knock me and strip me if I don't look in them like a Privy Councillor or Burgomaster; and just let me take off my beard! Beelzebub himself wouldn't know me!"

Everything concerning the flight was now talked over and agreed upon. Krabb should remain at the hotel. They should never meet in public, and the last letter from Mr. Williamson, in which he should notify them of his departure from Magdeburg, was to be the signal for putting his plans into operation.

At last the letter came. Krabb, too, had received one, the contents of each being similar to prevent failure. With it held tightly in his hand, Krabb hastened as soon as it had become sufficiently dark, full of joy, to the room of the Sergeant. But the latter, greatly to his surprise, was seated at his table, and, resting his head upon his arms, seemed far from sharing in his delight. To all of the old soldier's questions Fritz gave short or caustic answers, or failed to answer at all. The old cripple stood aghast, before his friend's son, and looked at him with questioning eyes.

"Have you fallen sick, Fritzchen?"

"No, Krabb."

"Has anything happened?"

"Nothing."

"Well then I'm damned if I, with my five senses, can understand it. I thought you'd be dancing about here at your wit's ends, but, instead, here I find you like a culprit sitting upon the villain's stool. God forgive me! Have I not to go to Berlin to-morrow to buy the post chaise, and have it here in time?"

"Krabb, there's no great hurry about this affair."

"No hurry? Why no hurry?"

"I don't know."

"*Es schlug doch das weiter drein!* Don't know? Who's to know, then? The old gentleman has already gone over the line."

"For my part I shall stay awhile here yet. Let me alone."

Saying this Frederick rose from his seat and took several long strides up and down the room, when, suddenly halting in front of [...] with eyes, mouth, and ears to the story he expected now to hear; but instead of relating it, Fritz suddenly frowned, turned away and walked with folded arms towards the window.

"Help me, God, Fritzchen! but there's something wrong with you up there," said Krabb, embarrassed and distressed.

"And just for that," exclaimed Fritz, in a quick and irritated manner, "just for that, keep quiet. It is enough that I wish to stay. I shall not leave. I cannot leave. Let me alone. To-morrow, the day after—and, if it must be, three months or a year—then I can tell you more about it. Things have changed around here."

"This is a pretty affair!" roared the old soldier. "To come here in hot haste, risking head and neck, to help a deserter to run away, to betray my King, to expose myself to death upon the gallows—the only charge being caught together—and so hung together—and now all's up, and I must lay idle about here three months, or, perhaps, a year. *Alle Hagel!* I may be hung, but I can't do that."

Fritz did not seem to hear what Krabb was saying, but when the old fellow became too boisterous he said to him:

"Friend Krabb, let me alone. I am in a disagreeable position. I can't leave Potsdam. I am bound here. I will not run away. I cannot. If the King should have me exiled over the border, I should secretly return. You will know all in time. Now go."

With these words he gently pushed the old man towards the door. Krabb shook his head with misgivings, and went, swearing and cursing, to his hotel.

WOMAN

Masculine Education for Girls.

A few weeks ago a noteworthy, if somewhat silly, letter appeared in the columns of one of our contemporaries, which assumes to be emphatically the lady's newspaper, and which we will grant does supply the needs and satisfy the intellectual cravings of a large number of cultivated gentlewomen. It was from "The Mother of a Girl Graduate of 1869," complaining of the questionable tendency of some of the class-books used by the girls who go in for the Cambridge examinations. Among them she cites Mr. John Stuart Mill's, which are "indispensable text-books in political economy." To these she objects for three reasons: first, because of the chapters on the "Remedies for Low Wages," which are "not such," she says, "as a girl could read with her father or brother;" secondly, because of the doctrine that the "law is justified in interfering in the case of vows for life, and that they should be dissolvable by the State at the desire of the parties concerned"—which goes against the theory of the indissolubility of marriage, and reminds her "of some of the laws lately made by the Paris Commune;" thirdly, because "opponents of Hume's argument against miracles are refuted, without any better arguments against him being suggested;" because "the doctrine of an over-ruling Providence is derided as unscientific and superstitious;" because "the Darwinian theory is favorably noticed, and the French philosophers Comte, Laplace, and others constantly quoted, though not always agreed with." Here, then, we have certain tangible objections raised by the British matron against the wider education of girls, on the express plea of unsuitability to sex, partly because of the indelicacy included in the knowledge of human life on the side of political economy, partly because of the religious doubts likely to arise from the exercise of the logical faculty and freedom of discussion. If, then, the education of girls is to be proceeded with on anything like its present enlarged basis, the only way out of its present enlarged basis, the only way out of the difficulty that would meet the views of this "Mother of a Girl Graduate of 1869," and it is to be presumed of many like to her, would be to rearrange both subjects and their treatment for the express use of young ladies; to give them knowledge in a pap-boat, the book of nature in an expurgated edition, and the milky skimmings only of the philosophy of human life, leaving the strong meat at the bottom for the robuster digestions of their brothers. It would be curious to ascertain how much of the present movement among women is conscious in its direction and well-defined in its aims; whether the shriekers and revolters know exactly what they mean, where they are tending, and if they will be able to accept the consequences, which are not difficult to foresee, or whether they are only creating, Frankenstein-like, a monster which, when they have made it, they will not know what to do with. This craze of liberal education, including discussions on population and prostitution, the [...] genuineness of miracles, and the evidences of Christianity [...] Already we [...] warning of the excesses [...] movement may lead us, in the [...] sistence of the would-be [...] Edinburgh, in the yet [...] of the excited [...] Bruce, the other day, and [...] American women [...] unholy and [...] woman [...] honorable and [...] state in which [...] free. We confess [...] anxiety, and we are not British mother [...] without any reference ashamed to say [...] truth or falsehood of the [...] think it better for women to be [...] system, respect the laws, such as they are, taught [...] those relating to marriage [...] their own house, and to be religious in [...] ordinary way rather than to be suffered [...] views to moral obligations [...] abroad [...] ideas of [...] with dread, and something [...] more, on the possible spectacle of a race of mothers urging upon their daughters to regard the marriage tie as debasing, and teaching them, both by precept and example, that free love is a better kind of thing, and the state of concubine more honorable than that of wife; and for our own part we would rather steer clear of the female atheist, who looks on prayer as superstition and is muddled in mind as to fate and freewill. The powers of reasoning is so small in women that they need adventitious help; and if they have not the guidance and check of a religious conscience, we have little to expect from them self-control on abstract principles. They do not calculate consequences, and they are reckless when they once give way; hence they are to be kept straight only through their affections, the religious sentiment, and a well-educated moral sense. And at the present time these qualities are at a dismal discount among the advanced class. As for affection, no one who studies the present temper of women can shut his eyes to the fact that there is a decided diminution among them in reverence for parents, trust in men, and desire of children. It is the fashion among certain of them to despise men as the weaker and more contemptible sex of the two; and it is rare to find a woman, boasting herself of advanced intellectual culture, who confesses to an instinctive love for little children, or who would condescend to any of that healthy animal delight in their possession which has always been one of the most beautiful and valuable constituents of feminine nature. We fancy, too, that more looseness of principle exists about marriage and its obligations than was general some years ago; and the number of couples who live on good terms with society and are received as man and wife, though the law has never made them so, is surely on the increase. In America, where divorce is easy, by far the larger proportion who seek for this relief are women. Surely this, too, is a rope which women are spinning for their own hanging. Between rebelling against the relative subordination of sex, despising the pleasures and contemning the duties of maternity, and enjoying life without much regard to moral law, there is but a step; and when our virtuous women are all made free-thinkers and free-doers, and the feminine millennium looked for among the faithful of the advanced sect has set in, we plain folks who believe in the mutual interdependence of the sexes, but in the natural inferiority and consequent subordination of women, must look elsewhere than at home for the [...] of our dreams and desires. The advanced woman who had rather be a concubine than a wife, who objects to maternity as a sign of functional degradation, and whose highest ambition is to assume the privileges of both sexes while accepting the obligations and burdens of neither, may be a pleasant person to talk to, able to discourse smartly, if not profoundly, the best remedies for pauperism and the social effects of the redundancy of women; but we fancy we should prefer one who could tell fairy tales to a group of little children, and add up a butcher's bill with a clear understanding of averages, whose heart was sounder than her political economy, and her religion stronger than her critical faculty. We acknowledge that all this is very old-fashioned and deplorably unenlightened, but we cannot get over that one great fact of sex; and when society is constituted as it is we do not see how it would work if Omphale took the club and lion's skin, leaving Hercules of necessity the distaff. There is no question that affection and the moral qualities generally form the best part of a woman's character. To stint these for the sake of her intellectual development, which will never be worth the sacrifice, is to create a monster and a foolish one. For, lovely and indefinitely valuable as they are in their own domain, women are but feeble creatures out of it; and none, even those who have had energy and power to do anything really good, have ever quite risen to the first class. Even those who have created and set agoing the new type of unwomanliness that is stalking about society are not to be measured with the men who have created new philosophies, or changed the history of humanity. The modern female reformers are no St. Pauls, no Luthers, after all; at the best they are but as minor (very minor) prophets. The very leaders that head the band fighting for the franchise, for leave to study anatomy and pathology in company with men, for leave to cease to be women though they cannot rise to be men, are in no single point the equals of well-trained men; and this is most strikingly evidenced in the way in which, with so much at stake, they cannot stick to facts nor be fettered by logic. The pamphlets they put out are all marked by the same defects—reckless assertion and illogical inference. They are things almost impossible to criticise, just as it is almost impossible to handle soap-bubbles, because of their inherent weakness and emptiness; yet we must believe them to be the productions of the best thinkers and boldest intellects among the leaders of the new movement; and, accepting them as such, we cannot say that they speak very favorably for the thought or the intellect of these leaders. The ignorance of these women as to what the movement really means, and into what practical results it will finally expand, is only to be equalled by the persistence with which they continue in their self-appointed task; and when they have found out to what end they are toiling and whither they are drifting, it will be too late for them to draw back, and say they did not mean it. [...] with free loving and free opinions, and [...]

womanhood has grown out into an endeavor to assume the life of men—seeing their views, emulating their [...], and playing at their work—what will the more enthusiastic and more blinded of our fine-feminists themselves [...] of their labors? Already some of the ear[liest] pioneers whom we could mention, have drawn back in alarm. They never meant this, they say; and they repudiate the fruits of their former teachings. This is all very well; but when we have made our bed we must lie on it, and the spirit we have evoked we must either know how to control, or become its victim or its slave.

Is it altogether a fanciful notion that the masculine proclivities assuming such large proportions among women evidence a sort of moral senility? Just as ancient hens put off secondary attributes and try to crow—but feebly—so old women grow more like old men than they were like young ones when both were in their prime. Is it really true, then, that the world is in its dotage, and that humanity as a race is tottering to its end? And is one sign of this to be found in the modern woman who thinks she can put the world of nature on a new footing, and who imagines that to be the bad imitation of a man is better than to be the perfect embodiment of true womanhood? "Is our civilization a failure?" as "Truthful James" asks; and are the best efforts of the sex to go towards the creation of a monster which, when created, they will be able neither to utilize nor control? It is not often that the British matron says anything worth listening to; but we must accept the words of the anxious mother we have quoted, as meaning a genuine and not unfounded alarm at the consequences of giving a masculine education to girls. The suggested alternative of expurgation is too absurd to be seriously discussed; so that we are forced to fall back upon the theory of giving women the education that shall best fit them for their own special duties, and for earning their bread, when they have to earn it, in the exercise and the perfecting of those duties.—*London Saturday Review.*

POMPEII IN 1871.

Notes of a Recent Traveller.

From the New York Times.

During the last seven years more of this city of the dead has been unearthed than in the thirty preceding. King Bomba could never understand that the place was not "uncanny." "If something should turn up against the Bible, what would become of me?" was the question perpetually on his lips. Under Victor Emanuel, two essential provisions have been made—an appropriation of sufficient funds, and the best antiquarian in Italy, Fiorelli, as director of excavations. It is sharp work to drive the distance from Naples in an hour and a half. Purple Capri rising like a phantom from the sea, the sparkling sapphire of the bay, if the sky be clear, the lower slope of Vesuvius green with vineyards, and the old village of Resina sleeping on the bosom of the still buried Herculaneum, would content you did the transit last a day. Drawing up at a turnstile, two francs are paid as entrance-fee, a guide in uniform takes charge of your party, and you enter at once among the roofless ruins. Everybody knows their history. They slept for ages in a bed of ashes. Gardens, vineyards, and pine groves grew above them. Peasants lived unsuspicious of dwellings and palaces, market places and theatres beneath them, as their sires had done for centuries. The grave of Pompeii, garlanded with the roses of a perpetual spring, was lost. Seventy years after Christ a volcanic shower of ashes, that gave no warning, caught the unsuspecting citizens, in the full swing of their pleasures, and stilled them forever. A dress of fertile earth blotted out the scar. Only in modern times did men find out the secret. Excavations then begun; hidden wonders came to light, and though not more than half the great tomb of a buried city has been explored, the conditions of old Roman life have been revealed far beyond what books or traditions had previously made known. With these results, so far as they are not revolting to delicacy, this notice will deal.

There is a difficulty in embodying Pompeii to the mind's eye of a reader. You walk its streets, notice the houses on either hand, see the open doors, mark byways and alleys, enter the Exchange, look down long avenues to the arched gateways, thread winding lanes, tramp over flagged sidewalks, scrutinize the curbs fretted by carriage wheels, read the signs beside and above the entrances to shops and stores, rest in the rooms, and mount the stairs and penetrate the chambers of the dwellings, and yet fail to carry away the right words to convey your impressions. There is nothing grand. The place is anything but beautiful. A ruined castle possesses a hundredfold greater attractions. Tear the covers from a book, the crust from a pie, or bereave a bureau of its drawers, and you have a homely but exact idea of the impression your visit has left upon your mind as you drive [...] actual contact with the life of the Pompeians, and know what they were doing eighteen hundred and one years ago, when the fatal hour struck.

This year the excavators have been at work down the street of the goldsmiths. The work is begun at the top of the soil, sixty feet or more from the level of the streets. Trees and vegetation are cleared from the surface, men with picks and spades throw out the earth, and troops of black-eyed, sunny-cheeked girls, with baskets and panniers bear it away to the wagons. Arrived down to the roofs, the workmen proceed more carefully. Adepts crumble the earth in their hands to find antiques. From the hollows of every chamber they clean out the [...]. The objects are thus found exactly as they were left in the hurry and confusion with which the occupants escaped. Most houses can be recognized for what they were. Inscriptions on their walls, signs on their porches, carved emblems (*great labor*) at their doorways, tell their story. Thus there are private mansions and taverns, workshops and laundries, dancing halls and bagnios, indiscriminately lighted upon. Wall paintings, sometimes of great excellence, are found. The diggers uncovered one this summer—"Bacchus and Ariadne"—fresh in color as a new picture of Bierstadt. The young wine-god, brown-faced, lusty, and cinctured with vine leaves, is regarding a sleeping girl on a bank with rapt admiration. Her fair hair, beautiful figure, and diaphanous drapery made the fresco a masterpiece for drawing and coloring. Covering one side of the dining-room opposite the bed, it was always in full view of the diners. In the garden of this house the workmen showed us holes where trees had grown, and a marble fountain that played in the midst of a flower-bed. An adjacent house had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcanic storm buried it. Painters, decorators, and cleaners were masters of the situation. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood on the stove. And a bronze dish, upon which was a sucking pig ready for baking, stood waiting at the oven's mouth for removal of a batch of bread. It never entered, nor did the loaves come out till after a delay of 1700 years. M. Fiorelli has them now, twenty-one in number, hard and black, but perfectly preserved.

We took a random walk through the streets recently unearthed. The southern sun was shining in at open doors and through broken roofs. In the dwellings everything was pitilessly bright. The secrets of every chamber were revealed. The carriage-road between the two footpaths is of smooth flags, irregular in shape, deftly fitted, like stones in a church tower. Modern Florence is so paved. We turn a corner and are startled by the figure of a dead man lying inside a doorway. He lies as he fell. His attitude is preserved exactly by a process recently adopted. In the hurry of the storm he had sought refuge on a porch. But he never crossed its threshold again, and you can see how death grappled with him there, and threw him struggling and fighting for life. In the baker's shop is the arched oven, with fire-place and flues, all perfect for baking bread to-day. Mills for grinding—cones of gris stone, convex and concave, turned capstan-fashion by a crossbar—stand in the shop. In his neighbor's, the fuller's shop, are the charges for work done chalked upon the walls. "There they are," said our guide. "Your excellencies can doubtless read Latin. But the poor man was never paid." A more pretentious tradesman was the leather-cutter, not far off. Within was the table, gashed with knife marks, upon which the man cut his last strands. He had once been a soldier of the Ninth Cohort, and so announced under his name.

There was in Pompeii a glut of public-houses, sometimes four and five in a street. But, like the Neapolitan tipplers of to-day, who make a great hubbub, but seldom get downright drunk, the roistering Pompeians probably kept themselves well in bounds. The wines of Vesuvius are mild, and in virtue of the climate, which makes existence a delight, the temptation to inebriety is small. We stopped at an inn, on the wall of which was painted an elephant, and beneath it the Latin words, which, translated, were: "Sittius has established the Elephant, Osteria Triclinium, with Three Beds. Every comfort." Inside are the Triclinium dining room, the dinner table, and the three divans for convives. It must have been a common place in its best days, and as for its comfort, Pompeians, in common with modern Neapolitans, were apparently not very exacting. The house of Siliens, lower down the street, is curious. His name is written up in two places—in a chamber and over the front door. On his threshold is cut "Salve Lucrum." The interior is well appointed, with a nice garden in the rear, and trellises, rockeries, and decorations suggestive of woman's handiwork. Skeletons of a little dog, tortoises, and two goats, indicate that pet animals were about. The windows and doors are bordered with graceful designs; the walls of the sleeping apartments are covered with traceries of flowers, festoons, birds, dolphins and bacchantes, and the choice domicile is decorated with zones of rich colors, now called Raphaelesque. Raphael startled the artists of his day by his paintings in this style on the arcades of the Vatican. Pompeii was then undiscovered. But it is now known that he caught the idea from the ceilings of the ruins of Nero's golden house. Who Siricus was not even M. Fiorelli can make apparent. Turning into another street, the visitor comes upon the bagnios. They are of three distinct classes, two of which are happily unknown to the modern world. Each class is designated by an emblem carved in stone, placed beside the door. In reduction of immorality, Pompeii was a miniature Corinth. St. Paul, in his holy indignation of this district of nature, tells all that should be told in the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh verses of the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. From the common halls, where courtesans danced with gladiators, to the sumptuous boudoirs that invited aristocratic matrons, or the luxurious cabinets frequented only by the patrician crew, profligate life is pictured in colors and shadings upon every floor and wall. Indelicate verses are scribbled on the doors. Vile epigrams, [...] the publishing houses from every corner [...] the wit of which is amuse[...] in cuttings, hide ashamed behind [...]

Being of wood, which had smouldered away, their casts [...] remain in the [...] ashes. They were nine in number. The edge of each overlapped the fellow and slid into a groove. In the central chamber a small door was made, closed by lock and key. This was for the dyer to let himself in and out after he had closed the doors. He had done the former on the fatal day, too late, alas, to escape, and so ended his life among his dyewoods and blacking-powders.

Continuing our visit still to the discoveries of the present year, we reach the house of Proculus. It is superior to all we have seen. Its owner was a public man. At the moment he was candidate for Aedile. Upon pillars across the street are still to be seen placarded "Proculus to Aedile! Fishermen favor Proculus! Laborers lean to Proculus!" scribbled to the bottom. Gladiators could not vote, nor laborers, nor inn-keepers, nor soldiers. Women did not vote, nor clamor for the privilege, but they exercised their unquestioned right of influencing voters. A Marcella prays success for Proculus," is still a petition to be read upon a pillar. The house of Proculus is upon the same plan upon which most of the stylish Pompeian mansions were built. Picture a dwelling running back from the street, the front, a suit of small reception-rooms, the middle, two open, roofless courts, atrium and peristyle, divided by a drawing-room, against the windows—for there were glass windows in Pompeii—of which, when privacy was required, curtains could be let down—an arcade beneath with doors opening to the offices and cubicula of the house, and a hall leading to the street door, and you have a rough outline of a rich man's town house in Pompeii. The inner court was sacred to the family. There are remains of a little garden and two small marble fountains that once sent a cascade over a diminutive rockery into flower-beds. Double rows of columns mapped out a mellow gloom in the perfumed retreat where the ladies spent their elegant leisure. The pavement, of alternate brick and marble diamond-shapes, is still perfect. Paintings of colors that would harmonize with the flowers and shrubbery, adorned the doors opening out of the boudoir bed-rooms, and are still fresh and beautiful. Everything is designed with reference to elegant privacy, for little intercourse of families was known in Roman life. In the peristyle of this house there was found the skeleton of a hen only. All other living creatures had left it. In the atrium, however, a woman endeavoring to escape had fallen dead. She had gathered jewels and amulets, and was fast escaping, when death arrested her in the outer court. She never rose again.

Of the inhabitants of Pompeii thousands, doubtless, perished, though many more were saved. Hand in hand large crowds groped their way through the streets, and escaped to the open country. At the chief gate there stood a sentinel, who sternly kept his post, and died in harness. Planted in his sentry-box, he covered his mouth with his tunic, and held on against the choking and sulphurous shower. But the ashes fell and fell, filling the streets beyond possibility of being passed, and buried the soldier, holding his weapon with one hand and veiling his mouth with the other. He was found there—a standing skeleton grasping a rusted sword. Sad discoveries are being constantly made. The week previous to our visit two skeletons had been uncovered in a street. They were young—a lad of 20, perhaps, and a girl of 16—and were locked in each other's embrace. In their flight they had fallen together, and death had wedded them. There was a mother, with her three children hand in hand, who vainly tried to escape the destroyer. The mother singly might have done so, but she would not leave her children. Plenty of food for thought is furnished by the fact that more than six hundred skeletons have been exhumed. Many of these tell their own story. Of the family of Diomed seventeen were stifled in a well-stocked wine-cellar. In their agony of fear the fugitives were huddled together in a corner. One swooning girl fell forward on to the bed of ashes that had drifted in. She left the impress of her bosom in the drift, like a seal in softened wax. The tell-tale cast shows her breasts to have been beautiful as Hebe's.

I have spoken of the jewels found in the *atrium* of the house of Proculus. There was no money. Those bearing it had escaped. Perhaps not far. A woman was unearthed in a street hard-by who had fallen clutching a bag of gold. It was in connection with this body that one of the most interesting of Fiorelli's discoveries came about. The hardened ashes became a mould of all the victims. In this case the *cortex* did not break. Into the cavity plaster-of-paris was poured. The result was a perfect cast of the woman. After eighteen centuries here was a counterpart of the poor creature as she died, gripping her bag of ninety pieces of gold, two silver vases [...] tripped [...] along the street, she had [...] and fallen on her left side. Her arm is raised and twisted. Her hand, beautifully formed, [...] clutched [...] the nails entering the [flesh]. Head-dress, face, tissue of garments, and rings on her fingers, are reproduced exactly. Succeeding in this, Fiorelli has since made casts of more than thirty victims. They are to be seen in his house in the suburbs. There are brawny gladiators, little children, porters who staggered and fell under their loads, and men of business who lingered too long at their desks. In nearly all an expression of suffering is manifest. One young girl, however, in the flush of health, her form modelled free from rigidness, appears to have died without a struggle. One of her hands is half open, as if holding her veil. There are the sleeves to her wrists, the needle-work on her sandals, the [...] in her clothing, the bared shoulder, [...] last swoon. She had covered her mouth with her tunic to keep out the choking ashes, and she fell in running—her face to the ground. No strength was left to arise. In her effort for recovery she put out her arm, her head dropped upon it, and she died. The fatal storm came on a festival day in the city, or many more would doubtless have perished. The holiday-makers escaped. Looking up from the games in the arena, they must have seen the awful portent when Vesuvius began to vomit its ashes. Taking the warning, they fled. Placards announcing the theatrical performances of that day are still to be read on the walls. The Pompeians were theatre-going. They were given up to pleasure. Situated in an Eden of natural beauty, whose green uplands, lofty mountains, soft inflections of rivers and valleys, and shifting splendors of sunlight and moonlight on a tideless sea tempted to indolence, theirs was a life of the senses. Even now, when the city has been dead, buried eighteen hundred years, and resurrectionized, one is startled by an air of gayety that clings to it. Doubtless it had its philosophers, but they do not appear. No vestige of Christianity has yet been discovered. What may be revealed is beyond conjecture. It is satisfactory to know, however, that the work of excavation goes on more thoroughly than ever before, and that the city, which Vesuvius by burying has preserved to the world, when its shroud of ashes is torn away, will present a Roman town, as it was in the days of Vespasian. N. S. D.

The Black Alpaca Lady.

From the New York World.

Time and civilization, in their progress, appear to increase rather than abate the traditional unpopularity of that elderly maternal relative of marriage, whose supernatural perception and incessant proclamation of the faults in her daughter's husband have for married mankind an embittering effect not unfrequently expressed in the most violent and vindictive terms. The most amiable and philosophical of husbands can seldom mention his mother-in-law without betraying in countenance and speech some foreshadowing of the spirit of justifiable homicide, while the more irritable possessor of such matrimonial relative too commonly refers to her in language altogether unfit for publication. Bearing in mind this unhappy state of things, the sad married reader may be able to understand the insane joy characterizing some curious verses, which appear without signature in recent provincial exchanges, and wildly describe the amazingly hilarious conduct of an emancipated victim of—

HE'S WIFE'S MOTHER.

He stood on his head on the wild sea shore,
And danced on his hands a jig;
In all his emotions, as never before,
A madly hilarious grig.

And why? In that vessel which left the bay
His mother-in-law had sailed
To a tropical country some distance away,
Where tigers and serpents prevailed.

He knew she had gone to recruit her health
And doctor her rasping cough,
But wagered himself a professor of wealth
That something would carry her off.

Oh, now he might look for a quiet life,
And even be happy yet,
Though owning no end of neuralgical wife,
And up to his collar in debt;

For she of the specs and curled false front,
And the black alpaca robe,
Must pick out a sailor to suffer the brunt
Of her next daily trial of Job.

He watched while the vessel cut the sea,
And hummed [...] and cheered,
And [...] if seasick she qualmish could be
He'd consider the edifice crowned;

He'd borne the old lady through thick and thin,
Till she'd lectured him out of breath;
And now, as he gazed at the ship she was in,
He howled for her violent death—

Till over the azure horizon's edge
The barque had retired from view,
When he leaped to the crest of a chalky ledge,
And pranced like a kangaroo.

And many a jubilant yell [...] sent
O'er the waves which had made him free,
Then cut a last caper ecstatic, and went,
Turning somersaults, homeward to tea.

Regarded strictly as poetry, the above is a demoralized production and unsuitable for the piano; but prose could scarcely have represented so powerfully the gymnastic disorder of a once genial nature devastated by mother-in-law.

Periods of Human Growth.

A paper by Dr. Cheron on medical art in relation to military organization gives some curious details with regard to the period of growth in the human race. The average number of Frenchmen liable each year to military service, who have attained the age of 20, is 325,000, but about 61,000 are exempt from various causes, of which deficient height is one of the most frequent. This, Dr. Cheron thinks, is not a sufficient ground for exemption, as the time required to reach the full development of the stature varies considerably in different races. The population of France, being composed of mixed races, presents great differences as regards height, and the duration in growth greatly varies from one region to another, according to the origin of the inhabitants. The descendants of the aboriginal Gauls occupying the central zone of France from the Alps to the Atlantic are remarkable for developing so slowly that they scarcely reach their full height before the age of 25. The inhabitants of the South, sprung from Greeks, Romans, and Gauls, attain their complete stature at 20 years of age. In the Northeast of France the descendants of Belgians, Northmen, Flemings, and Germans are not fully grown till they reach the age of 23. Dr. Cheron thinks the 15,000 or 16,000 persons exempted [...]

THE UMBRELLA.

Its Antiquity and Latest Proposed Uses.

Toward the close of his nineteen years of splendid wastefulness in London, when Smith incessantly watched the doors of Gore House and a certain dwelling in a modest terrace a little lower down the road, Alfred, Count D'Orsay, gave utterance to a memorable sentiment. In reply to a prudent friend, who vainly tried to dissuade him from ordering a new carriage that he did not need and could not pay for, the last of the dandies declared that as long as he lived wherever he went should [...] the best of its kind. When he could no longer drive the best carriage, he would carry the best umbrella in town. The prudent friend was set aside with a smile; and in another year the beau had retired to his native land, and entered on the last stage of his career. True to his word, when he could not keep a perfect carriage, he made himself the owner of a faultless "gingham;" and went to his artistic grave at Chambourcy leaning on the daintiest umbrella that could be found in Paris.

The parapluie that alternately aided the tottering steps and shaded the wan features of the fading Count was the newest specimen of a contrivance whose story is almost coextensive with that of human civilization. The last and youngest of a noble line, it had a pedigree of venerable antiquity. Though it may have had no lineal connection with the biblical "shade defending from the sun," it could boast a descent from the symbolical sun-shades of Nineveh, Egypt, India, and China. Its remote and gorgeous ancestors, typical of death and dominion over life, had conferred splendor on the religious pomps of extinct peoples, and inspired their beholders with awe. Their effigies may be found on sacred sculptures, in the ruins of palaces and temples. Their mysterious powers are commemorated in the adornments of antique vases, and the traditions of superstitious faiths. In the fifth incarnation of Vishnu, when the god went down into hell, he bore in his hand the same implement that Jonas Hanway, the founder of Magdalen's Hospital, used to carry about George the Third's London, to the scorn and rage of hackney-coachmen. In like manner, an old bas-relief represents Dionysius descending to the infernal regions, holding a specimen of the ingenious contrivance that was extended by a footman over the head of Dr. Shebbeare, to ward off the rain and rotten eggs from the unfortunate man of letters whilst he stood in the pillory, in 1758,—an indulgence to the seditious writer that brought rebuke and punishment on Under-Sheriff Beardman. From time immemorial the right to bear a single umbrella has been a considerable distinction in Eastern lands. To this day, to be the lord of many umbrellas is to be a sublime personage. The Mahratta Princes, who reigned at Poonah and Sattara, had the title of Ch'hatra-pati, *i. e.*, Lord of the Umbrella, from which superb designation it has been suggested that we derived the word "satrap." The King of Ava was proud to call himself "King of the White Elephant and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas." Barely sixteen years have passed since the King of Birma styled himself, in a letter to the Marquis of Dalhousie, "His great glorious, and most excellent Majesty, who reigns over the kingdoms of Thunaparanta, Tampadipa, and all the great umbrella-wearing chiefs of the Eastern countries." A member of the Pytchley Hunt would not care to turn out at the head of a good regiment of umbrella-bearers; but, as Mr. Woodcraft reminds us in his capital essay on the archaeology of sun-shades, "we hear of twenty-four umbrellas being carried before the Emperor of China when he was going hunting." In London, where a single dealer in furnished and unfurnished sticks has sold four millions of alpaca umbrellas in the course of the last twenty years, and where umbrellas are so lightly esteemed that fairly honest men take no trouble to return them after borrowing them, it seems very absurd that nations should have exalted the portable canopy to be an ensign of authority, and symbol of religious truth. But there is nothing in the nature of things which makes stars, garters, and buttons more appropriate ensigns of personal worth than wands fitted with folds of silk.

Though the Greeks used the umbrella as a mystic symbol in some of their sacred festivals, it was known to them chiefly in later times as an article of luxury, for the comfort and decoration of aristocratic womankind. Aristophanes and Pausanias both mention the *Skiadeion* as though it were a contrivance commonly used by ladies. Adopting two of the ancient uses of the parasol, the Romans gave it to their gentlewomen as a piece of apparel suitable to their delicacy, and in later times raised the canopy of state as a symbol of authority. The Cardinals' hat is probably derived from the umbrella suspended in the Basilican churches of Rome before their conversion from judgment-halls into places of divine worship. "The origin of this custom," says the author of the "Introduction" to our little Blue Book, of hanging an umbrella in the Basilican churches is plain enough. The Judge sitting in the basilikon would have it as a part of the insignia of office. On the judgment hall being turned into a church the umbrella remained, and in fact occupied the place of the canopy over thrones and the like in our own country. Bestiano, an Italian herald, says that 'a vermilion umbrella in a field-argent symbolizes dominion.'"

Though a drawing preserved in the Harleian MSS. represents an Anglo-Saxon fop of high degree taking the air under an umbrella, made with ribs and a sloping handle, which is held over his head by his body-servant, the general use of the umbrella in England may be said to have commenced no earlier than the eighteenth century. In James the First's time the majority of our women no less than of our men scorned to screen themselves from sun, rain, and wind with the little "umbrellaes,"—made of leather, "something answerable to the form of a little cannopy, and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoopes that extend the umbrella in a pretty large compasse,"—which Thomas Coryat, in his 'Crudities,' ridiculed as the absurdest contrivances of the fanciful Italians. Like the table-fork, however, the umbrella found its advocates as well as its enemies in Elizabethan London; and persons, bold enough to urge that it was not impious for the hungry Christian to put pieces of meat into his mouth with a pair of steel prongs, ventured to raise their voices in behalf of the new implement for preserving complexions and finery. The umbrella, used both as a sun-shade and defence against the rain, certainly grew in favor with Londoners of luxury and fashion under the first two Stuarts. Drayton, in 1620, described it as a thing able "to shield you in all sorts of weathers." Twenty years later Beaumont and Fletcher, in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," alluded to it in the lines:

"Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,
To keep the scorching world's opinion
From your fair credit."

The umbrella exhibited during the Commonwealth as a rarity at John Tradescant's Museum, at South Lambeth, was either interesting on account of its exceptional construction, or because it was one of the earliest weather-shades introduced into the country. The picture on the title-page of Evely's "Kalendarium Hortense" (1664), of a black page carrying a closed hand-canopy, at least renders it improbable that any umbrella was at that period an article whose rarity entitled it to a place in a collection of curiosities. That the invention was commonly used as a defence against the rain in Queen Anne's London, by women of the humbler grades, as well as by ladies, we know from Gay's mention of the "oily shed" in the "Trivia," and Swift's lines in the *Tatler* of October 17, 1710—

The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.

Gay says—

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the ridinghood's disguise;
Or underneath the umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load
When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.

The time was close at hand when the walking maid's defence became the shield of both sexes. Like many other social reformers who garner to their own fame the fruits of earlier laborers, Jonas Hanway gained popular credit for inventing the umbrella, whereas he was at most nothing more than one of the first gentlemen of the town to carry an umbrella habitually. Sixteen years before Hanway's death, and when the umbrella-using philanthropist had availed himself of the folding canopy for some fourteen years, John Macdonald, the footman and autobiographer, used to be greeted by the hackney-coachmen with derisive shouts of "Frenchman, Frenchman, why don't you call a coach?" whenever he showed himself in the streets with his "fine silk umbrella, newly brought from Spain." Two centuries since, the oiled umbrella, of clumsy cane or whalebone ribs, strung on a ring of wire, and expanded without the aid of the modern top-notch and runner, was no less heavy than awkward, although its canopy was much less extensive than that of the ordinary umbrella of the present day. In the seventieth century an umbrella of the best French workmanship weighed about 3 lbs. 8 oz., a weight exceeding by 2 lbs. that of the silk umbrellas manufactured in Paris in 1840.

Some notion may be formed of the amount of ingenuity expended during the last eighty or ninety years on improving the umbrella from the fact that this collection of abridgments of specifications contains abstracts of 399 patents, the earliest of which was granted in October, 1786, and the latest in July, 1861. Some few of these patents are for walking-sticks not furnished with drapery; and many of them refer only to improvements, or proposals for the improvement, of one or more of the subordinate parts of the mechanism of the weather-shade, such as ribs, tips, handles, ferules, notches, springs. But the majority of the specifications are of contrivances affecting the umbrella's general design, or principal materials. Some of the schemes are very fanciful; but the entire collection is an entertaining exhibition of human ingenuity acting on a matter of trifling convenience. Whoever wishes for an umbrella so fashioned that its silk may be shut up within the stick, may have his desire by buying one of Edward Thomason's "rhabdoskiaphores," or one of several weather-shades made with the same object as Mr. Thomason's invention. The warlike citizen is provided, by the invention of Malcolm M'Gregor and William M'Farland (1808), with an implement that may be used at will to ward off rain or kill a foe; for it may "be shut up in its case, to be used as a walking-stick, and may be used as a defensive weapon, by having a spear attached, which is protruded from running into the stick when used by a spring." For the benefit of umbrella-bearers whose blood circulates sluggishly, and whose hands, therefore, are liable to suffer from cold, Mr. Charles Smith (1840) invented an umbrella-handle with sockets to hold heating matters. Ladies who like to have the [...] information about the time of day may have sun-dials fitted in the han[dles ...]

gus and narrowly-modest ladies, who do not like to be looked at or themselves [...] delicate persons who would defend themselves against the gust [...] as well as [...] should buy Mr. Samuel Stocker's [...] which has a circular veil or curtain attached to the circumference of the umbrella, [...] so that the user [...] something like an animated [...] falling curtain, it should be observed, is provided with a little window, so that the enshrouded traveller can see where he is going. But the umbrella-holder, who wishes to put a hat or other window into his portable [...] should have it glazed by Mr. John Henry Johnson's patent "mode or modes of inserting glass or other transparent plates in the fabric of umbrellas." The most perfect umbrella, attainable in the present state of industrial art, would combine the special conveniences of several patents. First of all, the person ambitious of possessing the best possible weather-shield should provide himself with Henry William Vander Kiste's "walking-stick, constructed to contain a pistol, powder, ball, and caps, telescope, pen, ink, paper, pencil, knife, and drawing utensils." For the drawing utensils of this apparatus he should substitute a small pipe and half an ounce of tobacco. This stick should be enriched with a warming-pan handle, furnished with a sundial, and fitted with a waterproof canopy having a circular curtain and six handsome windows. The whole should be enclosed in Thomas Dawson's "improved case or cover for umbrellas, which can also be worn as a garment;" with respect to which envelope, contrived a doubled debt to pay, the inventor remarks: "I provide it with a button and a loop or other suitable fastening; and when not worn on the shoulders the umbrella is inserted and rolled in it, the loop and button fastened, and the case assumes a neat and sightly appearance." Though it might not be all that he could desire in respect to weight, the umbrella, thus constituted and furnished, would enable its proprietor to walk to and fro between the city and his suburban residence with an agreeable sense of security.—*The Athenæum.*

ARMS.

An Essay by "Grin."

The history of arms would be interesting, properly handled. I never was an adept at handling arms. I think I could handle legs much better in an emergency.

The first arm of which there appears to be any record was a club. Cain administered to his brother on the occasion of a family difficulty that is historic. Notwithstanding the vast improvement that has been made in arms since that day, clubs are frequently trumps yet. The club does not always come to the man, but the man goes to the "club," greatly to the disadvantage of his wife, if he has one. In such cases clubs are more offensive than defensive.

Political clubs are wielded to demolish opposing candidates, and are often a very effective weapon. The reason Women's Rights clubs break up so often is because every woman wants to wield it her own individual self.

The spear seems to have succeeded the club as an arm. Mankind growing sharper, they sharpened the primitive club to a point, and in place of bluntly beating one over the head with a blunt end, they scientifically thrust each other through—called, in the classic language of the period, going through a man. This was when they first began to bring warfare down to a fine point.

Then came bows and arrows. They were suggested by a young lady too indolent to hurl her spear, who got her beau to hurl it for her. In those days young ladies never went out unaccompanied by their beaux and arrows. Beaux have never entirely been superseded for ladies' arms since their introduction—hardly waiting for an introduction sometimes. This is agreeable to the beaux, an' arrows the question down considerably.

The tomahawk is classed among the primitive weapons. It was invented by an Indian, named Tommy, who (toms) hawked it about the American forests. It was known in Shakespeare's day. Hamlet says: "I know a tomahawk from a hand-saw."

The scalping-knife usually accompanies the above weapon by way of a side-arm. As an invigorator for bringing out the hair, it has never been excelled by any of the hair tonics.

Slings have been popular in their day, their success depending a great deal on who got them up. Goliah was so much struck with one that he never afterward took anything else. Besides this implement for slinging stones, the ancients had a machine for throwing mud. Mud-throwing has never gone out altogether. It is confined for the most part to a certain class of newspapers.

Missiles of various descriptions besides the above have been in vogue from time to time, not forgetting the missile-toe bough. I never hear a dog's "bow-wow" at night without feeling an inclination to send a missile-toe-bow, in the form of a brick or paving-stone.

The discovery of gunpowder divides arms into two classes, ancient and modern. (Gunpowder, it will be remembered, was discovered under the Parliament house in the days of Guy Fawkes). The ancient Greeks fought with the pike, and the Romans with the javelin. I may remark incidentally that the Cincinnatians fought with the Pike for some time, but the Pike was handsomely captured at last.

Swords were never the most effective arm. Richelieu said, derisively, "The pen is mightier than the sword." He forgot old cheese. That is frequently mite-ier than pen and sword together.

Daggers have figured conspicuously in the affairs, as well as the affrays, of men, and changed the course of history frequently. A dagger overthrew Cæsar, as the bristling array of hostile legions could not. Macbeth's bloody imaginings took the form of a dagger. Instead of saying, however, "Is this a dagger I see before me?" his exact words should have been, under the circumstances, "Is this a dagger to persistently after me?"

Gunpowder effected an entire revolution in the construction and use of arms. Spears, maces, javelins, and the like, are obsolete. Swords are merely ornamental, and bayonets rarely appealed to. Bayonets may think, but gunpowder does the talking. Artillery and musketry settle the question when diplomacy can't, and percussion caps the climax.

Tennyson's Suppressed Poems.

The "Household Edition of Tennyson's Poems," published by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., contains all of Tennyson's acknowledged works, and nearly all his suppressed and hitherto uncollected pieces. Among the latter are the following:

KATE.

I know her by her angry air,
Her bright black eyes, her bright black hair,
Her rapid laughters wild and shrill,
As laughters of the woodpecker
From the bosom of a hill.
'Tis Kate—she sayeth what she will:
For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
Clear as the twanging of a harp.
Her heart is like a throbbing star.
Kate hath a spirit ever strung
Like a new bow, and bright and sharp
As edges of the scymitar.
Whence shall she take a fitting mate?
For Kate no common love will feel;
My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
As pure and true as blades of steel.

Kate saith "the world is void of might."
Kate saith "the men are gilded flies."
Kate snaps her fingers at my vows;
Kate will not hear of lovers' sighs.
I would I were an armed knight,
Far famed for well-won enterprise,
And wearing on my swarthy brows
The garland of new-wreathed emprise;
For in a moment I would pierce
The blackest files of clanging fight,
And strongly strike to left and right,
In dreaming of my lady's eyes.
Oh! Kate loves well the bold and fierce;
But none are bold enough for Kate,
She cannot find a fitting mate.

DUALISMS.

Two bees within a crystal flowerbell rocked,
Hum a lovelay to the West wind at noontide.
Both alike, they buzz together,
Both alike, they hum together
Through and through the flowered heather.
Where in creeping cove the wave unshocked
Lays itself calm and wide,
Over a stream two birds of glancing feather
Do woo each other, carolling together.
Both alike, they glide together,
Side by side;
Both alike, they sing together,
Arching blue-glossed necks beneath the purple weather.

Two children lovelier than Love adown the lea are singing,
As they gambol, lily-garlands ever stringing:
Both in blosmwhite silk are frocked:
Like, unlike, they roam together
Under a Summer vault of golden weather;
Like, unlike, they sing together
Side by side,
Mid-May's darling golden locked,
Summer's tanling diamond-eyed.

The Chinese Language.

In learning English, a child commences with letters, but the elementary things in Chinese are syllables, because what we should call letters are full-fledged words. Instead of our twenty-six letters, the Chinese has about five hundred syllables, and these are combined together, in an almost unlimited permutation, to form their fifty or sixty thousand words, each represented by a separate character. From the paucity of their syllables they have to give them many significations. Thus, for instance, Rev. S. R. Brown informs us that the syllable *che* has two hundred and twelve meanings; *ching* a hundred and thirteen, etc. Hence, if one Chinaman says to another simply *che* he may mean any one of two hundred and twelve things, which is practically nothing; but he has, therefore, in order to limit it somewhere, to speak another syllable of kindred signification, either before or after it. These two syllables (sometimes three) he utters so quickly together that they form one word as much as in English, which fact makes it inaccurate to call Chinese a monosyllabic language. In other words, the arrangement of the syllables in English is invariable; so that, in case of the word "incomprehensibility," for instance, we cannot write any two of the syllables together to form a new word; whereas the Chinese (supposing it had so long a word, though it very seldom has one of more than three syllables) could pick it to pieces, and make, perhaps, a dozen or two new words. It is hardly too much to say that a Chinaman can unite together any two of the five hundred syllables which have any kinship in meaning, and make an intelligible word.

Let me use a homely illustration. Suppose two Chinamen sit down on opposite sides of a table, one of them with five hundred blocks, smeared with glue at both ends. He might pick up and show to the other any one of them, and he would at once call out any one of the dozen or hundred meanings for each of which he would make a different character; but to communicate any extended or precise information, his friend must glue them together in couples or threes. This is why the Chinese is not, as it is usually called, a monosyllabic language. We may say in English, "I went to town last night, and found my friend, and went with him to see the play," all in monosyllables; but it is impossible to utter in Chinese anything but the shortest sentences in monosyllables, as, *ngo shee*, "I say," *ne shee?* "who are you?" A rapid speaker in English does not separate his words by greater intervals than his syllables, neither do the Chinese. The error of calling the language monosyllabic [...]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Oct. 8—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity (B. C.); Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost (R. C.); St. Bridget, widow (R. C.).

[...] Dionysius and companions, martyrs (R. C.).

[...]—St. Callistus, Pope and martyr (R. C.).

[...] St. Teresa, [...] (R. C.).

[...] The Maternity of the B. V. M. (R. C.); St. [...] virgin and martyr (R. C.).

[...] St. Edward, confessor (R. C.).

Oct. 14—St. Callistus, Pope and martyr (R. C.).

—Bishop Potter, in his address to the Diocesan Convention, in session at New York last week, favored the establishment of Episcopal convents in this country, so that certain Christian women may have a chance to work.

—It is said that New York City sends out but few great preachers, but invites many, and the following are instanced: Dr. Ormiston comes from Canada, and Dr. Hall from Ireland, Mr. Dewey from Dutchess County, Ludlow from New Jersey, Potter from Troy, Robinson from Vermont, while Massachusetts supplied Osgood, Chapin, Bellows, and Richardson; Paxton came from Pennsylvania, Thompson and Morgan from Connecticut, and Durvea from Long Island.

—That wasn't a bad resolution, which the Universalist Convention, just held in Philadelphia, passed. Its substance was that "Whereas, by spending more money than we have received, we have already contracted a debt of $30,000, therefore, Resolved, That it is the grave judgment of this convention that unless we get more money from the parishes we must stop our disbursements."

—The Congregationalist notes with particular interest the disposition of churches to employ ladies to assist pastors in such duties as may suit their tastes and talents. "Assistant pastors" they are called.

—A week of prayer throughout the world is proposed by the English Evangelical Alliance, which calls upon Christians of all nations throughout the world to make arrangements for setting apart the week commencing January 7, 1872, for special humiliation, thanksgiving, and prayer. The necessity for united prayer is made plain from the fact that while 800,000,000 of the entire population of the world consists of Protestants, Roman Catholics, Greeks, Jews, and Mohammedans, the other 700,000,000 are entirely pagan. The call of this society has been endorsed by the Secretaries of the American, French, German, Belgian, Dutch, Netherlands, Swedish, Turkish, and Greek branches of the Alliance.

—The Rev. Joseph Richardson, senior pastor of the First Parish in Hingham, Mass., died September 25, aged 93. He was representative in Congress from 1826 to 1830, and was succeeded by Hon. John Quincy Adams. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1802, and ordained pastor of the First Church in Hingham, July 2, 1806, a relation which he sustained until his death, though for several years past the duties of the office have been discharged by a colleague.

—The Rev. Mr. Finney, of Oberlin, is one of the living curiosities. He has been pastor of a church for thirty years, and during all that time has never asked or received a cent of salary, living at his own expense and independent of donations.

—George Augustus Selwyn, Bishop of Litchfield, England, who is in attendance at the Episcopal Convention at Baltimore, is better known as the first Bishop of New Zealand. He distinguished himself at Cambridge by his accomplishments alike as an athlete and as a scholar, and it was upon the fame of Selwyn that Charles Kingsley constructed his ideal of the muscular Christian—the "man who feared God and could walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours."

—The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into Chinese and printed with illustrations by native artists. The figures are, of course, Chinese, and our friend Christian disports a pigtail.

—The English Church *Times* (Ritualist) finds some difficulty in giving directions to good churchmen travelling on the Continent as to the manner in which they shall spend their Sundays; but feels quite clear on one point, viz.: that they must never go to any Protestant church. "No clergyman—nor church layman either, for that matter—has any right to abet schism by joining a Lutheran service in Sweden, Denmark, or Prussia; a Calvinist one in Scotland, Holland, or Switzerland." Such clear and sweeping prohibition would seem to leave the Anglican clergyman rather in a predicament; but he will generally be able to find a Roman church somewhere in his neighborhood, and, "to avoid even the semblance of schism, Englishmen ought to make a point of regular attendance at mass, daily where practicable, every Sunday and greater holidays at the least."

—"Confessions" are heard regularly at 9 o'clock nightly at St. Alban's, Holborn, London. The "confessionals" are somewhat novel—banners of violet stuff fixed in position in the left side aisle, on one side of which is a chair for the "priest," and on the other a kneeler for his "penitent."

—In consequence of a bequest made in a will dated March 11, 1615, a sermon is preached in one of the churches of London every year, at the beginning of August to commemorate the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

—The congregation of the Rev. Dr. Cheever, when he preached in the stone church, which stood where Tiffany's store now stands (in New York city), was not rich, and therefore left his salary run behind some $30,000. When the church was sold this was paid, principal and interest, and he now lives in a villa in New Jersey, and enjoys, as was once remarked by a druggist, his *otium cum dignitate*.

—Recently a young minister of the Methodist Church offered himself for a missionary work, proposing to support himself for at least two years. This proposition of self-support was declined. It was thought best to send him on the usual terms. The Bishop appointed him to India. The young man then sent to the Mission Rooms a deed for 120 acres of land, and a promise of $40 acres more.

—Mr. James S. Budgett, of Ealing, England, has supplemented Sir F. Lycett's offer of £1,000 each to fifty new chapels, by promising in like manner £100 each. Already more than half the amount of £50,000, necessary to secure the whole of Sir Francis Lycett's gifts, has been subscribed.

—The Rev. William M. Punshon was warmly received by the British Wesleyan Conference, the whole audience rising and cheering. Twenty thousand applications for tickets of admission to the Wesleyan chapel at Leeds were made when Mr. Punshon preached there the day last month.

—The number of [...] by Baptist ministers in this country in a year, averages eight to each of the [...] ministers. [...] there was an average of thirty to each of the fifty ministers of the Baptist Missionary Union, or eleven each to all, including native preachers.

—The Reformed Dutch Church, in celebrating this year the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of their synod in 1771, propose to raise a million dollars for the payment of church debts and the extension of the missionary enterprises.

—If the new Reformation in Germany shall prove to be successful, more thanks will be due to the politicians than to the priests. The best informed correspondents from that country report that the liberal Catholic clergy lack the courage of their opinions. They are not behind in hatred of the Jesuits, and their best wishes are for reform; but multitudes of them are waiting to see what the government will do. "If," said one of the priests, "the governments declare openly and distinctly that they will protect priests, teachers, and professors who refuse to accept and teach the new dogma, then I have no doubt a great many will take positions on the subject, and our party will become numerous and strong. If, however, they do not, then I know not what will be the upshot. You see it is a hard thing for a man to have to give up his office and livelihood."

—The Central Church in Boston, which came so near passing into history as "The Church of the Holy Mortgage," has made provision for the payment of its whole debt, which but a few weeks ago amounted to $190,000.

—The London *Freeman* is complaining of a recent publication of "American sacred songs," with their "roystering choruses set to music of the 'nigger melody' style."

—Some little sensation has been created in England by the Archbishop of York, Most Rev. Dr. Thomson, and the Lord Bishop of Winchester, Right Rev. Dr. Wilberforce, preaching in the Kirk of Glengarry, Invernesshire, Scotland, a few Sundays ago, and conducting the service according to the forms of the Church of Scotland; that is, the Presbyterian sect which goes by that name. The London *Telegraph* holds that it would be difficult to over-estimate the significance of such startling events as an English Archbishop and Bishop officiating in a Presbyterian church. The *Church Times* calls attention to the fact that the Rector of St. Matthew's, Marylebone, Dr. Spencer, had preached in a Baptist church in Dublin, and was, therefore, guilty of schism. But, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with what face could the Bishop of London punish Dr. Spencer, if two high prelates are to go unprosecuted and unpunished for committing very similar offences?

Bonaparte's Opinion on Suicide.

There are few incidents told of Napoleon that more strikingly illustrate his practical good sense than Warden's account of a conversation with him on this subject. There is reason to believe, that, after the battle of Moscow, Bonaparte made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy himself by poison; if this was so, he had, at the time of which Warden speaks, recovered his usual healthy tone of mind. Alluding to the repeated comments of the English newspapers, that he ought not to have survived his fate, he calmly added: "No, no; I have not enough Roman in me to destroy myself; suicide is a crime the most revolting to my feelings; nor does any reason present itself to my mind by which it can be justified. It certainly originates in that species of fear which we denominate *poltroonerie*, for what claim can that man have to courage, who trembles at the frowns of fortune? True heroism consists in becoming superior to the ills of life, in whatever shape they may challenge him to the combat." "If Marius had slain himself in the marshes of Minturna, he never would have stood the seventh time for Consul." On another occasion he said: "I have been a diligent student of the English language; I now read your newspapers with ease, and must own that they afford me no inconsiderable amusement. They are occasionally inconsistent, and sometimes abusive. In one paper I am called a *Liar* [...]; in another, a *Tyrant*; in a third, a *Monster*; and in one of them, which I really did not expect, a *coward*; but it turned out, after all, that the writer did not accuse me of avoiding danger in the field of battle, or flying from an enemy, or fearing to look at the menaces of fate and fortune. He did not charge me with wanting presence of mind in the hurry of battle, and in the suspense of conflicting armies; no such thing. [...] I had not the courage to [...] myself into the [...]. I have, at least, lived long enough [...]

[illegible] selves will be spared, and the blessing of St. Anthony is not very availing for the suffering creatures in Rome—in fact, the people themselves are losing faith in it.

All this, however, belongs to the great overturning which is at hand, to which none can look forward with a greater astonishment of dismay than the 7,000 individuals, male and female, who have their homes in religious houses, and whose case, in many instances, is deeply to be deplored. In the meantime the public, as well as the government, having everywhere an eye to monetary matters, reckons up the revenues of the Church, by which it appears that, in the full temporal power of the Pope, the minimum income of the clergy amounted to nearly twelve millions of scudi, and the capital to about two hundred and twenty millions, without reckoning other of the clergy who enjoyed many millions of scudi from other sources.

I mentioned in my last a few of the offerings made to the Holy Father on the occasion of his jubilee; but they were as nothing in comparison with those which came afterwards, amongst which may be mentioned a stole and other vestments set with jewels, the value of which was immense, besides the proposition of a golden throne, and the assumption of the title of "The Great." Well may the Pope say, as others have had to do, with less reason, "defend me from my friends." And in this respect he has shown his good sense and moderation.

"The title of the Great," he is said to have replied to the Marchese Cavaletti, the President of the Commission, "cannot be given to a living man; and let the money destined for the golden throne be usefully employed in some good work."

In spite of this sensible protest, some of the Catholic journals have adopted the objectionable surname, and with them Pope Pius is The Great, and even The Immortal.

Amongst the present movements in the right direction must be mentioned the fact that a priest or any member of a religious order is now equally amenable to the law with the meanest citizen. Thus has lately been seen, for the first time, a monk condemned for the murder of a lay brother, whom he killed by the ordinary Italian mode of stabbing. And, by-the-bye, I would not omit to mention, as another the good signs of the present day, the formation of an anti-knife association, not the use of the knife for the wholesome and agreeable purpose of dining, but of stabbing. The Italian, the kindest-hearted and best-natured man in the world, is also the most easily provoked. From old times he has carried with him a knife, pointed like a dagger, for the purpose of revenge in case of affront. Boys, even, on a sudden attack of rage, have stabbed their play-fellows. These outburst of passion, which they term [illegible], are, in fact, fits of temporary madness. We ourselves witnessed such an outburst between a well-to-do citizen, our own landlord, and our ordinarily quiet and respectable woman-servant, they two having a little quarrel in the first instance about wood ashes. The sudden outburst of fury on his part was something terrible to witness, and, had it been a man, instead of a woman, he probably would have stabbed him; as it was, he cruelly beat her with a cane on the face. In London and elsewhere the crime of the Italian is always stabbing. This is an admirable attempt on the part of the Romans to correct themselves, and it is indeed but one branch of the moral and social reform which is aimed at by this association, the object of which is, by means of public readings, circulating libraries, and even theatrical representations, to give to the industrial classes higher tastes, and thus to form and elevate the individual character.

Another priest also, but that was in Naples, has been condemned for murder. He was a young man, the son of a widow, whose ambition it was to see her son a priest. For this purpose she spared, and saved, and pinched herself to afford the means for his education, a worthy old priest teaching him Latin and enabling him to obtain consecration. Finally, through his influence, he was ordained priest, obtained a chapel and an income. He now, being, as it were, his own master, fell into all kinds of sin, and at length, reduced to poverty, with the pressure of debt upon him, he resolved to murder the good old priest his benefactor, whom he knew possessed money. Giving it out, therefore, that he was going to Naples, he went by night to the house of his friend, murdered him, and made the old housekeeper, who chanced to be a witness of the crime, take a solemn oath not to betray him, but to say, instead, that robbers had broken into the house and robbed and murdered the old man. After this he made his escape. The woman, however, immediately revealed the truth, the murderer was pursued, apprehended, and brought to trial. The crime was proved clearly against him, and he was condemned for life to the galleys.

Another of the lawless events of the day, and I will turn to other topics. I spoke in my account of Rocca di Papa of the rumor of brigands, though, in truth, the people of that mountain village were, I believe, innocent of all such propensities. At Velletri, however, only about five and twenty miles from Rome, lying at the back of the Alban Hills, on the railroad to Naples, a case of brigandage occurred on the 15th of this month. Signor Morini Giovanni and another gentleman from Ariano were seized by brigands, and twelve thousand scudi were demanded for their ransom. An instant alarm, however, was given; the population and National Guard rushed forth in pursuit of these desperadoes, who, startled by this prompt action, tied their victims to a tree, and left them without doing them farther damage. Here they were found, in no enviable condition, having passed the night in terrible anxiety and fear. This audacious attempt occurred, rather singularly, after an incident connected with brigandage which is worth recording.

Towards the end of July a notorious brigand, named Gasbaroni, who, with his band, had been the terror of travellers half a century ago, was released, with such as remained of his followers, from a long imprisonment of forty-six years. They came to Rome by railway, and the astonishment of the old brigands at this mode of travelling was most curious to witness. The world had indeed attained to strange knowledge and power since they were out of it! Everywhere crowds assembled to see the old traditional brigand Chief who belonged to another generation, but whose history was familiar to this, for Gasbaroni's life had been written, and was known to all—a printed book, not interdicted by the Pope. He was a sort of Robin Hood of brigands, who could boast that he had never taken the life of any man, except in self-defence, or when the safety of his band required it. And we must remember that the brigand-trade can hardly, in the eyes of an ignorant Roman populace, be considered as degrading, when it's familiarly known to them that men now high in the Church are said to be descended from the same lawless class, without it having been any detriment to them.

But to return to Gasbaroni and his fellows. The countenances of these men are said to have borne their old ferocity. They gazed round them with a look of inquisitive wonder, as men out of another world; sought out their old haunts, only to find that the friends and companions of those far departed years were no longer in this life; and wherever they went they were accompanied by a crowd of "roughs," kindred spirits that were attracted to them. At length the municipality, unwilling that the attention which they excited should make heroes of them, ordered them out of the city, and shortly afterwards occurred the brigand attack at Velletri. Whether the old reprobates had taken to their former calling, or whether their very appearance once more amongst men, and the revived story of their ancient achievements had awakened a passion of imitation, I know not. At all events, the coincidence was singular, and when we remember that it was near the line of the railway, with its electric telegraph at hand, it seems hardly possible that ordinary brigands would adventure their lawless daring with such odds against them.

Let us now, however, return to the better features of the day.

Prince Umberto, like the rest of the world, is travelling, and it is said will visit England amongst other countries; nor can he do better than follow the example of the Emperor of Brazil, who, desirous of advancing the civilization of his subjects, as well as from his own love of scientific knowledge, has been studying museums, public charities, factories, and mines from early dawn to late at night both in England and Scotland. The Western hemisphere teaches much both to monarchs and subjects. Nor is it a slight cause of satisfaction to Italy that Victor Emanuel has been chosen one of the umpires for the adjustment of the great Anglo-American question. Her people now begin to feel with pride that, through their King, as well as through themselves, she may once more proudly raise her head among the nations. Nor, if Italy be true to herself, is this to be doubted. The opening of the Mont Cenis Railway, which will take place the middle of this month, will be another of the great modern means of true civilization, the knitting together and the harmonizing of nations, which is, of all great and desirable ends, that for which the true patriots of every nation of Europe ought most earnestly to pray at this time. But the chiefest means of all for this end in Italy, especially in Rome, is that the people should be educated. Nor is the government careless or unaware of this fact. Professor [illegible], together with some of his friends, have opened an upper school in connection with the elementary institutions already in existence, which are numerously attended by youths, but closed on the Sunday and Thursday when the schools of the municipality are open. The Lyceum has just distributed its prizes this year, and, deviating from the old system of silver medals, has given instead handsomely bound copies of the works of standard Italian authors—Manzoni, Foscolo, D'Azeglio, Pellico, and others. This has been wisely done, for by this means the young Romans are made acquainted with the writings of their best and greatest countrymen, even of those whose works were interdicted under the Papal rule. The second-class prizes consisted of photographs of the principal Italian monuments, to which a few lines of personal commendation and the seal of the Royal Lyceum were added.

The lower class in Rome, which holds a very subordinate though useful place during the winter months as servants to the Forestieri, who then pour in and showers down money into everybody's pocket, have been greatly enjoying themselves lately, on holidays, as servants are fond of doing when their families are out of town. Their present [illegible], however, has been of a peculiar kind, [illegible] roast pig; [illegible] and carrying roast pigs, with bunches of [illegible] in their mouths, like the old baronial boar's head of England, [illegible] Porta del Popolo, before the very doors of the [illegible] and American Episcopal churches.

And by the by, whatever may be [illegible]

[illegible] litical events, has kept some American residents still in Rome; of these we may mention Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Read, Miss Brewster, and Mr. Rinehart, who devotes himself strenuously to his studio. Miss Hosmer has been one of the latest to leave, but is at this time in England. Dr. and Mrs. Gould also remained longer than usual, she detained by the great and steady increase of her excellent school, and the necessity of engaging new premises for this good work.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry and their family are occupying a villa at Castel Gandolfo. Miss Clarke is in America. Before leaving she had the satisfaction of seeing completed a beautiful home for herself in one of the finest parts of Rome, to which it is the hope of her numerous friends that she will return early, and that there, in her new and elegant studio, she may be able to complete those illustrations of Dante which are so unique and which will give her decidedly a high place in art. Miss Margaret Foley, one of the most beloved of American sculptresses, is now in the Tyrol, enjoying, as her many friends will be glad to hear, much better health than usual. Mr. Healy and his eldest daughter, Mary, are at Capri, she busily occupied, not only in correcting the proofs of a three-volume novel, which will shortly be published in London, but also in preparing a second work for the press. This young lady is said to possess unusual literary talents, and a little play which she wrote for private acting in the winter leads her friends to hope great things from her. Mr. Freeman has been spending some months at Coblenz, but is just arrived in the Tyrol, whilst his wife is in England, where she has taken several of her fine casts and works in bronze. Mr. Story and his family are also in England, spending the summer at their beautiful Cumberland cottage.

Amongst the best known and most esteemed English residents in Rome may be mentioned Mr. Charles Hemans, who has done so much service to Roman history and archæology by his able and exhaustive works on those subjects. He has, I regret to say, lately sustained a great loss by the death of his youngest brother, Henry William, who died, on the 26th of June, of yellow fever, at Para, in Brazil, where he was British Consul.

Perugia with its lofty, salubrious heights, its art-treasures, its memories of Perugino, Raphael, and the Umbrian school, has always been a favorite summer resort of the [illegible] of the Roman artist. Thus at the present time we hear of the well-known American landscape painter, Mr. Innes, again taking up his residence there with his family; also Mr. Ives, the sculptor, and his family—he en route for America. There, too, are the Miss Williams, accompanied by Miss Florence Freeman, Mr. Crowninshield and family, and the young English sculptor, Mr. Ball. To these we may add the genial-hearted Miss Aline Bremer, cousin of the celebrated and beloved Frederica. Miss Aline Bremer has now resided in Rome for several years, where, though no artist herself, she stands as a wise, ever helpful dear sister to her young countrymen and women, who come hither to study, of whom must be mentioned the Finnish sculptor, Walter Runeberg, and his family, now also in Perugia. This promising young sculptor is the son of the celebrated Finnish poet, Proppor Runeberg, the pride of his country.

Again, several artists are at Sienna, amongst whom may be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Conolly, the latter enriching her already magnificent collection from the ancient missals preserved in the *duomo* of that interesting and picturesque city.

The archæologists are in a state of great excitement and hope, in the prospect of a new and hitherto unvisited deposit of Roman antiquities and treasure being opened up; this is no other than the bed of the Tiber, which, it is proposed, shall be carefully dredged with the best machines used for that purpose. Let us hope that it may be done, for here, unquestionably, lie, in that deep, tenacious mud, imperishable memorials of every age of Rome, of every passage in her history—memorials of war and peace, of crime and suffering, of domestic life and public triumphs. It has even been proposed to dig an entirely new course for the river, to lay the old, guilty bed dry, and to exhume its secrets and bring them all out to the open day. This would be doing the work thoroughly, but the experiment would be far too dangerous from the miasma which would exhale from the open river bed. The other is a safe plan, which, it is thought, will be carried out without much delay.

And now, as the 23d of August approached, great excitement and expectation prevailed throughout the Roman Church. In the afternoon of the 20th a solemn *Triduo* in honor of the Virgin commenced in Santa Maria Maggiore, immense crowds attending, so that that vast basilica seemed overflowing. The 23d came, the only day in the history of the world that any Pope has exceeded the *Dies Petri*. Early in the morning the Holy Father performed the mass for Italy, and gave the communion to great numbers of young people. At noon he had an audience, and is reported to have made a very touching address to an enthusiastic assembly. One hundred and sixty thousand lire were laid at his feet as an offering.

A second *Triduo* took place on the 24th, 25th, and 26th, in the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, to return thanks for the Holy Father having been permitted to live beyond the years and the days of St. Peter. On each day discourses were given and the *Tota Pulchra* was sung; on the 27th a general communion was administered.

As a matter of course, in a city so much divided, party feeling ran extremely high, and it must also be remembered that there may be said to be three parties here, all equally inimical to each other: the Papal; the Italian, or governmental, and a dangerous element of republicanism, in the form of the International, existing in one portion, at least, of the people, which is more hostile, perhaps, to the government than even to the Pope. All these three parties came into collision at this time. There was naturally an undisguised and more than usual display of the Papal colors. Yellow printed papers were scattered widely about, bearing the words, "*Viva Pio Nono, Papa e Re!*" that is, Viva Pio Nono, Father and King! On the other hand, the government party covered the walls with placards bearing the King's portrait and the words, "*Viva Victor Emmanuele.*" Nothing inflames the public mind like a display of colors. The Italians tore to pieces and trampled under foot the yellow papers of the Pope, and the [illegible], or rabble for the Pope, who were there in crowds, tore down and trampled under foot the King's portrait. Nor was the anti-Papal temper at all mollified by the sermon which the Jesuit Father Tonzai preached in the Church of the Minerva, in which he compared the Pope to Jesus Christ, declaring that all the acts of their lives were parallel, even to the Jews setting aside the Savior for the murderer Barabbas, as the Holy Father had been set aside for the Italian robber.

An excited crowd had gathered in the Piazza di Minerva, into which the government, desirous of keeping peace and of preventing insult to the Papal party, unfortunately sent a body of soldiers to disperse them. At the sight of this the passions of the people grew furious. The military drove them right and left; several were wounded, and an innocent man, the cook of a restaurant, coming out in his white cook's dress and cap to see what the riot was about, was unfortunately shot, and died the following day in the hospital to which he was carried. On this the Republican spirit flamed out to the hottest demonstration, and the extreme liberal or democratic papers were sequestrated for two or three days on account of their outspoken violence.

On the other hand, the Papalist journals are vehement in the statement of their wrongs, and paint the coming days of Italy in the gloomiest colors. "The condition of Rome," says one of these papers, "is becoming unendurable; of this fact we will give only one instance. The priest Salvatore Paoli was met on the evening of the 22d by three young men, who, judging from their exterior, were no Romans. Without offence on his part, they abused him, and gave him so violent a blow as to make his nose bleed, threatening him at the same time that if he dared to cry out for help they would kill him. He remained silent; but had he cried for help, it would have been in vain. Days of blood and lamentation are dawning upon Italy, and the government takes no notice of these things. The government is silent; not so the International and Garibaldi. The fall of the Papacy, the despoiling of the clergy of their worldly right—this is what the International is aiming at. War against the priests is the battle-cry of every Italian, from the child to the old man."

Whether it be that the Holy Father, in this fearful foreboding of coming events, has spoken of a time of approaching darkness, a three days' absence of the sun, as a symbolical figure of the night which precedes the day, I know not, but very probably it may. Certain it is, however, that some of the democratic papers now state that he has foretold three days of Egyptian darkness, a total eclipse of the sun, which will occur during this present month, and that it will then be impossible to kindle any light which he has not blessed. After these three days, the sun is then to come forth in full splendor, lights will again burn, and the temporal power be restored to the Church in its full dignity, as it was before the 20th of September, 1870. It is stated, but I dare hardly vouch for the fact, that crowds are daily entering the Vatican with torches, candles, lamps, and even lucifer-matches, to be blessed by the Holy Father, to be in readiness for these three days of darkness.

MARY HOWITT.

"How Is That for High?"

A writer in the Oneida *Circular* on this slang phrase gives his explanation of its origin:

"How is that for high?" A person who has played the game of "old sledge" will at once recognize this expression as coming from the card-table. In this game the highest "trump" is an important card. If it is the "ace" it not only gives you one point, but it may enable you to take the "knave," and perhaps make the "game," thus giving you three points. In some such emergency as this, it is quite natural for a boisterous player, having the "ace," to cry out, "How is that for high?" Again, the holder of a card lower than the ace has some chance of being "high." On playing it he sometimes puts out a feeler by asking, "How is that for high?" We used to know a cardplayer who was given to this kind of inquiry. He afterwards rose to the eminence of a tin-pedlar. "How was that for high?" The currency which this bit of slang has obtained is owing to its fitting any one of a thousand cases where the question of superiority or excellence comes up; it is owing to the surprise it gives, —in short, to its wit. The lady who said, "How is that for high?" when she missed her chair and sat on the floor, doubtless took a high seat for herself and irony. A person who is innocent of the barbarities of "old sledge," or a little [illegible], will have a [illegible] trouble with the expression. It is for [illegible] we write. [illegible]

BY THE WAYSIDE.

Social Camellias.

I think that a garden run to vegetables is a very dreary sort of place. It seems to me that a world run to utility would be very much like it. With all due respect to potatoes and cabbages, I have a weakness for camellias, and passion-flowers, and tea-roses.

I take the camellia as a representative of generations of culture. I like it because there is a subtle essence of fineness and purity in its chiselled perfection. It is rare, and delicate, and self-poised. But the camellia is a single type. If you think it a trifle cold and colorless, take the passion-flower that flushes and throbs with the luxurious warmth of the tropics, or the tea-rose that hides in its heart a fragrance so sweet and a life so tender that it shrinks from the very glare of the common sun.

The social camellia, too, represents generations of culture. She is not a toiler by the wayside, but stands in a loftier niche, and sheds light upon the toilers. Her mission is to be, not to do.

"Useless cumberers of the ground," says my friend Janet, who thinks the world ought to be turned into a dingy potato patch, where everything is of the same form and color. "I think they ought to be cut down, every one of them, to make room for something that will benefit the race."

Janet is an enemy to all invidious distinctions. She dislikes camellias on principle; I fancy it is because she is not herself a camellia. It must be confessed that she bears not even the slightest resemblance to a camellia, or a passion-flower, or a tea-rose. She is a young woman with a decided tendency to be strong-minded in a disagreeable sense. She is rather hard and angular, like a tree with the leaves blown off. She wears her hair in plain bands, and a dingy gray dress without ornament or trimming. She is a young woman of theories, and lives on a sense of duty. She has a high degree of excellence, and looks upon the world as a digging and delving arrangement, in which every one who does not dig and delve is a superfluity that ought to be abolished. I think she would make an admirable Carmelite nun, and wear haircloth, and sleep in her coffin with delightful fortitude.

I have been thus particular in my description of Janet, because I may quote her occasionally. I called her my friend, but I think it would have been more proper to call her my antidote.

Janet is a strong advocate of the leveling process. I have observed that people who stand upon a ground altitude are apt to advocate any process that will bring the rest of the world down to them. But nature seems to abhor a level about as much as she does a vacuum. Philosophers, who have an eye to the benefactor's shrine, amuse themselves with trying to coax or force her into it; but no sooner is one elevation disposed of than another is thrown up, so that, on the whole, they progress very much like a man climbing a hill of loose sand. He has the happy consciousness of moving upward so long as he closes his eyes and ignores the sliding back.

If the world could be levelled to some happy middle state of Arcadian perfection, in which cabbages and camellias could be put together and divided equally, it might be a second Paradise to the cabbage, at least; but, as there is no possibility that it ever will be so levelled, I like to see it blossom into whatever beauty it will, to preserve a certain equilibrium.

It seems to me that the social camellia expresses in her life what the artist aims to express with his pencil and the poet with his pen. That which is best and finest in her is not thrown out in a crystallized form, but is diffused through her entire personality. She is herself the picture and poem, carefully polished and toned down to the most subtle harmony of form and coloring. She is alive to her white finger tips. The fine choice life of generations thrills in her well-modulated voice and clear rippling speech; it rustles in the stately silk, and shapes its classic folds; it nestles in the snowy lace, and sparkles in the costly gem; it gives tone to the harmonious color that is never disturbed by a glaring tint; it betrays itself in the poise of the head, in the glance of the eye, in the winning smile, in the delicate tact of adjustment, in the well-turned phrase of civility. It is the subtle *je ne sais quoi* before which philosophers, and artists, and statesmen, and men of letters involuntarily bow—something undefinable, intangible, but none the less a power.

"I am astonished to hear such sentiments from a woman and a subject of this republican government," said Janet, with some asperity. "It is offering a premium on idleness and frivolity. It is upholding the effete aristocracies of the Old World. We, in this nineteenth century, ought to rise above such follies. We want practical workers for the benefit of humanity. I should like to see woman adopt a plain uniform, and make herself of some use in the world."

"Don't you think it would have been a great deal better if God had made the flowers gray, or left them out altogether?" I suggested, a little maliciously, with dim visions of a great army of Janets floating in my mind. "'Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' So said one who walked with the suffering and lowly, and died for humanity."

Janet persists in thinking that I endorse the popular type of fashionable women, the ornamented compounds of vanity and frivolity who run up ruinously large milliners' and dressmakers' bills; who neglect their children, and look upon husbands as convenient appendages, useful mainly in keeping a bank account and furnishing a name. But these wicked beings bear about the same relation to the social camellia as a full-blown poppy does to a real camellia, or a tawdry frame does to the finely-toned picture that is touched with the refinement of centuries.

The social camellia is usually the outgrowth of wealth and high civilization, but it is wealth several degrees removed, with the dross somewhat purified out of it. It cannot be denied that money has a great deal to do in toning down the asperities of human nature. It gives ease and an assured position that makes it far easier to forget oneself. It insures exemption from life-exhausting toil. The necessity of exertion in any given direction runs away with a great deal of surplus vitality that might have gone to develop the thousand little graces that win so surely and swiftly. It projects people outward, and is apt to assert a one-sided individuality.

The social camellia may be a woman of intellect, but it must be a pastime, not a toil. She is primarily a symmetrical woman, with an intellectual flavor. She is the type of general, not special, culture. Before all things, she has mastered the difficult art of abnegating her own personality. Intellect, especially of the second order, is inclined to be self-asserting; wealth is usually self-asserting, if it is new; but the social camellia who gathers the essence of all culture forgets herself as entirely as the heaven-inspired poet or artist who touches human hearts.

She is reticent, too, and self-poised, never showing her soul in undress, or any but graceful *neglige*, outside of intimate communions. The passionate heart may beat ever so wildly behind its silken boddice, grief may settle ever so heavily upon the tender soul, but it must never mar the outward repose of form or feature.

The Greek artist who was forced to portray suffering, turned the face away and veiled it, so keenly did his fine artistic sense shrink from the sight of pain. There is a trace of Greek art in the inexorable law that banishes all outward expression of violent emotion from the highest forms of social life. Moderation is the charm of existence, says the deep-hearted and clear-sighted Jean Paul, which is but another way of putting the Greek idea that beauty is repose.

"It is all false, and hollow, and hypocritical," says Janet. "The only true way is to act just as you feel. Your social forms are all nonsense, calculated to fetter and retard human progress."

In other words, my good Janet, you believe in thrusting your sharp corners into other people's faces and hurting them, if it happens to suit you. It seems to me there is a certain heroism in this abnegation of personal feeling, this sacrifice of self to the eternal laws of beauty and taste. I don't see that it has anything to do with human progress, excepting to advance individuals, which it seems is not the popular method. Human progress is a great, big idea that people are always hurling at you when they want you to run in their groove. As if it took only one stream to make an ocean! As if one could not do a great deal more good by being agreeable than by being disagreeable!

It may be a sad commentary upon the good sense of the world, but it is nevertheless true, that, as a rule, we like those who offend our principles better than those who offend our tastes. We have vastly more to do with the outside of people than the inside, and it must be admitted that the social machinery runs much better with even the little oil of surface politeness than the vinegar of great hobbies. I am much happier, as well as much better, with people who don't flaunt themselves and their theories in my face all the time.

Janet considers this a proof of total depravity and the self-indulgence of the sybarite. Janet talks a great deal, but I don't see that she does much more than I do. She has a genius for tearing down, but she leaves the ruins without so much as a blade of grass growing over them. [illegible]

[illegible] sisters, who have no silks and diamonds. I meet them by the wayside every day, these gilded settings without the jewel. Now and then I catch glimpses of a human camellia, who passes by, leaving a flavor of poetry behind her. And I recognize in her a certain divine gift of genius, just as I recognize it in a picture, or a poem, or a strain of music.

A. R. G.

REWARDS OF AUTHORSHIP.

The Fortunes of Authors and Publishers.

The London papers announced the other day that George Grote, the historian, had died worth $800,000, and many people, only knowing him by his literary fame, will, no doubt, imagine that he accumulated this large amount by his books. And so he did; but they were not histories of Greece, but bank ledgers. Mr. Grote's father and Mr. Grote himself were bankers, in the large London firm of Prescott, Grote & Co., and it was by banking, not by literature, that the money was made. The truth is that even in the present day, which has been called the golden age of authorship, scarcely any literary man accumulates what would be accounted even a moderate fortune in other lines of life. Indeed, probably the only literary man who ever earned an amount of money by his writings equal to that gained by a successful lawyer or merchant was Sir Walter Scott. Richardson, the author of "Sir Charles Grandison," made a good deal, but he was a publisher, and publishing his own works derived the entire profit.

Even Charles Dickens, with his extraordinary success, left only $400,000; whilst Thackeray could not, until after his lecturing tour in this country, be said to be even in easy circumstances. He had but two children, daughters, and left them merely a competence.

Lord Lytton has made a handsome sum, but not a fortune.

Lord Macaulay probably received in all about $100,000 for his history. He was never rich, and the easiness of his circumstances mainly arose from his celibacy, his [illegible] Council of India, where, for several years he drew $50,000 a year.

Mr. Hallam had private means, but was by no means affluent, and lived very quietly. "The Middle Ages," although they made his fame, did not make his fortune.

Mr. Froude is in comfortable circumstances, not wealthy.

Passing to poets it is worse. To say nothing of Milton and Shakspeare, and the miserable pittances they derived from immortal compositions, scarcely any one of the poets whose lives are narrated by Johnson could have lived in other than the most miserable meanness on the profits of their pens, with the single exception of Pope; nor did he die at all rich, and had he been burdened with a family and been without private means, would have found it hard to make both ends meet. He was frugal to penuriousness almost in his habits, sometimes causing thereby great annoyance. When in a shattered, feeble state, toward the end of his days, and requiring constant attendance, he visited his friends without a servant—a most unusual circumstance in those days. At Lord Oxford's a nurse had to sleep in the poet's room, and it was observed that in the depths of the hardest winter ever known he would call this unfortunate woman up half a dozen times in the night to hold the candle whilst he put down poetic ideas which had seized him, and which must not be let slip. On several occasions Lord Oxford's servants left his service when Pope arrived on a visit rather than wait on him. Swift was extremely thrifty, but his Deanery, much more than his poems or "Gulliver," we suspect, enabled him to accumulate sufficient—and it wasn't much—to leave

"what little wealth he had
To found a home for fools or mad,
And prove by one prophetic touch
No nation wanted it so much."

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary here to digress so far as to say that the nation in question was the Irish, and that "Swift's Hospital" still flourishes at Dublin.

Dryden was very poor. Goldsmith left £4,000 of debt. "Was poet ever so trusted before?" asked Sir Joshua, when he heard of it, and the worthy "Knight of Plympton" might very safely have been answered in the negative.

Cowper evidently had barely sufficient wherewith to get along, living, even as he and Mrs. Unwin did, in the most economical manner in an out-of-the-way Huntingdonshire village, which must surely have been cheap enough, and supping on "a radish and an egg," and what he did live on was derived in a very small degree from his poems. In fact, it is perfectly clear, from one or two of his letters, that he was obliged to his cousin, Lady Hesketh.

Coleridge was penniless at times, and always poor. Wordsworth and Southey got little appointments, which, and not their poems, kept them going in some degree of ease and comfort. Of modern English poets, two have certainly gained a good deal of money. Lord Byron, had he been a man of ordinary prudence, might have made a big hole in the mortgages of Newstead with the sums which "My dear Mr. Murray" paid him. If we remember aright, he received £22,000 for a single poem; and later, Mr. Tennyson has enjoyed a snug income, and we suspect that Mr. Longfellow's profits have been very handsome. But of how many of our authors can we say as much? Washington Irving certainly made money, but his gains could not be rightly termed wealth. Mr. Motley is certainly not a millionaire through his writings, nor was Prescott.

Of foreign writers well known to fame, probably Dumas and Victor Hugo have made the largest profits, and had the former been careful he might have left a really large sum behind him. M. Thiers, too, is supposed to have received very handsome remuneration. For M. de Lamartine's subscription was raised.

Balzac ought to have earned much money, and, for a woman, George Sand must be really rich.

Play-writers, with the exception of Mr. Boucicault, who avers that he has made fabulous sums, have not fared much better. How many thousand pounds did Sheridan get for "The School for Scandal"—the masterpiece of the language in its way?

If, however, we turn from the gains of "poor devil authors" to the profits of their masters, the publishers, we find quite a different state of affairs. Traveling back a century there is ample evidence that the Caves, the Dillys, the Tonsons *cum multis aliis*, fared sumptuously; in some cases kept their coaches—how many authors did,—and were fine men.

Coming to later times the Princes of the Row—as Scott styled the famous house of Longman—and our own magnates of Broadway and Franklin square, have, in the refrain of a popular song, "been doing remarkably well."

Opposite neighbors in Paternoster Row are two splendid bookstores—one belonging to the Longmans, the other to Messrs. Nelson. Half a dozen fortunes have been made in the Longmans' house, and the present head of it lives like a nobleman. The Messrs. Nelson are said to owe their great wealth to a happy combination of Bible-vending and cotton speculating in the United States. There are lesser lights in "The Row"—that celebrated, yet mean, narrow lane—who have feathered their nests extremely well. Going westward we find many others: Parker, of London and Oxford, publisher of *The Christian Year*, which has run through some seventy editions; Macmillan, of London, Cambridge, and New York; Butterworth, the great law publisher, whose gains, if they are to be measured by the price of the works on his shelves, must be handsome indeed; Rivingtons, a house more than a century old, repudiating all works deficient in severe respectability of tone; Hatchard, the adored of Low Church ladies and their pet parsons. And in Albemarle street we find that quiet, dull-looking house, through whose portals so many celebrities have passed, where Mr. John Murray sends forth to the world choice pabulum for the mind, and occasionally invites a chosen circle to unite in the feast of reason and flow of soul with one of excellent viands and undeniable wine.

Yes, considered pecuniarily, it's a far better thing to publish books than to write them, and it seems almost strange that no other literary men should have followed the example of Richardson and combined the two avocations, which surely are easily compatible. Johnson thought that the happiest life was that of the man of business with a taste for literature; and who could conjoin these two elements better than an author-publisher? Unfortunately, the business faculty is often wanting in conjunction with the other power, but not always by any means. There are eminent literary men who are excellent men of business.—*New York World.*

Cannibalism.

Anthropophagy, or cannibalism, has been recently discussed by two German ethnologists, Drs. Andree and Schafhausen. According to Andree, the motives of this hideous aberration are extremely varied. Besides mere sensual gratification, and hunger brought on by the dearth of other animal food, the passions of revenge and hatred, as well as religious precepts and gloomy superstition, play an important part in its production. It is, however, consoling to see that, in historical times, anthropophagy has been gradually disappearing; and we have had but one single instance—that of the Basuto people—to record in which the habit had newly arisen, having been previously unknown. Anthropophagy has vanished, with the people themselves, from among the Iroquois and Algonquins; it has disappeared from among the people of the high plains of Anahuac, the Indians of Peru, and most Brazilian races. It is increasingly circumscribed in the Southern Ocean by the dying out of the cannibal races and the pressure of white settlers. The number of cannibals is still, however, very considerable. The following figures are, of course, only approximately correct, but they afford a standpoint from which to take a census of the class: The Battas, according to Friedmann, may be reckoned at 200,000 souls; the cannibals of the Niger Delta at 100,000; the Fans, according to Fleuriot de Langle, at 80,000; the cave dwellers of the Basuto country—about a tenth of the whole population—at 10,000; the Niam-Niams at about 500,000; the Mirahas and Mesayas, according to Martius, at 3,000; the other South American cannibals at 1,000; the Australian aborigines at 50,000; the Melanesians—without including New Guinea—at 1,000,000. This calculation gives a total, at the present time, of 1,943,000 human beings addicted to anthropophagy, a number which represents the sixty-ninth part of the whole population of our planet, or 1/4 per cent. Schafhausen's views regarding the motives assigned for cannibalism are: Hunger, revenge, superstition, such as induces savages to devour a brave warrior to obtain his courage, and, lastly, the gluttonous longing for a kind of food which is described as appetizing. Human sacrifice may sometimes be a relic of [illegible] human flesh, or it may be an act of propitiation. There is evidence of the [illegible] in classic or modern [illegible] cannibalism in [illegible] countries of the world; Great Britain [illegible] distinctly included. [illegible]

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT.

BY BRET HARTE.

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat, on the morning of the 23d of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause, was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess;" another, who had won the title of "Mother Shipton," and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only, when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good-humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding-horse, "Five Spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season, the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foot-hills, into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. [illegible] At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheatre, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hands before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow-exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah-trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him; at the sky, ominously clouded; at the valley below, already deepening into shadow. And, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the new-comer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door, and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp, and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of 15, emerged from behind the pine tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the canon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill, and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d—d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again, and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine trees, and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine-boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it—snow! [illegible]

[illegible] longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians, and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snow-flakes, that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words—"snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst, *sotto voce* to the Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added, significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gayety of the young man, and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine-boughs, extemporised a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior, with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply, to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through its professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whiskey, which he had prudently *cached*. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whiskey," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm, and the group around it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had *cached* his cards with the whiskey, as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say cards once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castinets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and covenanter's swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain:

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson, somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent, by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst, sententiously; "when a man gets a streak of luck,—nigger-luck,—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler, reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain, is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you come along, and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance—

"'I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army.'"

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut—a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvellously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness, hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair, thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering camp-fire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney,—story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed, too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the Iliad. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demi-gods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wiley Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the canon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snow-flakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and to fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman, querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snow-shoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days, she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the canon," he replied. He turned suddenly, and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke; but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess' waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their [illegible]

[illegible] largest pine-trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie-knife. It bore the following, written in pencil, in a firm hand:

BENEATH THIS TREE
LIES THE BODY
OF
JOHN OAKHURST,
WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK
ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER, 1850,
AND
HANDED IN HIS CHECKS
ON THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1850.

And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

LITERATURE.

Wilkie Collins is the latest lecturer promised to America for the coming winter.

—Francis B. Felt & Co., of New York, are shortly to publish "Miss Columbia's Public School; or, Will It Blow Over?" with seventy original illustrations by Thomas Nast.

—Harper & Brothers will issue Gail Hamilton's next book, under the title of "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness; the Complement to 'A New Atmosphere.'" This will be a reprint of Miss Dodge's recent series of articles in the *Independent*.

—Vermersch, the editor of *Pere Duchene*, who was reported as dead in the list of literary Communists, was not killed, but, after many strange adventures, has reached London. He is engaged on a history of the Commune.

—At Helsingfors there appeared, last year, a translation into Finnish of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," which has been followed this year by a translation of the "Legend of Montrose." The title of this in full is "Wanha Tarina Montroosta, Historiallinen Kertomus Walter Scott'in Kirjoittama. Englannin Kielesta Kaantanyt J. Krohn. Helsingissa."

—Amos Kendall's life is soon to appear from Lee & Shepard's press. It will be edited by his son-in-law, Mr. William Stickney, of Washington, where the veteran politician died two years ago, and will be full of interesting reminiscences of General Jackson's time.

—Hawthorne's scattered papers are being collected from the various periodicals in which they appeared, and will be published in a volume, edited by Mr. J. E. Babson.

—Copyright damages to the amount of £125, or $600, were recently recovered by the London *Journal* from the proprietor of the *Conservative Standard*, for the offence of reprinting in the latter journal some chapters of a tale called "Dick Tarleton," which had been bought and published in the columns of the *Standard*.

—A poem by Joaquin Miller, called "From Sea to Sea," will appear in *Scribner's Magazine* for November. He also promises a series of prose sketches from South America.

—Francis B. Felt & Co. announce for publication in a few days, "The Land of Lorne," by Robert Buchanan, describing a poet's adventures in the Scottish Hebrides, with an account of the cruise of the Tern. The work was published on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Louise, to whom it is dedicated by the author, and has met with brilliant success in England.

—"Warrington," the veteran Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, who hates General Butler and loves "the coming woman," has written a book on woman suffrage, which Lee & Shepard will print next month.

—The wife of an eminent *litterateur* thinks it very nice to have an author for a husband. Whenever she feels restless he reads her something he has written, and in a few minutes she is in a sound and refreshing slumber.

—Among American books registered for translation into Dutch are Miss Alcott's "Little Men," Theodore Parker's "Historic Americans," and Mrs. Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny."

—Miss Louisa M. Alcott, though still a great sufferer from neuralgia, is at present very busy with her pen.

—Attention is called to the fact that the phrase "too thin"—generally regarded as slang—has a very high authority. In Act 5, Scene 2, of Henry VIII., the monarch retorts as follows to the fulsome adulations of the Bishop of Winchester:

"You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences."

—Mr. Grant's "History of the Newspaper Press," announced some months ago in England, is now completed, and will be published immediately in London. It consists of large octavo volumes, and traces the history of journalism in England from its commencement down to the present year. [illegible] condition of France. [illegible] large volume.

—The *Athenæum* says that Richard Bentley, the London publisher, who died in September, at the age of 77, lost the large sum of £17,000 by the decision in the House of Lords, in 1854, "reversing the right hitherto supposed to be possessed by American authors of copyright in this country."—*C., England.*

—The London *Athenæum* pays this compliment to Ralph Waldo Emerson: "Mr. Emerson is, perhaps, the only lecturer in the United States whose addresses, if printed as delivered, could be regarded as a contribution to literature—could, indeed, be read with patience by a cultivated man. Half-educated men and women rush through the land without anything of their own to say; [illegible] degrees of success and popularity, what they derive from others."

—Charles G. Leland, the original "Hans Breitmann," writes to a London literary journal that he is in no way concerned in the new comic weekly which has appeared in London under the title of *Hans Breitmann*; and he adds: "I have been severely handled during the past year at different times as the author of [illegible] pamphlets, and quite a number of poems and prose articles, written in German-English and bearing the name of Hans Breitmann, none of which were by me."

—Joaquin Miller, the poet who is just now turning the heads of people, is said to resemble N. P. Willis somewhat. Not much [illegible] he is; slight, pale, above the medium height, with a timidity in his very stooping, and what is almost painful. His voice is thin, low, and slightly hesitating, and suggests a tendency to consumption. His head is handsome, and his sunny hair grows low down upon a broad forehead. His whiskers and moustache are lighter and flossier even than his hair, and partly conceal a very sensitive mouth. His eyes are violet in shade, and sad in expression. He speaks little and smiles seldom; but when he does either, the effect is charming. He dresses very quietly, though slightly in the Pacific style. His suit was black, or very dark plain cloth, and neat, but not without the evidences of wear. His shirt was a delicate hair line of blue and white, and his artistic love of color was manifest only by his scarlet necktie. His hat, post-like, was sombrero.

—A great want of all readers of modern French literature has been a dictionary or catalogue of the publications of the last quarter of a century, in one alphabet. Querard's very copious and valuable "France Litteraire," or comprehensive catalogue of all French writers, ancient and modern, in sixteen volumes, stops with the year 1830. The want is now supplied in a work of vast industry, compiled by Lorenz, a German bookseller, resident in Paris, and entitled "Catalogue General de la Litterature Francaise, 1840-1865; ou Dictionnaire Bibliographique de tous les ouvrages publies en France pendant vingt-cinq ans." This great work is a blessing to all whose occasions lead them to refer to lists of recent French books. The order is alphabetical by authors' names, anonymous books being entered under the first word of the title, and a brief biographical notice of each writer is given.

—J. R. Osgood & Co. have in press, to be published in October, a new volume by Ellery Channing, the poet, who has printed nothing save a few verses in the newspapers since 1858, when his last volume, "Near Home," came out. The new poem is called "The Wanderer," and is in three books, entitled "Wood," "Mountain," and "Sea." The author is a nephew of the great Dr. Channing, and bears the same name. He has long lived in Concord, and was the intimate friend of Hawthorne and Thoreau, who both valued his poems highly, as does Emerson.

—Justin McCarthy writes from London to the New York *Mail*: "Mr. Froude has given up the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*, and will be succeeded by Mr. Dasent, of the *Times*, author of a novel which was immensely praised by the press here. I believe Mr. Froude had for a long time made up his mind to withdraw from his place as editor. Indeed, he has little gift of editorship, and the actual work was principally done by William Allingham, the poet. Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, authoress of the 'Girl of the Period' articles, had lately, I am told, a narrow escape from drowning. She fell into a river during some country ramble. Mrs. Linton would be a loss to literature. She is a very clever woman, with the gentlest tongue and the sharpest pen. Hepworth Dixon has gone to Switzerland to get up a book about the education, politics, and society of the Swiss. George Henry Lewes and his wife ('George Eliot'), who had been away from London for several months, have returned to their pleasant home, The Priory, in Regent's Park. Anthony Trollope is away in Australia. The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has written a new novel—at least, a new novel has been added to the series which people ascribe to him. So has the working editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, Mr. G. M. Fenn. The last novel, by one of the editors of the *Daily News*, Mr. William Black, has been a great success. It is called 'The Daughter of Heth,' and has reached a sixth edition. I am glad that Charles Reade was 'snubbed' when he did homage to the *Times*. He is, with all his faults, incomparably the superior in intellect of any critic, man or woman, who writes in the *Times*, and he ought never to have prostrated himself before that huge humbug. The odd thing is that, generally speaking, Reade is all ruffness and gruffness. He turns and rends anybody who dares to insinuate that he isn't the only great novelist of the world. Big, burly, rugged, gray haired, uncouth in feature and manner, eccentric in dress, bearing and theory—a huge baby in all the ways of the world—a man simple enough to accept poor Miss Menken as a great American actress, and to believe himself capable of managing a theatre—Reade is about the last man in London from whom one would have expected an act of prostration before the *Times*. One of the most amusing things I can remember was a passage of arms, some ten years ago, between Charles Reade and Charles Mathews. Reade took offence at being refused admission to a theatre of which he supposed Mathews to be manager, and he wrote an angry, egotistic, babyish letter to the prince of light comedians. Mathews, who is as much a master of easy humor with a pen as on the boards, rattled at the irate novelist such a shower of drollery and satire that even the magnificent self-conceit of Reade [illegible]

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In the Swiss war accounts is an item for an allowance of two cents daily for three cats who act as guardians of the corn stores of the Confederation against foraging rats.

—The vicious practice of betrothing a girl to more than one person at the same time for the sake of unlawful gain, is commented upon by the [illegible], an Indian journal. An instance recently happened in Khanpore (Moultan), where two marriage processions came at the same time at a Khattree's house to marry one and the same girl. The fact was that the father of the girl had received money from two persons, and had promised her hand to both.

—A wedding in a convent, writes a correspondent, is the last event which this century looked in order to be crowned as the most wonderful of the ages, and it "has come to pass." Berlin is the boastful mother of this striking novelty. Despite the withering influences, and the thousand-eyed guard of cloister life against the fatal weapons of Cupid, an orphan maid, who was reared by the Ursulines, was wooed and won by a Landsberg knight, and recently married by him in her convent home. *Madame la Superieure* stood instead of the parents of both parties, and the wedding was gay. All the company except the bridegroom were in petticoats.

—A letter states that for years past Queen Victoria has believed that the soul of Prince Albert is invariably present with her, and that she can hold communion with him. So impressed is she with this pathetic belief that she will frequently, it is said, order a knife and fork to be laid for him at her table, and cause the attendant footmen to place every course before the empty chair as if their master still occupied it. Every morning a pair of boots are cleaned and set down at the door of the room formerly tenanted by Prince Albert. By innumerable other signs the widowed Queen testifies to her faith in her dead husband's actual presence on earth. Prince Albert, it is well known, was a free-thinker, and there is little doubt that the Queen was during his lifetime made well acquainted with many of the bold and ingenious, but somewhat mystical, theories of certain German philosophers in relation to the future state of the soul.

—The *Swiss Times* reports that a native of Fribourg presented himself a few days ago at the window of the Post Office at Lausanne, and asked for an order for 100 francs. The clerk put the following usual questions to him: "Who is the sender?" "Jacques Mathieu." "What is the name of the payee?" "Jacques Mathieu, *poste restante* at Estavayer." "Is he your brother?" "No, it is myself." "Do you mean to say that you are sending a Post Office order to yourself at Estavayer?" "Yes, I am going there." "But why can't you take it yourself?" "Ah! there it is," said the simple fellow; "you see, I know myself, and if I were to take the money with me, the probability is that it would never reach Estavayer, while, by sending it through the Post Office, I shall be sure to find it on my arrival, where I shall require it."

—A London letter says: "The friends of French imperialism here give out that the Emperor Napoleon is really very poor. There is no doubt about the fact that if he is not poor he wishes to appear so. He has no private carriage, but 'jobs' a brougham of a livery stableman instead. The utmost economy is established at Chiselhurst. One who visits there assured me the other day that the Empress, before her departure for Spain, 'made her own dresses!' She has gone to Spain to see after her private property there, and the Emperor proposes to spend the autumn on the Devonshire coast. He complains of his house at Chiselhurst as too expensive; but no business man believes in this grievance. Still one cannot help thinking sometimes of the wonderful change in his purse as well as in his political status."

—The death is announced of the surviving partner in a firm whose business it was to issue a publication which marked one of the momentous eras in the history of mankind, "Bradshaw's Railway Guide." When it first made its appearance, in England, thirty-three years ago, it was a little flimsy thing, which would travel comfortably in a breast pocket without spoiling the set of a dandy's coat. Now it is a big, bulky affair, which even paterfamilias would hesitate to cram into his poncho. The early numbers are very difficult to procure. The maps in this publication are interesting records of the gradual extension of the railway system in the United Kingdom and on the Continent of Europe.

—One of the drollest figures that has appeared on the Ramsgate sands this year is a preacher. He brings down to the beach on [illegible] they lift up their cracked voices in a [illegible] The preacher accompanies them on his harmonium. The sermonizer is keenly alive to the importance of ha'pence. Once when he had begun a sermon of unusual warmth, and had got as far as "willeth not the death of any, but rather that all," he extended his arm in a gesture, but it was just in time to catch a penny tossed to him from the crowd, whereupon the text ended in "thank you, sir," and the animated gesture terminated in the breeches pocket. On another occasion some wag was cruel enough to toss toward the preacher a bright sixpence when he was in the ardor of a prayer. The eyes that seemed closed peeped a little and were fixed on the sixpence. The coin was in perilous proximity to the paws of [illegible] on the sand. The poor fellow [illegible] the sixpence suddenly broke his prayer, and with a startling "through Jesus Christ our Lord," had his grasp upon the coin simultaneously with his "Amen." This produced some laughter, and he removed to another part of the beach.

—Those who delight in auguries will have a fine subject in a recent accident to the ex-Emperor Napoleon's walking-stick. The stick is surmounted by a heavy gold eagle having a ball in its mouth, and, being at once a gift and a type of the imperial sway, is greatly prized. Unfortunately, while standing on a jetty by the seaside the other day, his Majesty let the cane drop into the water. It was grappled for at once, but without success, although the experiment was tried repeatedly and with great care. The Emperor was in despair, when suddenly a diver appeared who plunged boldly down in search of the lost treasure. Six times did this diving expert descend into the tide and return unsuccessful. But the seventh time—let the number be read with a thrill of complacency—the gold eagle came up again and was safely restored to its owner. The latter gave the diver his *carte*, and, it is to be hoped, something more; for the omen, judiciously handled, ought to be highly serviceable just now to the imperial cause.

—It is said by the *Swiss Times* that it has become dangerous to bathe in the Lake of Wallenstadt, although the cause of the danger is yet but a matter of surmise. True it is, however, that a number of persons who have bathed in the lake during the past season have remained in it, for it was impossible to discover their bodies. It is said that a number of very large fish have been recently observed gambolling about in the waters, and it is presumed that it was these which ate the bathers. No inquiry has as yet been made into the nature and habits of lake shark, and, as already said, all in regard to them is matter of conjecture.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The picturesque Castle of Stolzenfels, well known to tourists on the Rhine, seldom tenanted, is now occupied by twin sisters, both Queens. Stolzenfels was purchased as a ruin by the town of Coblenz, and presented to the late King Frederick William IV. when Crown Prince, by whom it was restored at great expense. It was bequeathed by the King to his widow, the Dowager Queen of Prussia, who is now occupying this charming retreat, while her twin sister, the Queen of Saxony, and the King are on a visit to her. The late King entertained Queen Victoria very sumptuously here in 1845; and it is narrated that in consequence of Court etiquette assigning Prince Albert that precedence only which belonged to him as a German Prince, the Queen was induced to raise him to the rank of Prince Consort. It is probably little known that a personage still survives in the Prussian Royal family who connects the present with an interesting past epoch. The stepmother of the Emperor of Germany lives. Fourteen years after the death of his ill-fated Queen, the beautiful Louise, King Frederick William III. contracted a morganatic marriage with a daughter of Count von Harrach, and created her Princess von Liegnitz and Countess of Hohenzollern. This illustrious lady is now in her 71st year."

—The intense heat that has prevailed in England has led to the introduction in a quiet corner of Surrey of midnight croquet parties. A London paper describes a party of this novel description. The company numbered some sixty persons. The guests arrived at 10 o'clock, and played at croquet by the light of Chinese lanterns, with which the grounds were illuminated. Under such circumstances, that which had been a sort of pennance in the midday heat became a novel enjoyment during the cooler hours. At midnight precisely the company separated.

—The Vendome column is to rise again, but hitherto there has been a doubt as to the replacing of the figure of Napoleon, overthrown by the Communists. It was thought that to elevate the First Emperor once more to his high place would indirectly help the partisans of the Third; therefore, there have been many suggestions for a new piece of sculpture. Some asked for a statue of Liberty, others for a statue of France, while a third suggested that a tricolor flag would be enough. M. Thiers has now, it is said, decided upon a compromise; the statue of Napoleon in his cocked hat and gray coat is to be placed there, instead of the same Napoleon in his imperial robes. The decision is natural enough from the point of view of the historian who devoted so many words to sing the glories of the Bonapartist wars; he says in effect to France, "Let us forget the empire, but remember the brave commander who so often led our troops to victory." The replacing of the military statue has also precedent on its side. During the First Empire, and under Louis Philippe's reign, it surmounted the column; and it was Napoleon III. who, for dynastic reasons, no doubt, erected the statue of the great man, not dressed as a General, but in his coronation robes, with a wreath of laurel on his head and the orb and sceptre in his hands.

—The curious and painful case at Brighton, in which Miss Christiana Edmunds was charged with having poisoned several persons in Brighton with chocolate drops mixed with arsenic and strichnine, one of whom, a little boy, died, ended yesterday week in the accused being committed for trial and her solicitor reserving her defence. The evidence went to show not only that Miss Edmunds, by repeatedly exchanging poisoned chocolate drops for ordinary drops of a slightly different kind which were in Mr. Maynard's shop, managed to get a not inconsiderable supply of poisoned sweetmeats into Mr. Maynard's shop, by one of which a little boy was killed, but that she distributed some of the arsenicised drops to the children in the streets, causing them great sickness and pain. The theory of the prosecution is [illegible]

[illegible] liable to Brighton that the [illegible] duced a panic of popular [illegible]

—The *Tablet* tells a remarkable story, of which the [illegible] previously heard something [illegible] correspondence, of a [illegible] Catholicism in Syria [illegible] mean, in the sense that it [illegible] initiation of missionaries, but [illegible] not, according to the account, [illegible] the aid of miracle—among a [illegible] sect in Damascus. [illegible] 1860, some forty Shadili Moslems [illegible] for prayer in the southern suburbs, [illegible] and who for two years had [illegible] by doubts whether their [illegible] true one, met for their usual [illegible] after long devotion, fell into [illegible] which each separately saw [illegible] were assured that He was the [illegible] praying for further guidance, [illegible] similar vision of an old man [illegible] beard, and dressed in [illegible] serge garment, who, [illegible] lighted taper, glided before [illegible] said, "Let those who want [illegible]." They hunted, it is said, [illegible] for this teacher assigned to [illegible] three months, when they found [illegible] Superior of a monastery of [illegible] cans, Fray Emanuel Forner, who [illegible] them into the Church and taught [illegible] creed. The story of the persecution [illegible] had to undergo from the Mussulman [illegible] ernment and of a fresh miracle [illegible] like that which rescued Peter, and [illegible] and Silas, from prison—is added [illegible] whole narrative is curiously [illegible] tion of bits of the Acts. Whatever [illegible] the truth about the asserted [illegible] subsequent persecutions seem [illegible] cal enough; nor, all marvel apart, [illegible] be otherwise than a very remarkable [illegible] if it turn out, as it seems likely [illegible] the movement really began among [illegible] the heart of a company of Mussulmen [illegible] had no knowledge of Christianity.

ART.

—T. Moran has just returned [illegible] Yellowstone region with a [illegible] sketches in pencil and water [illegible] will form the material for a series [illegible] ings exhibiting the peculiar scenery [illegible] very extraordinary country.

—The first and fifth volumes [illegible] kin's "Modern Painters" are [illegible] and the other volumes nearly [illegible] first volume of the uniform edition [illegible] his works, now in preparation, Mr. [illegible] has declared his intention to [illegible] little of his "Modern Painters," as [illegible] ions have changed so much since [illegible] which he wrote the book. This [illegible] has already led, says the *Athenæum* [illegible] importation of copies of the American [illegible] print of the favorite first volume [illegible] "Modern Painters."

—A novel mode of chemical engraving [illegible] just been invented in Paris. The [illegible] be copied was first produced in [illegible] ink upon a surface of copper. The [illegible] covered by the ink are then coated [illegible] is known as the galvano-plastic [illegible] after which a solvent is employed to [illegible] the ink, and the copper surface thus [illegible] is silvered by electricity. Mercury [illegible] then applied to the silver, there it forms [illegible] amalgam, which presents the [illegible] relief. From this relief a cast is taken [illegible] which the remaining steps are [illegible] ing to the ordinary method. The [illegible] furnishes plates adapted to the copper [illegible] press or to the letter press, as may be [illegible] sired, and the results of the operation [illegible] in the highest degree, admirable [illegible] of artistic engraving.

—The London *Publishers' Circular* [illegible] "Mr. T. Nast is widely celebrated [illegible] been so for years—as the John [illegible] Gavarni of America. Students will [illegible] the delicate lines of American [illegible] on wood an approach rather to French [illegible] to English art."

—In the art world (says a New [illegible] letter) there is considerable stir [illegible] importation of superb forensic paintings [illegible] just arrived, a number of which, to [illegible] of $40,000, were sold at once at [illegible] before they could be exhibited [illegible] Two of them are now on exhibition [illegible] pil's—Henry VIII entertaining Anne [illegible] by Piloti, the head of the Munich [illegible] and probably one of the best, if not [illegible] of living colorists. It brought [illegible] other, the "[illegible] Cardinal" [illegible] Becker, sold for $8,000. Works such [illegible] are no small addition to the art [illegible] country, and their presence here [illegible] growing appreciation of the best art [illegible] tions of the time. That superb [illegible] work, "The Prodigal Son," [illegible] exhibition on Broadway, and [illegible] crowds of visitors. It is of [illegible] size, 42 by 19, and contains [illegible] [illegible] statue in bronze of William C. Bryant [illegible] be placed on its pedestal in the Central Park November 4.

—The Boston *Journal* of the 8th [illegible] "The Schwabe Gallery of Fallen Heroes," [illegible] called, is to be sold at auction. There [illegible] always been more or less mystery surrounding [illegible] Count Schwabe, the possessor of [illegible] collection of paintings, which, it is [illegible] known, are portraits of various officers [illegible] lost their lives in the war of the rebellion. The Count tells his story substantially [illegible] follows: On his arrival in this country [illegible] Germany he went to South Carolina [illegible] came the overseer of nearly a hundred slaves, and, although an abolitionist, he remained in the South till the [illegible] ing out of the rebellion. Then he was [illegible] ed upon with suspicion as a Federal [illegible] and finally was obliged to leave rather [illegible] denly, but managed to secure most of [illegible] property, which he took and deposited [illegible] bank in Montreal. At the close of the [illegible] he conceived the idea of starting a National Gallery of Fallen Heroes, and, after traveling all over the country in search of [illegible] for the canvas, he secured portraits of [illegible] 100 men who gave their lives in defence of the 'Stars and Stripes.' Failing to [illegible] either the State or the city to furnish a [illegible] able place for their reception, he hired [illegible] house No. 200 Columbus avenue, and opened this gallery to the public. About two [illegible] ago his means failed, and he was obliged [illegible] mortgage the pictures, paying a most [illegible] tionate rate of interest. A short time [illegible] while he was absent from the city [illegible] house he occupied was sold, and [illegible] were hustled into an old dirty [illegible] from which they are to be taken for the [illegible] next week."

GRIT MOLL.

After the Manner of the Moderns.

Mr. Richard S. Greenough, the [illegible] sees Messrs. Bret Harte, John Hay, and [illegible] writers of Pike County poetry, and [illegible] them one better in the following, which [illegible] commend to the thoughtful consideration [illegible] the admirers of the literature of Pike.

Hurrah for Moll of the Mountains,
That gal that hangs by me,
I'll back her agin the biggest [illegible]
Whoever the fool may be.

She's a stunner and a roarer!
What! do you say she's black?
Young feller, you'll get a [illegible]
If you don't take that word back.

Down to the gulch's belly
She pitched into Silver Jim;
She knocked him into a jelly—
There was little left of him.

She and a grizzly tussled—
It was even tug and go,
She'd nary a rag left on her,
But she made him swallow a [illegible]

She bet her pile and lost it,
For gouging Lee was there—
She didn't seem to care a bit—
Didn't the fellow stare!

"I'll go another!" yelled Molly,
We gathered round to see—
She touched off a keg of powder,
And I landed in a tree.

Moll was hanging there too [illegible]
She did not wince or moan [illegible]
[illegible]
Would have [illegible] a heart of [illegible]

"Are you sufferin' much," said I [illegible]
"I'm just in hell," said she;
"But I guess as far as [illegible] goes,
I'm ahead of gouging Lee."

Three months on her back Moll lay—
The powder mark is there,
But gouging Lee found another [illegible]
Now call her black, if you dare!

Shakespearean Varieties.

There is little question that the [illegible] of Shakespeare have been made [illegible] many passages by ambitious but [illegible] tent commentators, who have only

"'dispersed a ray
Of darkness, like the light of [illegible]
And Martin, over all!'"

A wag in California gives his opinion [illegible] various disputed points. He says:

"The queries as to Shakespeare's [illegible] meaning in what he wrote have never [illegible] satisfactorily settled. For instance, [illegible] has been much controversy among [illegible] and indigenous commentators touching [illegible] tautological directions given to his [illegible] by the Scotchman Macbeth:

'Put out the light; and then—
Put out the light.'

This is evidently what printers [illegible] 'doublet'; a typographical error, without doubt. Macbeth desired to be alone [illegible] Mrs. Macbeth; at least to have her [illegible] call, in the next room, and he wanted [illegible] suspicious servant listening and looking [illegible] at the keyhole. So he took the wise [illegible] tion to say:

'Put out the light,
And then, Pat!'

As if he had said, in kindred Californian phrase,

'Put out the light, then
Git up and git.'"

There was a period in Paris—it was at the time of Talma—when Shakespeare was a prodigious favorite in that gay capital. "Hamlet" was produced in English at the [illegible] Francaise, and the great French actor [illegible] sented the melancholy Dane. John Howard Payne and Washington Irving witnessed [illegible] first performance. It was an immense [illegible] and had a prolonged run. The [illegible] pronunciation of the English was very [illegible] —indeed excellent—but his accent, Mr. [illegible] said, was characteristic, and very [illegible] For example, he remarked that Hamlet [illegible] made to say:

"[illegible] would bear the whips and scorns of [illegible]
When he could his quietus make
With a bare bed-lin? Who would fardels bear,
To grun and sweat," &c.

The passion for Shakespeare's [illegible] this time in Paris had become so intense [illegible] Frenchmen "saw in Shakespeare [illegible] Shakespeare knew," as this anecdote [illegible] of an enthusiastic admirer's verdict [illegible] representation of the character of [illegible] delivered in a popular restaurant [illegible] theatre, sufficiently proves:

"Ah! you should see the grand [illegible] the simple grandeur of [illegible] 'Mossu Macabees!' When he [illegible] ready, all in proof):

'Come on, Macduff [illegible]
And d—d be he who first cries
"Hold up!—hands!"'

'Macduff's come up.' [illegible] draw his rapier; he make [illegible] Macduff's pink him in [illegible]

[illegible]

VOLUME 5.

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[illegible]

GENERAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL GIFTED CLAIRVOYANT. [illegible]

PARTIES having houses to rent can have [illegible]

LADIES CAN HAVE THEIR SACQUES [illegible]

FAMILY CHOPPERS—The best family [illegible]

EDMUND CLARK—Teacher of the Guitar [illegible]

SINGER Sewing Machines [illegible]

DIVORCES.

[illegible]

Michigan avenue; Gale & Blocki, druggists, Randolph street, near Wells; [illegible], Franklin and Madison; [illegible], wagon manufactory, corner Randolph and Franklin; Hall & Kimbark, hardware, Michigan avenue, near Randolph; James Kirk, soap factory, near north pier.

Thomas Lonergan, Esq., will commence immediately the erection of two buildings at [illegible] South Clark street.

The Chicago City Railway Company has a large force of men at work repairing their track on State street, [illegible]

[illegible]